

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

977.337


M42r

1937

cop.2

I . H . S .





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

Reminiscences of Bureau County



By N. Matson

REMINISCENCES
OF
BUREAU COUNTY

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

By N. MATSON

TISKILWA, ILLINOIS
TISKILWA CHIEF PRINTING OFFICE
1937



Girty's Arrival in Princeton

INTRODUCTION TO THE "TISKILWA" EDITION

The reprinting of Matson's "Reminiscences of Bureau County" came as the result of a more or less happy set of circumstances. To most printers or publishers it would have seemed a most hopeless, thankless and unprofitable task. And it is likely to remain the latter. I first became interested in the book when looking up some local history in the Tiskilwa Public Library. I later read it all through and was intensely interested in the many stories of early times. It was a book, I decided, which every Bureau county citizen should read. It not only was interesting, but full of authentic facts and gave a truer appreciation of what our forefathers went through to bring the Illinois country out of savagery into civilization.

On further inquiry, it became apparent that the Matson books were relatively scarce. Could one be purchased? Yes, at a price of from \$5 to \$10 or more, depending on who was selling it and the condition of the book. Clearly then, here was a book that the years had not destroyed. It had become a collector's item—a thing of value. And what about schools and libraries? Was Matson available to the new generation? The original was published in 1872 by the Republican Book and Job Office in Princeton. Library copies of these old books were found to be either rebound or fragile and tattered copies of the first edition. They were available, but extreme care was taken that no harm should come to them.

After much inquiry and planning, we decided to reprint the book as a spare-time project. Actual printing was started in the early months of 1937, which was particularly appropriate, as 1937 is the 100th anniversary of the organization of the coun-

ty. It proved to be a larger job than anticipated and for weeks and months the work stretched on because of the press of current business. The book has been printed one page and two pages at a time on a hand-fed job press in great contrast to the usual modern methods of book production. We mention this merely to show that this reprint has been made under difficulties. We want owners of this edition of "Matson" to prize it as highly in years to come nearly as much as the original copies.

The type for the book was set smaller and closer, and the pages are larger so that the original volume of 406 pages has shrunk to less than half. However, we want to assure readers that this is the original Matson without abridgements or omissions. Even Matson's occasional curious misspellings and grammatical errors have in most cases been preserved. Every effort was made to keep the text as free from typographical errors as possible, but, no doubt, mistakes have crept in. The book will be available for general distribution but there will be no more copies available when this printing is exhausted. There will be approximately 200 copies, of which this is

No. 54

Credit is due the Tiskilwa Public Library for the use of their copy of the book. Special thanks is due the Matson Public Library (founded by the author) of Princeton, for the use of many of the original wood-cuts for illustrations.

Ward K. Schori
Publisher.

CHAPTER I

THE MISSIONARY AND THE OUTLAW

On the morning of the 25th of June, 1830, two men were seen riding across the prairie between East and Main Bureau, one of whom was a large portly man, with a high forehead, black, piercing eyes, and whose black beard hung in waving clusters over his breast. This man was Adam Paine, a missionary among the Indians, who was well known by many of the early settlers of the northwest. The appearance of his traveling companion was the opposite in almost every particular, being a large, broad-shouldered, heavy-set man, with high cheek bones, a flat pug nose, black eagle like eyes, and whose general appearance indicated a low savage character. This was Mike Girty, a half-breed Indian, and an outlaw. The travelers, at the time we introduce them, were returning from a tour among the Indians on the Kankakee river—Paine as a preacher, and Girty as an interpreter—and they were now on their way to Bureau creek to attend an Indian feast. After having swum their horses across the Illinois river, they were slowly pursuing their way across the prairie, and over the very spot where the city of Princeton now stands. It was then in a state of nature with the deer and wolf roaming undisturbed. The beautiful rolling prairie at that time extended to the northeast as far as the eye could reach. To the southeast the view was obstructed by a large grove of timber, not yet disfigured by the woodman's axe.

THE INDIAN FEAST

On Main Bureau creek, near the mouth of Epperson's Run, were collected a large body of Indians for the purpose of holding their annual feast, and to attend this feast our travelers were bound. A number of chiefs from a distance were here; among them were Black Hawk, Senachwine, Waba, Shaubena and many other distinguished chiefs and warriors from the surrounding tribes. The principal object this large delegation of chiefs and warriors had in attending this feast, was to unite the different tribes of the west in a war against the whites. This union was intended by them to be inaugurated under religious influences, and thereby cause the warriors to believe that they were acting in accordance with the will of the Great Spirit. The Indians had killed a number of their favorite dogs, and roasted them whole, on which they were feasting. In the midst of their encampment, an altar was erected, on which were burning sacrifices that had been offered up to the Great Spirit to appease his wrath, and thereby insure their success in war, hunting, fishing, etc. Skins, war implements, and various kinds of trinkets were burned on the altar while the Indians danced around it, yelling at the top of their voices. A number of priests, dressed in long robes, faces powdered, and their heads ornamented with turkey feathers, were directing the exercises. With uplifted hands, and their eyes turned heavenwards, they invoked the blessing of the Great Spirit on the assembled multitude. Many of the Indians were dressed so as to represent different kinds of animals—some in the skin of a deer with large horns on their heads, standing out in bold relief; others in a skin of a dog or wolf, running about on all fours, with their nose to the ground, tail dragging behind, and howling in imitation of the animal they represented; many of the Indians had painted their faces in representation of the sun, moon and stars, and the place they occupied in the performance was in

accordance with their ideas of the solar system. Their religious exercises consisted principally in loud demonstrations of joy and grief; sometimes running around a circle on their hands and knees, jumping up and down, clapping their hands together, while their whoops and yells could be heard for miles away. (Note: For an account of this Indian feast the writer is indebted to Peter Demott, an old pioneer hunter, who was an eye-witness to the strange performances.)

When the Indians had completed their feast, and the festivities connected with their religious exercises, Paine mounted a log and preached to them the words of life, while Girty stood by him interpreting his sermon to the Indians. Paine, with that energy and zeal peculiar to him, explained to his hearers the many errors of their heathen religion, and the great importance of embracing Christianity. Those who have heard Paine preach will recollect his peculiar manner of address, with his body erect, hands uplifted, voice toned to the highest key; his features gleaming with enthusiasm, while his thick, coal black beard extended down to his waist, giving him a very impressive, as well as reverential appearance. He explained to his hearers the principles of the Christian religion, which enjoined on all its votaries peace and good will to all mankind; admonishing them never again to make war on the white brethren; that war was wicked, the work of the devil, and would result in their ruin. Many of the Indians were converted under his preaching, and declared their intention of giving up the religion of their fathers for that of Christianity. A number of warriors in the audience said that they would forever bury the tomahawk, and no longer be under the control of wicked chiefs who were trying to lead them astray.

BLACK HAWK'S APPEAL TO THE POTTAWATAMIE WARRIORS

The main object of Black Hawk in attending the feast, was to induce the Pottawatamies to join him in a war of extermination against the frontier settlers of the northwest. Many of the chiefs had already pledged themselves to his support. While Paine was preaching, Black Hawk sat on the ground in front of him, watching the effect of his words upon the warriors. But when he found that the eloquence of the speaker was about to ruin his cause, he sprang to his feet in a terrible rage, and waving his tomahawk over his head, he denounced Paine as an enemy of the red man, his religion as coming from the evil one, and only fit for white men and squaws. He appealed to the warriors for the sake of their fathers to stand by him in his grand scheme for exterminating the whites, and thereby sustain the honor of their race. In this appeal he said: "The whites have already ordered me and my people away from our beautiful home at Rock Island, compelling us to give up our wigwams, cornfields, and hunting grounds, and leave the graves of our fathers to be plowed over by our enemies. The land which the Great Spirit gave unto our fathers as a possession for themselves and their children forever, is now about to be taken from us. We are compelled to leave our country, the haunts of our youth, with its big rivers, beautiful green prairies, its shady groves, and go away into a strange land, leaving all that is dear unto us in the possession of the conquerors. And before many moons you too will have to leave your homes and seek a refuge beyond the 'Father of Waters.' Already the whites are building wigwams among you, and the sound of their axe is heard cutting down the forest to scare away the deer. Soon the game will leave—your trails will be fenced up, and you will be driven from the land of your fathers. Therefore rise in your might, tomahawk the intruders—cut the throats of their squaws and little ones, so that in the future no pale face will settle among you."

SPEECH OF SENACHWINE

Seated on the ground in front of Black Hawk, and listening to his speech, was an Indian stricken in years, but whose countenance, at the remarks of the last speaker, became flushed with excitement, and for the time being showed some of the vigor of youth. For more than fifty years the voice of this Indian had been heard in council, and by his wisdom and goodness he had long since been styled the father of his people. He had acquired great celebrity throughout the west, and his fine oratory had eulogies from writers, both in prose and poetry. This Indian was Senachwine, the principal chief of the Pottawatamies. At the conclusion of Black Hawk's speech, he rose to his feet, his face glowing with enthusiasm while around his massive brow, and blowing to and fro by the wind, were long locks of hair whitened by the snows of eighty-six winters. Throwing his blanket from his shoulders, and straightening himself up to his full height, he said; "For more than seventy years I have hunted in this grove and fished in this stream, and for as many years I have worshiped on this ground. Through these groves, and over these prairies in pursuit of game, our fathers have roamed, and by them this land was left unto us an heritage forever. No one is more attached to their home than myself, and no one among you is so grieved to leave it. But the time is near at hand, when the red men of the forest will have to leave the land of their nativity, and find a home toward the setting sun. The white man of the east, whose numbers are like the sand of the sea, will overrun and take possession of this country. They will build wigwams and villages all over the land, and their domain will extend from sea to sea. In my boyhood days I have chased the buffalo across the prairies, and hunted elk in the grove; but where are they now? Long since they have left us; the near approach of the white man has scared them away. The deer and the turkey will go next, and with them, the sons of the forest. Resistance to the aggression of the whites is useless; war is wicked and must result in our ruin. Therefore let us submit to our fate, return not evil for evil, as this would offend the Great Spirit and bring ruin upon us. The time is near at hand when our race will be extinct, and nothing left to show to the world that we ever did exist. As for myself I have no reflection for the past, nor have I any misgivings for the future; my race is nigh ruin, and soon I will be gathered to my fathers. My bones will be laid away in that beautiful green knoll, which overlooks the valley of Senachwine, and my spirit will go to that happy hunting ground, where my fathers before me have gone. Our white friend (Paine) has been telling us of a Savior who died to save the world. Of this Savior I know nothing; but this I do know, the monitor within my breast has taught me the will of the Great Spirit, and now tells me that good Indians will be rewarded, and bad ones punished. My friends, do not listen to the words of Black Hawk, for he is trying to lead you astray. Do not imbrue your hands in human blood; for such is the work of the evil one, and will only bring retribution upon your heads." At the conclusion of Senachwine's speech, the warriors with loud acclamations, declared their intention of following his advice, and remain at peace with their white neighbors. By this speech Black Hawk's cause was ruined, and when he found the Pottawatamies would not join his standard he left for his home, when the feast broke up.

SENACHWINE'S DEATH AND BURIAL

About one year after the events above narrated, as Senachwine was returning from a neighboring village where he had been spending a few

days, as he came cantering his pony into his own village, old and young ran out to meet him, and welcome his return. But as he raised his hand to address them, he fell to the ground, and expired almost instantly. To his people, it was like the falling of a mighty oak in the stillness of the forest. All mourned his death as that of a father, for long since he had been regarded as the benefactor of their tribe. His three wives, with his numerous children and grand children, painted their faces black, and accompanied by the whole village, with loud wailing, followed his remains to its long resting place. According to Senachwine's request, he was buried on the bluff overlooking the village and valley of Senachwine, and for many years afterwards Indians from a distance made an annual pilgrimage to the grave of the sainted dead. The following lines are supposed to represent Senachwine's last farewell to his beloved people, as he departed for the spiritland:

Senachwine village as well as the stream,
Has echoed my name as sounded in my dream;
In search of deer across the prairies I have strayed,
And rested my limbs beneath the Cottonwood shade!
Farewell ye loved haunts, and you, too, each foe,
My blessing I leave you while sadly I go;
My body they will bury on yonder green hill,
My spirit as a guardian shall watch o'er thee still.

VISIT TO SENACHWINE'S GRAVE

In passing down the valley of Senachwine a short distance below the county line, a curve in the bluff may be seen, and below which is spread out to the view a small fertile plain, or bottom prairie, now under cultivation. On this little plain, by the side of a small creek, whose rippling waters are heard as they glide onward to Senachwine lake, once stood the village of Senachwine. High above the plain, overlooking the valley and surrounding country, is a beautiful green knoll, shaded by a few outspreading oaks, beneath whose boughs still to be seen is the grave of Senachwine.

"He sleeps beneath the spreading shade
Where woods and wild savannas meet,
Where sloping hills around have made
A quiet valley, green and sweet."—BRYANT.

* * * * *

A few years ago, as I stood by the side of Senachwine's grave, while taking a view of the valley and surrounding country, I thought how well the old chief's prophesy had been fulfilled. The puffing of steamboats on the river, and the rattling of cars on the railroad, as well as the fine farms and farm buildings in the surroundings, all go to show a different age from that in which Senachwine lived. The same bluffs and valleys over which he roamed, while in pursuit of game, still remain, and the same stream where he used to fish continues to run as in former days. But not a vestige of Senachwine's village remains, nor is there one thing left to mark the spot where he lived, or show to the world that he or his people ever did exist. While these old land marks have all passed away, and are almost forgotten, the memory of Senachwine remains, and by many held sacred. For it is now quite evident that it was through his friendship for the whites, and in counseling his people to remain at peace, that many of the early settlers of this county owe the preservation of their lives.

CHAPTER II

AMERICAN FUR COMPANY

On the east side of the river, a short distance below the mouth of Bureau creek, was standing in the fall of 1821, a double log cabin which belonged to the American Fur Company, and occupied by its agent, Gerdon S. Hubbard. Close by stood two other cabins, which were built by the Fur company. In one of these lived Rix Robinson, a Connecticut Yankee, and in the other the well known Bulbona. Both of these men had married squaws, and raised a large family of half-breed children. Some years afterwards, Bulbona established a trading house at Bulbona Grove, where he conducted business on his own footing. A further account of him will be given in a subsequent chapter. Robinson and Bulbona were not settlers, but employees of the Fur company, whose trading posts were found along the principal rivers of the northwest. A few years previous to the time of which we write, Antoine Deschamps, a Frenchman, of Fort Clark (now Peoria), while acting as general agent of this company, established trading posts, at short intervals, along the river between St. Louis and Chicago. The goods to supply these posts were brought up the river in a bateaux; and furs, pelts, etc., returned in a like manner. At that time there was no permanent settlement north of Springfield, and the whole northern part of the State was without white people, except the trading post above alluded to. Gerden S. Hubbard, in conversation with the writer, said in passing down the river from the trading post, near the mouth of Bureau Creek, he did not see a white person, except those engaged in the fur trade, until he came within eighteen miles of St. Louis.

MIKE GIRTY, THE OUTLAW

As Mike Girty figures somewhat extensively in our story, it may be of interest to the reader to know something of his history. Mike is said to have been the son of Simon Girty, a well known and notorious outlaw, who, in the year 1780, escaped from justice in Western Pennsylvania, and found refuge among the Indians in Ohio. Among the Indians Girty exercised great influence, and by him they were induced to make war on the frontier settlements. At different times he led a party of warriors against defenceless settlers on the Ohio river. Even his former place of residence was visited in one of these raids, and some of his former neighbors carried off prisoners to be burned at the stake. Col. Crawford, when a prisoner among the Indians, and bound to a tree, beseeched Girty to shoot him, and thus save him from the torture of the flames. But Girty only laughed at his sufferings, and with the Indians, danced around their victim, while he was being consumed by the flames. Not only Col. Crawford, but many others of the early settlers, on the Ohio river fell victims through this outlaw. For many years the name of Girty was a terror to border settlers; and persons are still living, whose parents were sacrificed by this white savage.

Mike Girty, the subject of our sketch, was born of a squaw, and his early life was spent among the Indians in the wilds of Ohio. On arriving at manhood, he left his Indian friends, for a home among the whites on the Muskingum river, near Zanesville. But the influence of civilization did not change his savage nature, for soon afterwards he committed a cold-blooded murder and fled his country to escape punishment. In the fall of 1821, Girty came to this country, and for some time afterwards was employed as an interpreter by the agent of the Fur company. Soon after

coming here he married a squaw, and raised a number of sons, one of whom the writer met a few years ago in the city of Washington, being there on business for his tribe, who now live in Western Kansas. Although the name of Girty was unknown to the early settlers, yet many of them knew him by sight, under a different name, and they will recollect depredations committed by him without ever suspecting the author.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE

On the present site of Tiskilwa was located an Indian village, called by the natives Wappe, but known among the whites by the name of Indiantown. This village contained some three hundred wigwams, or lodges and at some seasons of the year, about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The lodges were constructed of bark or reeds, with an opening in the south, and a hole in the top, to let out the smoke. Streets, or alleys, were disregarded, as the lodges were built close together, and on both sides of the spring branch, which runs immediately west of the Tiskilwa house. On a little green knoll, by the creek bank, and between the depot and Steven's mill, was located their council house, and by the side of which was their dance ground. In the bottom prairies above and below the village, was located their cornfield. These corn fields consisted of small patches, fenced in by driving sticks into the ground, and tying on poles with bark or withes to prevent the ponies from destroying their crop. In the fall they would gather and dry their corn, and bury it in the caches (caves in the ground), where it would be safe for future use; after which a large portion of the Indians would leave the village, and scatter all over the country some along Bureau timber and Illinois river, others on Green river, for the purpose of hunting and procuring furs.

The principal chief of the village was known by the name of Autuckee and the next in authority under him was Meommuse. Both of these chiefs were well known to many of the early settlers. Such was the condition of things at Wappe, or Indiantown, when Girty became one of its inhabitants. Understanding well the English language, he acted as interpreter of the band in many of their transactions with the Indian traders. For a number of years, Girty tried to gain the confidence of the Indians, so that he might become a leader among them, the same as his father had been among those of Ohio. But in this he did not succeed, being regarded by them as a treacherous half-breed, and unworthy of their confidence.

GENERAL CASS IN COUNCIL

In the spring of 1827, an effort was made to unite the different tribes of the West in a war against the whites. The trouble originated among the Winnebagoes, but dissatisfaction had extended to other tribes, and they, too, commenced preparing for war. Councils were held at different places, and the smoke of signal fires were seen to ascend from every village throughout the country. In order to pacify them, Gen. Cass, who was at that time general agent for the northwest, descended the Mississippi river, in a keel boat, and ascended the Illinois river, in a bateau, as far as the mouth of Bureau creek, at the trading post of the American Fur company. Here he remained a few days, sending out runners to the Indian villages to notify their principal chiefs to meet him in council. One of the runners came to Indiantown, and its chiefs, with many of its warriors, including Girty, attended the council. This council was held on the river bank, near the mouth of Crow creek, on the 21st day of June, and was attended by a large number of the Pottawatamie chiefs. Gen. Cass, in his speech to



Murder of Rev. Adam Payne



Murder of Rev. James Sample and Wife

the chiefs, promised them, in behalf of the government, a compliance in full of all their demands, providing they would remain at peace. Speeches were also made by many of the chiefs, declaring their willingness to give up their alliance with the Winnebagoes, and continue their peaceful relations with the government. Pledges of friendship were made between the chiefs and Gen. Cass, after which he distributed presents among them. At this council, Girty interpreted the speeches of some of the chiefs, and for this service, Gen. Cass gave him a silver medal, as a token of friendship. This medal, suspended by a buckskin cord around his neck, was carried by Girty until the day of his death.

Twenty-eight years after this event, the great Michigander stated, while in conversation with the writer, that the Indian council on the Illinois river, was to him, the most agreeable of any that he had held in the west. He spoke of Senachwine, Shaubena, Waba, Wabonsie, and others. The names of the two former, he said, were signed to the great Indian treaty of St. Louis, in 1816, whereby the Indian title to all the military tract was relinquished. Gen. Cass also spoke of the personal appearance of Senachwine; of his fine oratory; pleasing address, etc., but said much of his speech was lost to him on account of his interpreter having only an imperfect knowledge of the Pottawatamie tongue. This defect, he said, was remedied in the speeches of other chiefs, by having them interpreted by a half breed.

This half-breed spoken of by Gen. Cass is supposed to have been Mike Girty, the outlaw.

CHAPTER III

BUREAU COUNTY IN A STATE OF NATURE

At the time our story commences, the territory which is now embraced within the limits of Bureau, as well as the adjacent counties, was in a state of nature. Scarcely a house or cultivated field could be seen on those western prairies. Roving bands of Indians were the occupants of the country, and over which roamed undisturbed by the marks of civilization, herds of deer and packs of wolves. Different localities throughout the country, were only known by streams, groves or points of timber and these localities were unconnected by roads, save here and there an Indian trail. The country, in a state of nature, presented a wild, romantic appearance, without a house or field, or any evidence of civilization on which the eye could rest. The prairies, during the summer, were covered with flowers of every hue, presenting a beauty of landscape scenery seldom met with at the present day. Here and there were seen groves of timber, which acted as landmarks to guide the traveler in his rambles across the great savannas of the west. The water in the streams was clear as crystal, at all seasons of the year; no plowman had yet broken the sod to muddy their fair current. Almost every day deer were seen feeding on the prairies, and the gobbling of wild turkeys was heard in the groves. At night the howling of wolves and the shrill notes of the catamount would remind a person that he was among the wilds of the west, far from the abode of civilization.

PIONEERS

Two years before, Henry Thomas, the first settler of this county, had built a cabin on the Galena road, and on the west side of West Bureau timber. The same spring John L. Ament, and brothers, settled at Red Oak Grove. A year or two later, Dad Joe, (Joseph Smith), settled at Dad

Joe Grove; Charles Boyd, at Boyd's Grove, and Elijah Epperson a short distance north of the present site of Princeton. About this time Amos Leonard, Daniel Dimmick, John Hall, and Timothy Perkins, settled in the east part of the county. John M. Gay, Ezekiel Thomas, and Abram Stratton, between the Bureaus, and William Hall at Dimmick's Grove, his cabin being located on the present site of La Moille. Subsequently, others came in, many of whom built their cabins in the timber by the side of springs. Most of the early settlers were poor, possessing nothing but their teams and their scanty household furniture; being pioneers, or adventurers, who had left the land of their nativity for a home among the savages of the west. For some years they lived in constant fear of the Indians, not knowing at what moment they would be attacked and murdered by them. In times of the greatest danger, some carried their guns with them while at work in the field, and would leave their cabins at night to sleep in the grove, in order to avoid being surprised by savages. At different times, the settlers were compelled to leave their homes and seek refuge in forts or settlements further south, leaving crops to be destroyed, and their horses and cattle to run wild on the prairie. Such was the appearance of the country at the time our story commences, and such were the characters of the persons who figure in it.

RELIGION AMONG THE PIONEERS

Many of the pioneers were professors of religion, two of whom, Elijah Epperson and grandfather Hall, were preachers of the gospel. It was common in those days for missionaries from different denominations to make frequent excursions through the new settlements, holding meetings, and establishing societies. But no church was as persevering in their efforts, and would carry out their plans with so much energy, as the Methodist. It has frequently been said, in regard to the settlements of the west, as soon as a squatter builds a cabin in any of the unsettled groves, the next day he was sure to be called upon by a Methodist preacher, in search of a place to hold meetings. And it was not uncommon in those days for them to have appointments forty or fifty miles apart, traveling back and forth on horseback, and carrying in their saddle bags a pocket bible, hymn book and a change of linen. These pioneer ministers preached free salvation, almost without money and without price. At their own expense, they traveled from settlement to settlement, proclaiming the gospel to all those who were willing to hear. Sometimes on foot, at other times on horseback, they traveled through a thinly settled country, frequently swimming streams, sleeping in the open air, and suffering from cold and hunger, at a time when a paid ministry could not be sustained. Among the Methodist ministers of note in those days were the Revs. Jesse Walker, John St. Clair, Rufus Lumery, Stephen R. Begg, William Royal and A. E. Phelps. These men possessed talent and energy, and did much in shaping the destiny of the church in Northern Illinois. Their lives, too, were models of piety and energy, worthy of imitation at the present day.

CHAPTER IV

REV. JAMES SAMPLE PREACHING TO SINNERS

There was a man by the name of James Sample, who preached a number of times in Hall's settlement, and was known by many of the early settlers. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance, being tall and slim, with a pleasing countenance, and good address; but in intellect and

education he was sadly deficient. His sermons had no connection with his text, but consisted of a disconnected exhortation, which was always delivered on a high key; hollering at the top of his voice, and clapping his hands and stamping his feet in a furious manner. He would always take his stand by the side of a door, or window, and commence his sermon on a low key; but as he advanced, he would become enthusiastic, retreating backwards, always in bad order, into one corner of the room, among the pots and kettles; and on one occasion he upset the dinner-pot, to the great annoyance of the lady of the house. Sample was not a regular ordained minister, but was operating on his own footing, and, according to his own statement, he was called by the Almighty to reprove sinners of the errors of their ways, and warn them to flee from the wrath to come. Sample lived on the east side of the Illinois river, and as there was no ferry in those days, it became necessary for him to swim his horse across it, to meet his appointments. In all his sermons, he would allude to the fact of his having risked his life, by swimming the river, in order to warn sinners of the errors of their ways, and point out to them the way of salvation. Meetings were held at the house of John Hall, and were attended by almost every person in the settlement. Everybody was captivated by the preaching of Young Sample; his earnest manner of presenting the subject, would frequently cause the women to shout, and the men to respond by loud acclamations of joy.

THE PARSON TURNS HORSE JOCKEY

Mr. Hall had a beautiful horse, which he had brought with him from the east, and on account of his good qualities, many had tried in vain to buy him. Sample had noticed this horse on his first visit to Hall's and as the sequel shows, he thought more of cheating him out of the horse than he did about the conversion of sinners. Sample tried various plans to get possession of this horse, but all to no purpose. Notwithstanding Hall was a great admirer of brother Sample, believing him to be a model of righteousness and piety, and was willing to serve him in almost every way, with the exception of parting with his favorite horse. Sample, to accomplish his ends, thought it best to use a little strategy, and thereby approach Hall in an unguarded moment. In his travels he bought, for a mere trifle, an old, broken down worthless horse, but which was at the time fat and sleek, being put in order for the purpose of cheating some person. This horse he brought over to Hall's at his next appointment to preach, saying that he had bought him of brother Aaron Paine, at an exorbitant price, and would warrant him sound in every particular. Although Hall was a shrewd man, and a good judge of a horse, the great confidence which he had in Sample's integrity threw him off his guard, and he exchanged his favorite horse for the worthless one. But on the next day he discovered the cheat, as the horse proved to be both balky, blind and spavined, besides being afflicted with almost every malady that horse flesh is heir to. Hall was in a terrible rage when he discovered the cheat, denouncing the minister as an impostor, and a rascal—saying that this transaction showed to him the depravity of human nature, and had almost destroyed his confidence in the honesty of mankind. In quoting scripture on this point, he referred to a passage applicable to this case. Solomon in his wisdom has said "There is one honest woman among a thousand, but an honest man cannot be found in all the multitude of Israel." Sample preached no more in the Hall settlement, and his trumpet voice, in warning to sinners to repent, and flee the wrath to come was never again heard on the west side of the river.

JOB MAY, THE HUNTER, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER

On the river bluffs, above the mouth of Bureau creek, lived a man by the name of Job May, who was well known by some of the early settlers. May was an easy, good-natured fellow, disliking work, but had a great fondness for hunting. Each morning, (Rip Van Winkle like), he would take his rifle, and accompanied by his dog, cross the river in a canoe, and spend the day in hunting through the bottom or along Bureau creek. Mrs. May, his wife, was an intelligent, high spirited woman, and used every means in her power to make her home comfortable, notwithstanding the shiftlessness of her husband. Their eldest daughter, Lucy, was at this time about sixteen years of age, a girl of remarkable beauty and intelligence. She was tall and graceful in her movements, with fair skin, and finely moulded features, while her long black hair hung in ringlets over her shoulders, giving to her a queenly appearance. Lucy was the belle of the settlement, and she had many suitors, all of whom she treated with indifference. The Rev. Mr. Sample, in his ministerial excursions, made the acquaintance of Lucy May, and as a matter of course, fell in love with her. Mounted as he was on a fine horse, the one he cheated Hall out of, and his tall manly form set off in a new suit of clothes, he was not long in captivating the heart of the young maiden. Sample's visits to May's house were of frequent occurrence, and these visits were much appreciated by the mother and daughter, but May himself did not approve of them. Being an unbeliever in the Christian religion, and taking but little stock in preachers, he tried to prevent his daughter receiving the addresses of Sample. But Mrs. May, being the head of the family, doing all the thinking for herself and husband, would have things her own way. Matters continued in this wise for some months. May, dressed in his suit of buckskin and his coon cap, with the tail hanging down behind, (looking for all the world like Davy Crockett), would each day take his gun and dog for a hunt in the woods; sometimes bringing home a deer or wild turkey as the result of his labor. Mrs. May and daughter would apply themselves to household duties, in providing food and raiment for the family, and was always certain to have everything in fine order to receive the Rev. Mr. Sample at the time of his weekly visits.

May's cabin was built on the side of the river bluff, the site of which was partly made by an excavation into the bank, so that the roof on the upper side was elevated but little above the ground. The fire-place was about six feet wide, composed of earthen-jams. The chimney, equally large, built of mud and sticks, did not extend above the ground, never having been topped out, so that the cabin looked more like a bank stable than a dwelling. On one of Sample's visits to May's house, he introduced the subject of religion, and proposed to have prayers in the family; but May was in a bad humor, having that day met with poor success in hunting, and said to Sample, until he returned Hall's horse, his prayers would not be acceptable. After the family had retired for the night, all sleeping in one room, as there was but one apartment in the house, Sample and Lucy sat chatting before the open fire, which had now burned down to a few coals, when an incident occurred which startled the lovers, awoke the family, and frightened the household almost out of their senses.

THE MISFORTUNE OF OLD BLIND BOB

Some time before, a neighbor had given May's boys an old blind horse, which was worn out and worthless. The little boys were much

pleased with their present, and during the summer months they would ride old blind Bob after the cows. But winter was now coming on, and the grass getting bad, old Blind Bob had become poor and weak, and while searching around the house for something to satisfy his hunger, pitched headlong down the chimney into the fire. The old horse, on landing in the fire-place, commenced snorting and floundering about at a terrible rate, throwing the hot ashes and coals all over the room. The women screamed with all their might, the children cried, and all of May's doubts about there being a devil were now removed, for here he was, sure enough. Old Bob soon extricated himself from the coals and hot ashes, and with his hair badly singed on one shoulder, was led limping out of the door. A short time after the adventure of old blind Bob, Sample and Lucy were married, and their honeymoon had scarcely passed away, when they met with a tragical end, an account of which will be given in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THOMAS HARTZELL, THE INDIAN TRADER

In the fall of 1828, Thomas Hartzell, an Indian trader from Pennsylvania, came to this country, and built a trading house on the river bank, a short distance below that of the Fur Company. In this house was held the first County Commissioner's session, as well as the Circuit Court of Putnam county. Mr. Hartzell was a very successful trader; being popular with the Indians, he extended his trade into other localities. He built a trading house at Devil's Grove, and one at Trading House Grove, which were conducted by agents, and by his energy he took a large share of trade away from the Fur Company. There being no ferry at the time, goods were taken across the river in a canoe while the horses were made to swim across. When on one side of the river, the goods were loaded on the horses backs to be carried to their destination, and the furs and skins returned in like manner. Mr. Hartzell, by his trade, accumulated a large fortune, and on retiring from business, moved to Wukegan, where he died a few years ago at an advanced age.

CONSPIRACY TO MURDER THE SETTLERS

In the year 1831, Amos Leonard built a cabin, and also a mill on the creek a few miles below Indiantown, and about the same time Michael Kitterman made a claim, where he now lives, built a cabin, and occupied it with his family. Robert Clark, with a large family of children, occupied a cabin on Bureau bottom, three miles above the Indian village. The same year Dave Jones, who afterwards became notorious, both among the whites and Indians, built a cabin on the present site of Tiskilwa, and close to the Indian village. With the three former settlers, the Indians lived in perfect harmony, but between them and Jones a bad feeling existed. Jones liked whiskey and hated Indians, and was not backward in making his likes and dislikes known. He had brought with him into the country a breechy yoke of cattle, which were in the habit of breaking into the Indians' cornfields. Although their pole fences were sufficient to keep out their ponies, it was no barrier to Jones' breechy cattle. Girty was one of the sufferers from the depredations of Jones' cattle, and therefore went to work to be avenged.

Jones and Girty met one day at Hartzell's trading house, and the former being under the influence of whiskey, was determined to fight. Jones struck Girty with his fist, and in return, Girty knocked Jones down with

the breach of his gun, making a severe wound on his head and leaving him for dead. Girty's enmity was not only against Jones, but against all the settlers, whom he regarded as trespassers on Indians' rights, and, in accordance with his savage nature, believed it his duty to rid the country of them. He was joined in his murderous designs by 20 warriors, who were as depraved as himself. With them he entered into a conspiracy to murder all the whites within their reach, and thus rid the neighborhood of intruders. Their plan was to go to each house in the dead hour of the night, kill all the inmates, allowing none to escape to give the alarm, and then set the house on fire. To carry out their plans successfully, Girty visited each house of his intended victims, under the pretext of selling some skins; but his real object was to examine the doors of the cabins and means of defense. Most of the settlers were unprepared to make any defense, having only a clapboard door to their cabins, and in some instances a bed-quilt supplied in place. But at the cabin of Elijah Epperson he found things very different.

By the side of the house he saw heavy split puncheons for the purpose of barricading the door at night, and on the inside of the cabin, hanging on pegs driven into the wall, were three or four rifles, and about the premises were as many young men capable of using them. Seeing these preparations for resistance caused Girty to leave the Epperson family out of his list of intended victims, and as he was a great coward himself, nothing could induce him to hazard his own life. The murders were very sly in maturing their plans, not letting any other Indians know anything about them. Their intentions were to kill the families, and make people believe that the murders were committed by a band of Sacs and Foxes from Rock Island, who had been threatening a raid on the settlers. The time had come and everything was ready for the attack. The warriors, armed with their rifles, tomahawks, and scalping knives, were only waiting for the settlers to retire for the night, when they would commence their work of horror.

THE MURDERERS DETECTED AND THE SETTLERS SAVED

On the night in question, Thomas Hartzell, on returning from the Winnebago swamps with four horses loaded with skins, stopped at the village to transact some business, after which he continued on his journey homeward. In company with Hartzell was a young half-breed, by the name of Holday, who had been for some time in his employ. This young half-breed had a sweet-heart in the village, and called to see her as he passed through, and in conversation told her that they did not intend to go home that night, owing to the difficulty of swimming their horses across the river after dark, as it was then about sundown, but should stay all night at the cabin of Amos Leonard, which was on their way. It so happened that the father of Holday's sweetheart was one of Girty's conspirators; and a short time after Hartzell and the young half-breed had left, she overheard him in conversation with others of the gang, talking about killing the settlers. Knowing that Hartzell and her lover must fall victims to their savage barbarity, the young squaw ran with all haste to the principal chief Autuckee, and told him what she had heard. Autuckee had no sympathy with the settlers, regarding them as intruders, and would like to have had their throats cut, but knowing that the rash acts of Girty and his followers would only bring vengeance on himself and friends, thought it best to prevent it. He collected a number of his faithful warriors, and with them went to Girty's lodge, where they found him prepared for war, his face painted, and his tomahawk and scalping knife secured in his belt. Girty, finding himself

betrayed, did not deny his murderous intentions, but justified himself on the ground that the welfare of the Indians required the expulsion of the settlers. The chief, Autuckee, gave orders for Girty and two of his companions in crime to be bound hand and foot, and kept in confinement for two moons. Thus the expedition was broken up, and thereby the lives of the settlers saved.

CHAPTER VI AN OLD LAND MARK

Everybody has noticed the little round grove, south of the Princeton Court House, where Mrs. Cyrus Bryant now resides. This beautiful little grove, occupying, as it does, a slight eminence, and isolated from the main timber, was a noted land mark in the early settlement of the county, being everywhere known as Round Point. This fine rolling prairie, lying to the north and east, at that time unobstructed by houses and farms, presented a beauty of landscape scenery seldom met with in any other section of the country. By the side of Round Point once passed an Indian trail, which had been traveled for ages by warriors and hunters; and the first wagon track ever made on the Princeton prairie led to it. In 1831, when the settlers on Bureau were fleeing from the country to escape the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savages, they halted at Round Point, and sent two of their number to confer with Shaubena in regard to remaining longer at their homes. There is a history connected with this little grove which may be of interest to the reader. In the spring of 1830, a man from Ohio, by the name of Henry Simmons, came to this country in search of a home. He stopped for a few days with Timothy Perkins, who lived in Leepertown; and accompanied by Leonard Roth, he made a number of excursions along Bureau timber in search of a claim. Many localities were examined, but none of which pleased him so well as Round Point. Although there was but one family living in Princeton township, (that of Mr. Epperson), many claims were taken—the claimant cutting his initials on the witness-tree, at the section or half-mile corner. This was considered a preliminary step, and by common consent among the settlers, it would secure the right of the claimant to the land until such time as a cabin could be built. There were many claims made in this way for the purpose of speculation, and with the expectation of selling them to new comers. A man having a number of sons would make claims for all of them, and sometimes for sons in prospect, or for some imaginary friend, who was expected to come soon into the country. From this cause, bad feelings among neighbors frequently occurred, some of which were settled by arbitration. It was a common saying in those days, that Adam Paine, who lived east of Hennepin, had claimed all the land between the Illinois and Wabash rivers, and Elijah Epperson all between the Illinois and the Mississippi.

MURDERING OF SIMMONS

Simmons made claims in the grove for himself and all his sons, and to make his intentions known to others in search of claims, he cut the initials of his name, "H. S.," deep into the wood of a witness-tree, at the south west corner of the southeast quarter of section twenty, which initials, I believe, are still to be seen. Simmons had spent some days in looking after corners, marking witness-trees, and had taken formal possession, (for himself and sons), of all the timber and adjoining prairie between Princeton and Deacon Reeve's. After spending some time in exploring the country, Simmons made arrangements to return home by the way of Peoria; and

early in the morning he bade farewell to Perkins' family, mounted his horse and left, going by the way of his claim to make some further discovery; and while alone in the grove, west of the present residence of Mr. Douglas, unconscious of danger, the report of a rifle was heard, and he fell lifeless to the ground, pierced to the heart by a rifle ball. Nothing was known of the murder at the time, and the sudden disappearance of Simmons attracted but little attention, as it was thought he had returned to his home in Ohio. Weeks and months passed away, and Simmons did not return with his family to take possession of his claim as was expected, until the affair was almost forgotten and other parties took his claim. On the day of the murder Mike Girty was hunting in the grove, and seeing Simmons alone and unarmed, shot him for his money, clothes and horse. After killing Simmons, Girty took off all his clothes and left the body where it fell, unburied, to be devoured by wolves. Girty arrayed himself in the murdered man's clothes, and mounting himself on his horse, returned to his home at the Indian village. His squaw, seeing him dressed in the clothes of a white man and mounted on a fine horse, knew at once that a murder had been committed. She commenced crying, and refused to receive him into her lodge. But, on Girty showing her some silver coins which he had taken from the murdered man, with which he promised to buy her ear-rings and other trinkets, she became reconciled to his conduct. His comrades in the village, knowing that he had committed a murder would shrug their shoulders as he passed them, saying "Bad Injun."

Girty was wearing Simmons's clothes, and riding his horse, at the time we introduce him at the commencement of our story. Five years after Simmons was murdered, a skull was found in the woods near where he was killed, and this skull came into the hands of Dr. Wm. O. Chamberlain, who always supposed it to be that of an Indian. For many years afterwards, the doctor kept this skull lying on a shelf in his office, and probably some who read this account will recollect seeing it. Mr. Simmons, not returning home at a proper time, his friends were alarmed at his long absence, and his brother came west in search of the missing man; but nothing was known of him after he left Perkins' house and his fate to them was unknown.

THE DISPUTED CLAIM

Although poor Simmons never returned to make good his claim to Round Point, such a desirable location was not long without a claimant, and the sequel shows its possession was a matter of controversy for a number of years afterward. Shortly after the murder of Simmons, Curtis Williams made a claim here, and cut the initials of his name on the witness-tree, at the south west corner of section 16, which was to be seen for many years afterwards. Time passed on, and Williams made no improvements on his claim, and it was reported that he was holding other claims for the sake of speculation. These facts coming to the knowledge of Michael Kitterman, who was also captivated with the beauty of Round Point, he "jumped" Williams's claim. At that time Mr. Kitterman was working for John Hall, at nine dollars per month, and unwilling to lose any time in his engagements with Hall, occupied Sundays in improving his claim. Each Sabbath he would take his axe, with his horse, harness and chain, go over to his claim, eight miles distant, cut and haul a few logs, and put them into the building, until he had raised the walls of a cabin as high as a person's head. One day, Williams, on looking after his claim, was sur-

prised to find a cabin commenced on the south side of the little round grove, and he notified Kitterman that he was trespassing on his rights. In order to avoid trouble, Mr. Kitterman abandoned his improvements and made a claim on Bureau bottom where he now lives.

Two years after Kitterman had abandoned his claim to Round Point, Cyrus Bryant selected it for his future home. With the permission of Kitterman, whom he considered the proper claimant, he took possession of it, and completed the cabin which had been commenced. While at work on the cabin, Williams gave him notice of his prior claim, but Mr. Bryant paid no attention to it. When the cabin was completed, Mr. Bryant was much surprised one morning, on returning from Roland Moseley's, his boarding place, to find that Mr. Williams, with his large family, had moved into it. Beds and clothing, tied up in quilts, were lying in one corner of the cabin, while pots and kettles occupied another corner, but not one chair or stool could be seen. Mr. Williams met Mr. Bryant at the cabin door, appearing glad to see him, and invited him in to take a seat; but Mr. Bryant not seeing anything to sit on, and not feeling in a very good humor, did not sit down. The case was arbitrated, and Williams was allowed \$25 for his claim. On receiving the money, he moved out of the cabin, and thereby gave up possession of the long disputed claim.

CHAPTER VII A SEARCH FOR A LEAD MINE

In passing over the road between Mr. Pendleton's and Stevens' mill, the traveler will notice near the top of the bluff a circular embankment, which resembled an ancient earth fortification. Many persons have noticed this embankment, and many have been their conjectures concerning its origin. Instead of its being a relic of antiquity, the work of mound builders, as a contributor to one of the Chicago papers sometime ago would have us believe, it was done at the time of the early settlement of the county, and under the following circumstances:

—In the first settlement of this county, a report was current among the settlers, that a lead mine existed somewhere on Bureau, and from which the Indians obtained their supply of lead. But when the whites came here, they covered up the mine, secreting traces of it, so that it should not fall into their hands. These rumors, coming to the ears of John Hall, Amos Leonard, Timothy Perkins, and others, they organized themselves into a mining company, and set about investigating it. On the subject of lead mine discovery, they became much excited, and for the time being everything else was laid aside. Indians were applied to, and rewards offered them for information on this point, but all to no purpose. Some time previous, John Hall gave a party of Indians five bushels of potatoes to show him the lead mine. Hall, with two hired men, dug three days at the place pointed out but found no lead; consequently he lost his labor as well as his potatoes. Because of the impending war, the Indians suddenly disappeared from Bureau, and after their departure, our friends of the mining company examined their village, with its surroundings, for the hidden mine, but without success. Amos Leonard professed to be a water witch, and he applied his magic power in searching for lead. Different places were found where the forked stick would turn in his hand, but on sinking a shaft at these places, no lead mine was found.

PATRICK O'LEAR AND HIS WONDERFUL REVELATION

At the time of the lead mine excitement, a jolly, red faced, and red-

headed Irishman by the name of Patrick O'Lear, came into the settlement in search of his fortune. There were no canals or railroads building in those days, and Pat found work in his line very scarce. Working on a farm, at low wages, slow pay, and without whisky, was regarded by him poor business, and he longed for something favoring his fortune to turn up. At that time the lead mine excitement was at its height, and Pat thought of many plans how he might turn it to his own account. But all of his plans were more or less objectionable. At last he caught a bright idea, and slapping his hands on his thighs, he exclaimed: "Be jabers, me fortune is made." A meeting of the mining company was called, and Pat laid before them his revelation, in the following words: "A few nights ago, while laying on me back, fast asleep, I thought what a poor miserable critter I was, far from home and friends, and without one cent in me pocket. And while in a trance, I prayed to the Holy Virgin, for the love of St. Patrick to assist me for this once. And in me dream a still small voice whispered in me ear, saying, arise, as soon as it is light, and go to Oshaw, an Indian, whose wigwam stands on the bank of the creek, near the village council house, and he will reveal unto thee great things. Next morning, after taking a wee drap of the critter, I went to Oshaw's wigwam, as directed in me dream, and he said to me that he and his people were about to leave the country, perhaps never to return, and the Great Spirit had impressed it on his mind to make a confidant of me." He continued, "If I would give him the bottle of whasky which I had in me coat tail pocket, he would tell me all about the lead mine. You know, yer honors, it was a trying ordeal for me to part wid me best friend, but for the love of me country, and the advancement of your interest, jintlemen, I made this great sacrifice, by giving up me whasky. Oshaw then took me into the woods to show me the mine, but before he would point out the spot, he made me sware upon me honor, **that** I would not let the bloody barbarians, (meaning the settlers), know where it was."

The mining company believed Pat's revelation, or at least that part of it in relation to his knowledge of the lead mine, and they offered to take him in as a partner, giving him a large percentage of all the profits from the sale of lead. Pat said he did not want to be bothered with a lead mine, as he was going back to Ireland as soon as he could obtain money enough; but if they would give him ten dollars in hand, pay him wages each night for his labor, with all the whisky he could drink, he would point out the mine and commence work immediately. Pat's terms were acceded to, and the next day a number of hands commenced work. Whisky was brought there in a keg, and some of the operatives, including Pat O'Lear, Mike Leonard, and Dave Jones, would get beastly drunk every day. Shaft after shaft was sunk, and the vein of lead was not struck. Pat would scratch his head, at every failure, saying that he had made a slight mistake in his reckoning, and commence a new one, extending around in a circular form as we now see it. While the mining operation was progressing finely, an incident occurred which put a stop to the work, broke up the company, and from that day forward all hope of finding lead on Bureau was abandoned.

FALSE ALARM AND FLIGHT OF THE SETTLERS

One day while Mike Leonard was hunting deer on East Bureau, near where Mr. Fox now lives, he concocted a plan to frighten the settlers, by raising a false alarm. Taking off his hat, he put it up for a mark, and shot two ball holes through it. He then ran with all haste, out of breath, and much excited, to the house of Mr. Hall, saying that he had been attacked

by a large body of Indians; many shots were fired at him, and he barely escaped with his life. To confirm this statement, he exhibited his hat with two ball holes through it. This affair created a great panic among the settlers. People were seen running hither and thither, conveying the news from cabin to cabin. Women with children in their arms, were running to and fro, crying at the top of their voice, and beseeching every one they met to save them from the tomahawk of the savages. Within one hour from giving the alarm, every person in the neighborhood had left for Hennepin; some on foot, others on horseback, all of whom were going at the top of their speed, expecting every moment to be overtaken and murdered by the Indians.

PAT O'LEAR KILLED AND SCALPED, BUT COMES TO LIFE AGAIN ESCAPE OF DAVE JONES AND FAMILY

While the miners were having a jolly time of it, between digging, smoking and drinking whisky, unconscious of danger, Amos Leonard's oldest son, Eli, a lad of 15 years of age, came running much excited, with tears flowing down his cheeks, and said the country was full of hostile Indians; that his uncle Mike had four rifle balls shot through his head; the families of John Hall, William Hoskins, and others, were murdered; and while on the way he saw a large body of Indians coming in the direction of the lead mine. On the reception of this news, the miners dropped their spades, and fled for their lives. As Pat O'Lear crawled out of the pit where he was at work, he exclaimed: "Be jabbers, if the bloody savages take off me scalp, me mother won't know her darling son when he goes back to Ireland." Although Pat at the time was quite drunk, the thoughts of losing his scalp put new life in him, and at the top of his speed, he started for Hennepin. As he ran down the bluff, and through the thick timber bottom, he saw, (in his imagination), an Indian behind every tree. He also heard the report of the rifles, as they shot at him, and felt the balls at each shot pass through his body. At last, overcome by wounds and loss of blood, he fell down dead, while at the same time he felt the Indian's big knife grit against his skull bone as the scalp was being taken off. For some time Pat lay there, believing himself dead and scalped, having sacrificed his life, while advancing the interests of the mining company. But when the effects of the whisky and the fright passed off, Pat came to life again, and putting his hand on his bushy red locks, was surprised to find that his scalp was not gone; and not being able to find any holes in his body where rifle balls had entered, he was convinced that he was not killed, and started again on a run for Hennepin.

Dave Jones was working at the mine when news came that Hall's and Hoskins' families were massacred. Dropping his spade, he ran for his cabin. His family, without hat or bonnet, left on foot for Hennepin, Mrs. Jones, with the children, running at the top of their speed, while Jones followed after, with the youngest child in his arms, cursing the red skins at every jump.

PANIC SUBSIDES, AND SETTLERS RETURN TO THEIR HOMES

When the settlers were safely landed on the east side of the river, they began to investigate the cause of the alarm. A committee was appointed to examine Leonard's hat, and it was found that the ball holes were too low down, and could not have passed through the hat while wearing, without passing through the head also. All came to the conclusion that Leonard had shot his own hat, and therefore the alarm was a false one. On the next day

the settlers returned to their homes, with loud denunciaions against Leonard for causing them so much fright.

Pat O'Lear did not fully recover from his fright, appearing wild and confused, believing that the Indians were still after him. In his flight he had left his hat and coat at the lead mine, but nothing could induce him to go after them; not even the keg of whisky which was left behind could tempt him to cross the river again. With a knapsack on his back, he left the next day for the east, swearing that he would stay no longer in a country that was full of bloody savages.

CHAPTER VIII THE GREAT INDIAN COUNCIL

In February, 1832, were collected at Indiantown, (Tiskilwa) a large number of chiefs, belonging to the surrounding tribes. Among them were Black Hawk, Waba, Shaubena, and the great Winnebago chief, known as the Prophet. This chief lived at Prophetstown, on Rock river and is said to have exercised great influence over his people, dictating for them in spiritual as well as temporal matters. Leonard Roth saw the Prophet at Indiantown during the deliberations of the council, and describes him as follows: "He was a large Indian, in the prime of life, tall and straight, with a broad face, eagle-like eyes, and long coarse hair, which was black as a raven. He was dressed in white buckskin, fringed at the seams and ruffled at the waist. His head dress was also made of white buckskin, raising high above his head, and on the top of which was a bunch of eagle feathers. Around his ankles he wore small wreaths of bells, and in his nose and ears were large gold rings."

Previous to this meeting, runners had been sent to all the principal villages throughout the West, notifying their chiefs to meet in council. This meeting was held in the village council house, and its deliberations lasted three days. The object of this council was to unite the different tribes, for the purpose of war. Black Hawk and the Prophet made speeches in favor of this union, explaining to the Pottawatamie chiefs that their only means of retaining their homes and hunting grounds, was by a union of all the tribes of the West, and thereby carry on a war of extermination against the settlers. All the Sacs and Foxes and Winnebagoes favored this union, but the Pottawatamies opposed it. Waubonsie was the only chief of note among the Pottawatamies in favor of war. He was a large, fleshy Indian, over six feet in height, and was well known by many of the early settlers. He had a village near the mouth of Fox river, but was compelled to leave it a short time before on account of encroachment of the whites; and himself and band found a home at Paw Paw Grove. He and his band of followers remained at Paw Paw Grove until the fall of 1836, and then went west of the Mississippi, where most of their tribe had previously gone. In the summer of 1836, Waubonsie came to Princeton and bought of McCayga Triplett a beautiful spotted horse, for which he paid \$300 in silver, all of which was in 25c pieces. In his speech at the council Waubonsie called on his brother chiefs to raise their tomahawks to drive back the intruders, and maintain their rights.

But little did the settlers on Bureau think as they sat at night around their cabin fires, that these savages were debating among themselves the propriety of cutting their throats, as well as those of their little ones.

Although Senachwine, the great apostle of peace, was now in his grave, there was one left to fill his place. This was Shaubena, the white man's

friend. Shaubena was not a great orator, but the earnest manner of his appeals more than counterbalanced the eloquence of others. A few years after the holding of this council, Shaubena said to the writer, if he had favored this union, the whole Pottawatamie nation from the lake to the Mississippi, would have taken part in the war. Waba, Meomuse, and other Pottawatamie chiefs took part with Shaubena in opposing the war.

During the deliberations of the council, an Indian was sitting on the ground in the back part of the council room, listening to the speeches of the Pottawatamie chiefs, his teeth occasionally gritting, and his face black with rage. This Indian was Mike Girty, the outlaw. Not being a chief, he had no right to speak in council, but overpowered by rage, he sprang to his feet, and waving his tomahawk over his head, he denounced the Pottawatamie chiefs as cowards and squaws, and unfit to represent their tribe in council. Autuckee raised his tomhawk and was about to strike Girty dead on the spot, but was prevented from doing so by the interference of others. Through the influence of the Sacs and Foxes and Winnebago chiefs, Girty was allowed to make a speech. In this speech he proposed to head a party of warriors, and attack the settlers on Bureau, as soon as the Sacs and Foxes had crossed the Mississippi. But his proposition met with no favor from the Pottawatamie chiefs, they regarding him as a treacherous half-breed, and unworthy of their confidence. Girty, seeing that he would receive no support from his tribe, raised the war whoop, and left the council. The uniting of the different tribes proved a failure and the council broke up when the chiefs returned to their respective homes.

THE INDIANS LEAVE BUREAU

About the first of May, 1832, Black Hawk with his warriors, accompanied by their families, crossed the Mississippi, and commenced ascending Rock river. The squaws and papooses, mounted on ponies, followed along the banks of the river. At Prophetstown they were joined by the great Winnebago chief, known as the Prophet, with his band of warriors. Here they remained two days to hold a feast and a war dance. From here, runners were sent to the different bands to induce them to join Black Hawk's standard. Two of these runners, one of whom was a son of Black Hawk, came to Bureau, to notify the Pottawatamies that hostilities were about to commence, and also to induce them to take part in the war. At that time, Shaubena, with his band of followers, was encamped on Corss run, east of the Doolittle farm, near where the road now crosses that branch. Mr. Doolittle was, at that time, engaged in building his cabin, and some of the Indians came and assisted him in handling the logs. Next day two strange Indians, who proved to be emissaries from Black Hawk, with painted faces, and wearing a peculiar head dress, were seen in camp. There appeared to be great excitement in Shaubena's camp, and the Indians broke up their encampment, caught their ponies, and left in great haste. The next day signal fires were seen lighted all over the county, and in every grove where Indians were encamped, the smoke of these fires were seen to ascend. The settlers noticed these signals, and became much alarmed. Some of them left the country immediately, without further warning. Others remained some days longer, but were on the alert to avoid being surprised by the savages. At different places Indians were seen skulking around people's houses, with their faces painted red, a token of war. These Indians appeared shy, unfriendly, and unwilling to hold communications with the whites. A party of warriors came to the cabins of Eli and Elijah Smith, in the absence of the men, and their conduct was

such as to frighten the women. Then went into the house, took down the guns to examine their locks, as well as the doors of the cabins, and other things about the premises. They also sharpened their knives and tomahawks on the grindstone, with the intention, no doubt, of using them in murdering the settlers. Many Indians were seen riding at full speed across the prairie, conveying the news from one to another; and within two days from that time not a red skin could be seen in the Bureau settlement.

INDIANS AT THE GRAVES OF THEIR FATHERS

When the Indians on Bureau were notified by runners from Black Hawk's band, that hostilities were about to commence, they were greatly alarmed, knowing that their lives would be endangered by remaining longer in the country, and they prepared for a hasty departure. At their village, where Tiskilwa now stands, about seven hundred had collected, to deliberate on the means of making their final exit. After making the necessary preparations, the Indians "en masse," old and young, repaired to their village burying ground, to pay their respects to the graves of departed loved ones.

Indians everywhere were attached to their homes, the land of their nativity; and it was with feelings of regret that they gave up their corn-fields and hunting grounds; but there is another place still more sacred to them, and from which they departed with sorrowful hearts. This was the graves of their fathers.

On the bottom prairie, a short distance below Tiskilwa, is an oblong knoll, which overlooks the valley, and presents a fine view of the surroundings. This knoll had been the village burying ground for many generations. Here were buried their prophets and great warriors, as well as their fair maidens, and of their graves the Indians were about to take their last farewell. The ceremonies connected with this affair, is described by an eye witness, (Amos Leonard) as being very solemn. The faces of all the Indians, old and young, were painted black, an emblem of mourning, and the young squaws had powdered their hair, making it white as snow, in representation of their purity. In the midst of the group was seen the tall form of Autuckee, the principal chief of the village. On the head of this chief was a crown of turkey feathers, and from his neck was suspended an Indian drum. At the tap of this drum all the Indians fell on their knees, while the chief with uplifted hands, and eyes rolled back in their sockets, prayed to the Great Spirit, for the preservation of the bones of departed friends. For some time the Indians remained on their knees chanting, while the squaws stood by beating their breast with their hands, weeping and wailing with loud acclamations of grief for departed loved ones. Again the chief tapped his drum, when the Indians sprang to their feet, and commenced singing a song to the dead. This song was sung on a low, plaintive key, and sounded like a funeral dirge; while thus engaged, the squaws with baskets of flowers, which had been gathered for the occasion, strewed them over the graves. After the conclusion of these exercises, the Indians again returned to their village. One of their number, an old man of more than four score years, refused to leave the graves, saying: "Here lie my father, my squaw, and my papooses, all that was near and dear unto me; no one is now left to love or care for me, and my blood no longer runs in the veins of any human being." Over the graves of his departed friends, the old man's form was bent, and here he wished to die; no persuasion could induce him to leave the spot, and by force alone he was taken away, and placed on a pony, to be carried

westward with the rest of the band.

At the village, the Indians loaded their ponies with camp equipage, preparatory to their departure. On some of the ponies were placed willow baskets, filled with papooses, and these ponies were turned loose, without bridle or halter, to follow the procession. The squaws rode astride of their ponies, many of whom carried an infant on their back, placed in a pocket in their blanket, with its head sticking out. Everything being ready, the procession started for the west, when old and young joined in singing their farewell song.

CHAPTER IX

DAD JOE

At Dad Joe Grove lived Joseph Smith, who was generally known by the name of Dad Joe. For many years he had been a pioneer, living at different places among the Indians, and was well acquainted with their customs and habits. In advance of the settlement, Dad Joe had lived at Peoria, Rock Island, and at the time of which we write, had settled at the Grove for the purpose of entertaining travelers.

Dad Joe was a thick, heavy-set man, of great physical power, and was always clothed in loose garments with a rope or leather girdle about his loins. He had a heavy bass voice, and in common conversation spoke so loud as to cause strangers to look at him with astonishment. His remarkable personal appearance, peculiar manners, and his lion-like voice, gave him great notoriety, and there were but few people in those days, living in Illinois who had not heard of Dad Joe. He was kind and benevolent, almost to a fault; and he is probably the only man who lived and died in Bureau county without ever having an enemy.

FRIGHTENED BY THE INDIANS

About two miles west of Dad Joe's residence, and at the east end of Red Oak Grove, lived a man by the name of James Magby, who had a wife and a large family of children. Besides these two families, there was no one living within twelve miles. One day while Mr. Magby's two daughters were on the prairie engaged in gathering flowers, they saw a large body of Indians approaching them, and believing that they were about to be murdered, fled with all haste to the residence of Dad Joe. On arriving at the house, they stated that the Indians had killed their mother, brothers and sisters, (Mr. Magby being absent at the time.) This announcement created a great panic in Dad Joe's family, as they too expected to be attacked within a few minutes. Dad Joe, whose courage never forsook him, made a hasty preparation to protect himself and family from the tomahawks and scalping knives of the savages. Although at that time Dad Joe was laid up with a lame back, through the excitement of the moment, he sprang from his couch, caught his rifle, which hung on pegs above the door, and prepared himself to give the Indians a warm reception.

Young Joe, a lad of fifteen years of age, mounted his horse and started for Bureau, to notify the settlers of their danger. In his haste to be off, he forgot to let down the barn yard bars, and urging his horse forward to make him jump them, he fell, throwing the rider over his head. Joe again mounted his horse, and put him at the top of his speed for Bureau settlement.

The affair turned out to be a false alarm. The Indians, (about three hundred in number), were Pottawatamies, from Bureau, and were on

their way to a country west of the Mississippi. When the Indians saw the frightened condition of Magby's family, they did not stop at the grove, but continued on their way westward.

A few days after this Indian fright, Dad Joe sent his family off to a place of safety, while himself and son, (Young Joe), remained on the farm in order to put in a crop. Each day they carried their guns with them while at work in the field, and they also kept their saddles close at hand, so they could mount their horses at a moment's notice. For many days they saw no one, as traveling through the country was now at an end. The great Galena road, that passed by the house, over which formerly ran a daily mail coach, as well as crowds of people passing to and from the lead mines, was now deserted; no traveler would risk his life in passing through a country then thought to be full of hostile savages.

INDIANS APPROACHING THE GROVE

One day while Dad Joe and son were at work in the field, they saw on the prairie, in the direction of East Grove, about sixty Indians approaching them. These Indians were armed with guns, were mounted on ponies and their faces painted red—a sign of war. On seeing the Indians, Dad Joe and son gathered up their rifles, mounted their horses and fled southward. But as the Indians did not discover them, they returned to a high piece of ground, where they could watch their movements, and also be ready to flee if pursued. The Indians went to the house, but finding no one there, they helped themselves to what they wished to eat, and carried away with them such articles as they could use. They also took with them, four young pups, which they no doubt intended to roast for their supper. After leaving the house, the Indians discovered Dad Joe and his son on the prairie, and started towards them; but prudence required that they should be kept at a proper distance, and they retired as the Indians approached. At last one of the Indians dismounted from his pony, and laying down his gun and tomahawk, approached them for the purpose of holding conversation. But as he came nigh to where they were standing, seeing the determined appearance of Dad Joe, who stood with rifle in his hand, the Indian's courage failed him, and he turned pale and stopped; but on being addressed by Dad Joe in a friendly manner, he took courage, and came forward to offer his hand.

The Indian wished to know if any army had gone north, and if it was the intention of the whites to fight them. Dad Joe, in reply, said no army had passed that way, and he had not seen a person for twelve days. The Indian said they did not wish to fight, but if attacked by the whites, they would carry the war into the settlement, and tomahawk every woman and child they could find. By the Indian's dress and language, Dad Joe recognized him as one of Black Hawk's band, having lived at Rock Island among them a few years before. While living there, one of these Indians (being exasperated on account of the whites settling on their land, and also being under the influence of liquor), tomahawked Dad Joe's wife, and she was only saved from instant death by Young Joe, then a lad of twelve years of age, riding his horse on the Indian. These things, coming fresh to Dad Joe's mind, he felt like taking revenge on this Indian. He said afterwards to the writer, that he was tempted to shoot him on the spot and trust to the fleetness of their horses to make their escape.

THE LONE TRAVELER

The night after their adventure with the Indians, Dad Joe and his son, as usual, had barricaded the door of their house with puncheons, and with loaded guns by their side, they retired to the attic to sleep. They had been asleep for a short time, when they were awakened by a person hollering and rapping at the door, asking admittance. Dad Joe suspected that it was an Indian in disguise, and had taken this plan to gain admittance to the house, so that he and his comrades could murder the inmates. The man at the door said he was a traveler, and wished entertainment only. After a long parley, Dad Joe said he would open the door, but if betrayed, his life should pay the forfeit, as he would shoot him down on the spot. He removed the barricades, and opened the door with one hand, while in the other he held his trusty rifle ready for use if betrayed. The man at the door proved to be a lone traveler from the lead mines, and on his way home at the south. Being mounted on a fleet horse, and armed with a large holster pistol, he had undertaken the hazardous task of passing through a country which was thought to be full of hostile savages.

APPROACH OF STILLMAN'S ARMY

On the 12th of May, Stillman's Army, consisting of about seven hundred mounted rangers, mostly from the southern part of the State, arrived at Dad Joe Grove. The troops made no halt here, but continued on their way to Dixon's ferry. The baggage train, consisting of six wagons drawn by oxen, remained at the grove over night. This train was guarded by fifty mounted rangers under the command of Captain Hackleton. In this company of rangers, was a young man from Sangamon county, that every one called Abe. He was tall and slim, with long black hair, heavy eyelashes, and whose general appearance was awkward and unprepossessing, but his witticism, as well as his peculiar gift in telling stories, kept his comrades all the while in a state of merriment. This young man was a private in Hackleton's company, but before the close of the war he rose to be a captain, and thirty years afterwards he became President of the United States. His name was Abraham Lincoln. The wagons, belonging to the baggage train were left in the edge of the grove, and the oxen with bells on them, turned out on the prairie to feed. About midnight, the bells were heard to ring, and a party of rangers went in pursuit of the oxen. Between Dad Joe Grove and East Grove, they overtook a party of Indians driving off the oxen; and on coming up with them, they fled in great haste, by putting their ponies at full speed. The night being dark and rainy, the rangers did not pursue them, but returned to camp with the stolen cattle. Means were used to guard against surprise, as they were now in an enemy's country, and liable to be attacked at any moment. Rumors were afloat that a large body of Indians were seen that afternoon in the direction of the Winnebago swamps. Picket guards were established around the encampment, and the men ordered to sleep on their arms. The horses were tied to trees by the camp, so they could be mounted at a moment's notice.

THE CAMP ATTACKED—A JOKE OF CAPTAIN HACKLETON

Captain Hackleton was a man fond of fun, always enjoying a good joke, and he now fell upon a plan of having some sport at other's expense. He also wished to test the courage of his men, and thereby ascertain whether or not they were reliable in case of emergency. He made

his plans known to the guards, and a few friends, and immediately went to work to execute them. About an hour before day, the plans being all matured, a number of men went back in the grove, and raised the Indian war whoop, and at the same time the picket guards fired off their guns. Captain Hackleton, and others who were in the plot, called on the men as they were sleeping in their blankets, to flee for their lives, as they were attacked by over one hundred Indians. Nothing could exceed the panic among the troops. Some prayed, others swore, but all sprang for their horses, with the intention of fleeing for their lives.

The surgeon of the company, who for many years after the war was well known in this community as a skillful physician, mounted his horse, but in his haste forgot to untie him from the tree; under the spur the horse sprang forward the length of the rope, then back again, bringing the doctor's head against the limb of a tree. The doctor, believing himself struck by a Indian war club or tomahawk, abandoned all hopes of escape, and at the top of his voice, sang out: "Mr. Injun, I surrender, spare my life!"

Next morning Dad Joe and son left the troops, for Dixon's ferry, and returned to the grove no more until the war was over.

CHAPTER X

COMMENCEMENT OF HOSTILITIES

The Indians had now left Bureau for other localities, some going to Chicago to claim government protection, others west of the Mississippi, while a few joined Black Hawk's band, and fought against the whites. Among those who fled to Rock River to join the hostile Indians was Mike Girty, the outlaw. His principal object in doing so was to avenge himself on the settlers, for some imaginary injury; two of whom, John Hall and John L. Ament, he told a short time before that he intended to kill them as soon as the oak leaves became as large as a squirrel's ear, having, no doubt, reference to the breaking out of the war. On the 14th of May, Stillman's army was defeated at Old Man's creek, after which Black Hawk sent out war parties all over the country, from the lake to the Mississippi. Occupying with their guerrilla bands many of the principal groves, way-laying thoroughfares, and skulking around the frontier settlements.

Next day after Stillman's defeat, Girty, at the head of about seventy warriors, left for Bureau settlement, with the intention of murdering the settlers. The first house they came to was that of Daniel Dimmick, at Dimmick's Grove, but found that their intended victims had fled. The Indians continued their way down the timber until they came to the cabins of John L. Ament and Elijah Phillips, and were much surprised to find them gone also. Ament and family had only left a few hours before, and the fire on the hearth was still burning. The Indians next visited the cabins of Elijah and Eli Smith, and that of Mr. Epperson, but with no better success. Crossing the Main Bureau, they went to the Thomas settlement, but found it deserted likewise. The Indians were much disappointed by their ill success, as it was now evident that the settlers had left the country, and their expedition must prove a failure, without being graced by a single scalp. By a spring in the edge of the timber where Oscar Knox now lives, the Indians made their encampment, hobbled and turned out their horses to graze. Here they remained two days, sending out spies in various directions in search of victims.

THE SETTLERS WARNED OF THEIR DANGER

It was a warm day, on the 16th of May, 1832, the sun was shining in all its brilliancy, without a cloud in the sky. The prairies were now green with early spring grass, intermixed with blue bells, and other May flowers of various hues. The forest trees were in full leaf, and the balmy air was made fragrant by the blossoms of the plum and crab apple. All nature appeared clothed in her beautiful garment, and everything in the surroundings was calculated to fill the pioneer's heart with bright prospects for the future. The settlers along Bureau timber were busy with their crops, plowing, sowing and planting, unconscious of immediate danger from their red foe. While thus engaged, a lone Indian was seen cantering his pony across the Princeton prairie in a southwestern direction. He was without gun or blanket, and from his uncovered head, locks of long hair were streaming in the wind. His jet black pony was white with foam, and from its extended nostrils came forth loud puffs of breath. This lone Indian was Shaubena, the white man's friend, and he was now on an errand of mercy.

Two days before, Stillman's army had been defeated on Old Man's creek and a band of hostile Indians were then on their way, as the sequel shows, to Bureau settlement, for the purpose of murdering its inhabitants. Shaubena, being unwilling to trust this important message in the hands of others, mounted his pony and rode with all haste to warn the settlers of their danger. He gave notice to Daniel Dimmick, John L. Ament, Dr. N. Chamberlain, and others, after which he left with his pony, still on a canter, for Indian creek settlement, giving warning likewise to the people of that region.

When the settlers on Bureau were notified that hostilities had commenced, there was a great panic among them. People were seen riding on a gallop across the prairie, conveying the tidings from cabin to cabin, and within a few hours not a soul was left in Bureau settlement. It was well they left in haste, for, as the sequel shows, a few hours of detention would in all probability have proved fatal to many of them. Some of the settlers went off on foot, others on horseback or in wagons, while a few left on sleds, drawn by ox teams. Some going to Hennepin, others to Peoria or Springfield, while others left the country never to return. Squire Dimmick, who lived at Dimmick's Grove, on being warned of his danger by Shaubena, said he would not leave until he had planted his corn; that he had left the year before, and it proved to be a false alarm, and he believed that it would be so this time. To which Shaubena replied: "If you will remain at home, send off your squaw and papooses, or they will be murdered before the rising of tomorrow's sun."

Shaubena had now mounted his pony, and was about to leave, when he raised his hand high above his head, exclaiming, in a loud voice: "Auhaw puckegeee." The meaning of which is, "You must leave;" and Shaubena's pony was again on the gallop to notify others. When Dimmick noticed the earnest manner in which Shaubena addressed him, he changed his mind, unhitched the horses from the plow, put his family into his wagon, and within two hours left his cabin, never again to return to it. John L. Ament was planting corn when he received the tidings, caught his horses, which were feeding on the prairie, placed his wife on one, and mounting the other himself, with his son, Thomas, then an infant in his arms, in this way they started for McLean county. After going about two

miles from from their home, they discovered on the prairie what they supposed to be a band of Indians approaching them. Believing their only means of safety was in flight, they put their horses at the top of their speed. In their flight, Ament's hat flew off, and with his hair streaming in the wind, they urged forward their horses under the whip. On arriving at Joel Doolittle's cabin, the matter was explained; the supposed Indians proved to be a party of rangers, who had come over from Hennepin to look after the lettlers. Without a hat, but with a handkerchief tied around his head, Ament continued on his way to McLean county. The settlers in the bend of the timber, southeast of Princeton, which was known at that time as the Moseley neighborhood, fled across the Illinois river, and sought protection in different places.

Henry Thomas was with Stillman's army when it was defeated, and many of the volunteers slain in the fight. The Indians pursued the troops nine miles from the battle-field, overtaking and killing many on the way. Mr. Thomas, being mounted on a fleet horse, soon outstripped the Indian ponies, but one of his companions in the flight was not so fortunate. In crossing a branch, his horse stuck fast in the mud, throwing the rider over his head, and before he could mount his horse again, the Indians came up and tomahawked him. Mr. Thomas continued the flight, making no halt until he reached home, a distance of fifty-two miles.

On the same day that Shaubena gave warning to the settlers, Henry Thomas returned home from the scene of horror, and all prepared to leave the country forthwith. In the West Bureau settlement there were four families, namely: Henry and Ezekiel Thomas, Abram Stratton, and John M. Gay. Among these four families there was only one wagon in running condition; some put their children, with a few household goods, on sleds, which were drawn by oxen, and by dark that same night they were on their way southward. Eli and Elijah Smith took a large box containing carpenter tools and other valuables, into the woods, hiding it in a thick cluster of hazel brush, and then fled in all haste toward Peoria. Mr. Epperson's family left about the same time, and they fell in with the fugitives from West Bureau near the present site of Providence. About midnight, as the ox teams were slowly dragging the sleds along on the grass, and the men and women walking by their sides, looking after their children who were sleeping on blankets or quilts, unconscious of danger, when all of a sudden behind them were heard the clattering of horses' feet, and the Indian war whoop sounded through the still night air. The women screamed, and the men sprang for their guns, but instead of it being, as they supposed, the deadly foe, it was Pete Bulbona and another half-breed, who only thought of frightening them.

Mr. Epperson and John M. Gay, walking ahead of the teams, came to Boyd's Grove about sun up next morning and having their blankets wrapped around them, they were mistaken for Indians. Nat, the youngest boy, on seeing them was as much frightened, and ran into the house, exclaiming: "Good jemmeny, here are two Injuns." Mr. Boyd picked up his rifle, and was prepared to shoot, when they threw back their blankets, showing them to be white men.

LIEUT. JONES' WONDERFUL ACCOUNT OF STILLMAN'S DEFEAT

When the Bureau settlers arrived at Peoria, it created a great panic among the people, as their flight had left them on the frontier; and to make the matter worse, a rumor was in circulation that a large body of

Indians were seen that afternoon going southward, with the intention, no doubt, of attacking the place. That evening a tall, raw-boned Kentuckian, a resident of Tazwell county, calling himself Lieut. Jones, arrived in Peoria. Jones had been with Stillman's army when it was defeated, and in the fight became separated from his companions, lost his reckoning, and had wandered about for three days, without seeing a living soul. He believed that all of Stillman's army were slain, and he alone left to tell the sad story. Lieut. Jones had an Indian scalp tied to his left arm, which he swung to and fro in order that the bystanders should appreciate his bravery. Jones being surrounded by a crowd of listeners, in a boasting manner, gave the following account of Stillman's defeat: said he, "While our army was encamped on Old Man's creek, Black Hawk with some twenty thousand warriors came marching down in solid column like Wellington's army at the battle of Waterloo, and at once attacked us on three sides. Our troops fought bravely, but soon they were overpowered, and all slain. Major Stillman, Major Hackleton, Col. Stephenson, and myself, with other officers of high rank, were engaged in leading the troops forward to charge the enemy, but almost within a twinkling of an eye, these brave officers, with all the troops under their command, were slain; and I found myself alone on the field of battle, surrounded by large heaps of dead bodies. At a distance I saw a body of troops who appeared in good order, not having suffered much from the ravages of battle, so I hastened to join them, with the intention of putting myself at their head, and avenge the death of my brave comrades. But as I drew nigh, I discovered that these gentlemen wore no hats, and their faces were painted red; so I inferred from that circumstance that they were no friends of mine. Soon rifle balls commenced buzzing about my ears, each one as it passed seemed to whisper in my ear, saying, in a language that I well understood. 'Stranger, you had better get out of here.' So I wheeled my horse about, and throwing my head on his withers, I broke for tall timber, followed by some five hundred Indians, flourishing their tomahawks over their heads, and yelling like demons. The race continued for many miles, across prairie and through timber, when all of the Indians, except one, were left far behind. This one, who was a great war chief, mounted on a fleet horse, came up by my side, and as he was about to tomahawk me, I shot him dead; and here, gentlemen, is his scalp," at the same time raising his arm to exhibit his trophy. "Out of that brave army under Stillman, that marched north a few days ago in defense of their country, I alone am left to tell the sad story.

Jones' story, although highly colored, was believed by many, and the panic among the people increased. On the bank of the river, a short distance above the ferry stood an old dilapidated block house, surrounded by barricades, and called by courtesy, "Fort Clark." Into this fort, both citizens and strangers went, so they would be protected, should the town be attacked during the night. Owing to the crowded condition of the fort, Eli and Elijah Smith, with their wives, took lodging in the bushes close by. During the night they thought of their exposed situation, in case the Indians should come, and concluded to go to the fort. As they approached the fort, some of its inmates mistook them for Indians, and raised an alarm. The matter, however, was soon explained, when all went to sleep again, to dream of Lieut. Jones' wonderful adventure.

CHAPTER XI

REV. JAMES SAMPLE AND WIFE

Soon after the marriage of the Rev. James Sample to Lucy May, as narrated in a previous chapter, and before the honeymoon was over, he concluded to go further west to seek his fortune, on the banks of the Father of Waters. At that time, there was no wagon road between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers; the Indian trail over which people passed, was only accessible for foot and horseback travelers. Everything being prepared for their journey, Sample and his young wife left for the west, each mounted on a horse, while on the third one was packed all of their household goods. Sample settled near Rock Island, and built a cabin on the site of the old Indian village. Everything went off smoothly during the winter, but in the spring the war cry was raised, and people were alarmed at the situation of things. Rumors were in circulation that the Sacs and Foxes were about to cross the river, and take possession of their old village. People were not long kept in suspense, for on a bright morning in the latter part of April, it was discovered that the river was full of Indian canoes, and the water was darkened by their ponies swimming the stream. The return of the Indians created a great panic among the settlers, all of whom left their cabins, and took refuge in Fort Armstrong, which was situated on the Island. The Indians did not molest any one, nor take possession of their old village, as was expected, but continued their way up Rock river, with their squaws and papooses in canoes, while the warriors, mounted on ponies, followed along the banks.

Sample and wife had been in the fort a few weeks when they concluded to leave it, and return to their friends east of the Illinois river. Having heard of no Indian depredations, it was thought perfectly safe to make the journey. Accordingly they disposed of all their effects, except two horses, and on them they left Rock Island.

It was a bright, clear day, on the 18th of May, when Sample and his wife left Rock Island for Hennepin, a distance of about seventy miles. Being mounted on fine, spirited horses, which were full of mettle, and as they cantered proudly across the prairie, the tourists expected to reach Bureau settlement before dark. The road traveled by them was the Sac and Fox trail, which extended from Lake Michigan to Rock Island, and was at that time a great thoroughfare from east to west, being traveled both by whites and Indians. For ages this trail had been the great highway for Indians from east to west. Over it Black Hawk, with his warriors, passed to join the British forces in Canada, at the time of the late war with England; and for twenty years afterward they made annual trips over it, to receive annuities from the British government in Canada. This trail passed through Bureau county, almost in an east and west direction—crossing Coal creek immediately north of Sheffield, Main Bureau east of Dr. Woodruff's, passing near Malden and Arlington, in the direction of Chicago. In some places on high prairie, the trail was worn down from one to two feet below the surface, and its course can still be traced through many of the farms of this county, although thirty-five years have now passed away since it ceased to be used. There was no settlement along this trail between the Mississippi river and Bureau, which made it necessary to perform the journey in one day.

It was about sundown when the travelers arrived at the residence of Henry Thomas, where they intended to stay over night, but unfortunately

they found the house deserted, and the doors and windows barricaded with heavy puncheons. Again they mounted their horses to pursue their journey, with the intention, no doubt, of spending the night at Smith's cabin, which was east of Bureau creek. Soon after leaving Thomas', night came on, and with it a terrible rain storm, and in the darkness they lost the trail, and were unable to find it again, but they continued eastward until they came to Main Bureau, which they found so high so as to make it hazardous to cross in the dark. They had now ridden about sixty miles, were tired and hungry, their clothes wet, and the rain still continued to pour down in torrents. But here they were compelled to spend the night, without one dry spot to lay their heads. Tying their horses to a tree, and taking their saddles for pillows, they laid down to rest until morning. After a long, dreary night, morning came, and with it a bright sun and clear sky, but the creek was still high, not being fordable. This obstacle must be overcome, so they selected a place where the banks were favorable, swam their horses across, and continued their journey.

On the top of the bluff, by the side of the trail, stood, at that time, a double log cabin, which belonged to Eli and Elijah Smith. Here the travelers intended to rest, dry their clothes, and have something to eat. But they found the cabins deserted, the families having fled from their homes the day before. On leaving the trail here, and going south one mile, brought them to Epperson's cabin, which they found deserted. The premises were searched for something to eat, as well as feed for their starving horses, but without success. It was with heavy hearts that our travelers again mounted their horses to continue their journey, being fatigued, hungry and their clothes wet from the drenching rain, as well as from swimming the creek. But on reaching the prairie, the beauty of landscape scenery which was there presented, dispelled their gloomy feelings. The prairie was now covered with early spring grass, intermixed with flowers of various hues, the forest trees were in full leaf, and the air was made fragrant with the blossoms of wild fruit. Birds were singing among the branches of the trees; around them were sporting meadow larks, with their musical notes, while on the distant prairie was heard the crowing of prairie chickens. This enchanting scenery of the surroundings, had a good effect on the travelers, and their despondent spirits were now revived. Over sixty miles of their journey had already been made, and a few hours more would terminate it. Their jaded horses were slowly plodding their way across the prairie, and over the very spot where Princeton now stands. The travelers, unconscious of danger, were talking of the perils of the past night, and the happy termination of their journey, when they would be embraced by kind friends. When all of a sudden they heard a noise behind them, and on looking back, they saw some twenty Indians pursuing them at full speed.

THEIR FLIGHT AND CAPTURE

While Sample and his wife were at Epperson's cabin, an Indian, who was on the lookout, saw them, and immediately gave notice to his comrades, who started in pursuit. The Indians approached quietly without being discovered, until almost within gun shot of the travelers, when they raised the war whoop, and put their ponies on a gallop. Sample was riding the horse which he had traded from John Hall, and his wife was mounted on one equally spry, but owing to the jaded condition of these animals, the Indians came within a few yards of them before they were

brought to a gallop. Many shots were fired at the fugitives, one of which slightly wounded Sample, and his wife was also wounded by a tomahawk thrown by one of the Indians. The horses, on getting their mettle up, went off at great speed, leaving the Indian ponies far behind; but the Indians continued the chase, urging their ponies forward under the whip, and yelling at the top of their voices. The fugitives had so far outstripped their pursuers that they regarded their escape as almost certain; but an accident occurred which blasted their fond hopes, and caused them to fall into the hands of the savages. As they approached the timber, Mrs. Sample's horse, while crossing a small branch, stuck fast in the mud, floundered and fell, throwing the rider over its head. Mr. Sample, at the time, being so far ahead of the Indians, he could have made good his escape, but unwilling to leave his wife to her fate, returned, and thereby sacrificed his own life. While Sample was assisting his wife to remount her horse, the Indians, with deafening yells, came up with them. Knowing that escape was now out of the question, Sample only thought of selling his own life as dear as possible, and drawing forth a pistol, shot one of the Indians dead on the spot. The Indians bound their victims with strong cords, put them on their own horses, and carried them back to camp.

On arriving at camp, the warriors held a council over their prisoners, and it was decided in order to avenge their dead comrade, they should be burned at the stake. Sample was well acquainted with Girty, having met him a number of times on Bureau, while on his ministerial excursions, and offered him all he possessed as a ransom for the life of himself and his wife. But all to no purpose, nothing but revenge could satisfy this blood-thirsty savage.

THE EXECUTION

A few rods south of what is now known as the Knox graveyard, stood thirty years ago, an old burr oak tree, isolated from other forest trees, and around which was a beautiful grass plot. Some of the early settlers had noticed this tree, and probably still recollect it, as it was burned at the root, as though a camp fire had been built against it. To this tree the victims were taken, and to it they were bound with large deer skin thongs. Divested of all their clothing, bound hand and foot, they stood waiting their doom. A fire of dry limbs was kindled around them, while the Indians stripped themselves of their clothing, with their faces painted red, in preparation for a dance. Everything being now ready for the execution, Girty took his long knife and scalped the prisoners, saving the scalps as a trophy of war. Taking the scalp of Mrs. Sample, and tying it around his neck, leaving the bloody scalp to hang on his breast. In this way, Girty, assisted by the other Indians, danced around their victims, jumping up and down, and yelling like demons. Mr. and Mrs. Sample, being bound to the tree, surrounded by burning faggots, their scalps taken off, with the blood running down over their faces and in their agony they besought the Indians to shoot or tomahawk them, and thereby terminate their sufferings. Mrs. Sample, whose youth and innocence ought to have moved the hardest heart, appealed to Girty, for the sake of humanity, to save her from this terrible death. But her appeals were without effect; nothing could change the purpose, or soften the heart of this devil incarnate. When life was extinct, more faggots were put on the fire, until the remains were consumed. Nothing was known

of these murders at the time, and for more than thirty years the sudden disappearance of Sample and his wife remained a mystery to their friends.

The next year after this tragedy occurred, James Hayes made a claim here, and built a cabin by the side of the spring, where the residence of Mr. Knox now stands. Around the tree where Sample and his wife were burned, Mr. Hayes had noticed many human bones, and in a ravine close by, a human skull was found. But little was thought of this affair at the time, as these bones were supposed to be those of Indians, it being well known that they were in the habit of burying their dead so close to the top of the ground that wolves frequently dug up and devoured the corpse.

Nearly forty years have now passed away since these murders were committed, and this place, with its surroundings, has undergone a great change. Here where timber once grew, is now cultivated land. Instead of being surrounded by a wild, uninhabited region, it now shows everywhere the marks of civilization. To the east, and in plain view, lies the city of Princeton, with its beautiful landscape scenery, its shade trees, and parks, while its spires are seen to glitter in the sunbeams. The old burr oak tree, where the victims suffered, and around which the Indians danced, long since fell by the woodman's axe, but its stump still remains as a relic of the past. And as you look on this stump, and the scene around it, you will be reminded of the awful tragedy which took place on this spot.

CHAPTER XII

BULBONA

At the south end of Bulbona Grove, where the residence of David A. Jones now stands, is a slight eminence, skirted on three sides by trees, while the fourth side opens out on the prairie. On this spot Bulbona built a cabin, in the summer of 1828, and occupied it as a residence a number of years. Bulbona was born of French parents, and was reared and spent his youthful days among the Indians, in the wilds of the west. He was a large, raw-boned, dark complexioned man, and had a coarse bass voice, and at the time we refer to, was far advanced in life. His wife was an Indian squaw, of the Pottawatamie tribe, with whom he had lived many years, and raised a number of half-breed children. Their habits and dress, as well as their language, was a cross between the French and Indian, understanding and speaking the English language very imperfectly. For many years Bulbona was employed by the American Fur company, on the Illinois river; and on leaving them, he commenced trade on his own footing. After establishing himself at the Grove, he had a large trade, as Indians from a distance would patronize his trading house, in preference to that of the Fur Company. He built a cabin for a store-room, on the west side, adjoining his dwelling, some of the logs of which, I believe, are still to be seen, or were a few years ago.

Bulbona was thought to be wealthy, and among the Indians he exercised great influence. Black Hawk, aware of his influence over the Indians, visited him on one occasion, and with arguments and bribes, tried to induce him to favor a union of the Pottawatamies with the Sacs and Foxes for the purpose of making war on the frontier settlers. But Bulbona would not listen to these entreaties, as he was on friendly terms with the settlers, and did much to save them from the tomahawk of his red friends.

THE FAIR MAIDEN AND HER TWO LOVERS

Bulbona had daughter named Zeffa, who was at this time about

eighteen years of age, and a girl of remarkable personal attraction. Being tall and graceful, with large, expressive black eyes, ruby cheeks, and beautiful long wavy hair, inheriting from her white father and red mother some of the best qualities of each. Zeffa had two lovers, one of whom was a young half-breed, who lived at Indiantown, and the other a French trader, of Peoria. Between the rival suitors bad feeling existed, each claiming exclusive rights to the young maiden. The father favored the suit of the Frenchman, while the mother that of the Indian. The girl appeared to have an equal attachment for both, and could not decide in her own mind which of the two to marry. While things were in this condition, the two suitors, by chance, met at Bulbona's. The Frenchman was a small, dark complexioned, hump-shouldered man, unprepossessing in appearance, but was dressed in a new suit of clothes, corresponding with the fashion of the day. The Indian was the opposite in personal appearance, being tall and straight, and his manly form was decorated in a buckskin hunting shirt and leggins, while around his head was a wreath of eagle feathers. In his belt he always carried his tomahawk and scalping knife, and a rifle on his shoulder, which caused him to look more like going to war than a courting. Things had now come to a crisis, and it must be decided, as each insisted on marrying the maid. The Indian proposed to fight a duel with the Frenchman, using rifles at ten paces, and let powder and ball decide their respective claims. Mrs. Bulbona favored this method of settling the matter, as she contended that the world was not large enough to hold both of them, and if one was killed, her daughter would be at liberty to marry the other. At the proposed duel, the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, believing his chances poor with an adversary who had handled a rifle from his boyhood. In return, the Frenchman offered to compromise the matter with the Indian, and buy out his claim to the girl, and thereby save the effusion of blood. This proposition was agreed to, and the arrangements were made in the presence, and by the consent of, the whole family. The price and pay agreed upon consisted of twenty-one blankets, and fifty strings of beads, to be delivered at the Frenchman's trading house in Peoria. The rival suitor being now disposed of, they set about making preparations for

THE WEDDING

On the day appointed for the wedding, the intended groom, accompanied by a French Catholic priest, from Peoria, arrived at Bulbona's. A number of friends, consisting of French, Indians, and half-breeds, were invited, and great preparations made to celebrate the nuptials. On the day of the wedding, Col. Strowbridge, Dad Joe, and Henry Thomas, on returning from Peoria, where they had been on business, called at Bulbona's house, and, being old friends, they were invited to stay and witness the marriage ceremony, which invitation was accepted. The priest, wearing on his head a gold-laced cap, and his body wrapped in a ruffled white robe, with a red ribbon around his neck, on which was suspended and hanging on his chest, a heavy gold cross. With all the pomp and dignity of his position, he was about to celebrate the sacred rights of matrimony, according to the Catholic church. While standing, leaning against the wall, engaged in prayer, a dog came into the room and seated himself in front of the priest, and probably being astonished at his fine regalia, commenced barking. Four or five other dogs, that were standing at the door, on hearing the dog barking in the house, no doubt thinking that some wild animal was treed within, rushed in, and all commenced barking

at the priest as though he were a stag at bay. Bulbona commenced kicking the dogs, in order to drive them out, but it only set them to fighting; and, in the melee, they threw down the priest, soiled and tore his robe, and scratched his face. This affair threw the wedding party into confusion. Much loud talk and hard words were used toward the dogs. The priest, in particular, gave vent to his feelings in loud denunciations against the brutish curs, but everything was said in French or Indian dialect, which was not understood by Col. Strowbridge and others of his party. Things were again put to rights, and the marriage ceremony performed, after which came the

THE WEDDING DINNER

Mrs. Bulbona was a good cook, and knew how to prepare a sumptuous dinner, but she still adhered to the Indian method of serving it up. Her Indian friends had previously furnished her with various kinds of game for the occasion, so that her guests could have their choice of meats. In the center of the table was placed a large tin pan, filled with soup, and in which were various kinds of meat. In this soup pan were the feet of prairie chickens, ducks, squirrels, and coons, cooked with the claws and hair on. In this way they were served out to the guests, according to Indian custom. Col. Strowbridge, who was always full of fun, took the ladle and fishing in the soup until he brought up a chicken's foot; then addressing Dad Joe, he said: "Dad, shall I help you to some of the fowl?" to which Dad replied: "No, God bless you!" Again fishing up a foot of a coon, with the hair and claws on it, sang out: "Dad, shall I help you to some of the coon?" "No, God bless you, Colonel; I will wait on myself."

FOUR TRAVELERS ARRIVE

On the wedding eve, preparations were made to celebrate the nuptials with a dance; and, in order to have music on the occasion, a fiddler was brought from Peoria. The store room was converted into a dancing hall, and the dancers were a motley set, consisting of French, Indians, and half-breeds. The bride and groom took part in the dance, enjoying themselves very much, being the centre of attraction, and were the gayest of the gay. In addition to the invited guests, Bulbona had sent invitations to many of his Indian friends, to visit the house on the wedding evening, for the purpose of receiving presents, a treat, etc. And as soon as it was dark, the cabin was surrounded by some fifty Indians, who were furnished with all the whiskey they could drink, and many of whom soon became drunk and noisy.

It was now after dark, being a beautiful September night, and the wedding party at Bulbona's was about to commence the dance, when a light covered wagon drove up to the door, and the travelers, four in number, requested entertainment. Bulbona did not keep a hotel, but as his residence was a half-way house between Boyd's and Thomas', travelers sometimes stopped with him. The host informed the guests that his house was full, and he could not entertain them; but seeing by their uniform that they were army officers, he invited them in to take something to drink, and see the wedding party. The invitation was accepted, and the party entered the house, where they remained several hours. For the names and description of the travelers, and what was done at Bulbona's house, the writer is indebted to Mr. Kilgore, who was one of the party, being along with them as teamster. Mr. Kilgore was at that time living near Peoria, but at the present times lives, or was a few years ago, living

west of Dixon. The travelers were dressed in United States uniform, and the straps on their shoulders showed their rank to be as follows: A Lieutenant, a Captain, and a Colonel. The Colonel was a middle aged man, heavy set, broad shoulders, dark complexion, prominent nose, under lip projecting, which indicated a person of great decision and force of character. This man was Zachariah Taylor, late president of the United States. The Lieutenant was a young man, tall and slim, with a high forehead, a large Roman nose, irregular, but prominent features, and had the appearance of a man with fine mental faculties. This young man was no other than Jeff. Davis, ex-president of the late Southern confederation. The Captain, whose name was Smith, belonged to Col. Taylor's regiment, at Prairie du Chien, but nothing is known of his history. These officers were on a leave of absence, in order to visit friends at the south, and were now on their return to their regiment, then quartered at Prairie du Chien. There were but few steamboats running on western rivers in those days, and the party had ascended the Illinois river, as far as Peoria in one of these. Here they employed Mr. Kilgore to carry them, in a two-horse wagon, to Galena, from which they intended to take a boat for their destination, which was a common way of traveling from south to north in those days. Bulbona was always very polite to strangers, but on the present occasion he was unusually so, introducing the officers to the wedding guests, and presenting them with various kinds of drinks, which had been prepared for the occasion, and the officers, as well as the wedding party, were soon under its influence.

THE DANCE AND TRAGEDY

The style of the dance was partly French and partly Indian, and with the dancers, all was joy and mirth. Above the sound of the violin, and the merry laughs of the guests, the dancers' feet were heard to rattle on the rough puncheon floor. The Indians, on the outside of the house, fronting the doors and windows, becoming animated by the music within, carried on a dance in their own way, jumping up and down, and yelling at the top of their voices. Lieut. Davis took part in the dance and soon became the leading spirit of the party. His tall form was conspicuous among the dancers, sometimes imitating the French style of dancing, then the Indian, then again going it on his own footing, like an old-fashioned Kentucky hoe-down.

Among the wedding party was a niece of Mrs. Bulbona, a young squaw of great attraction, and she danced in her Indian style with much grace. Lieut. Davis was fascinated with her charms, and danced with her in almost every set. Being under the influence of liquor, he would do many remarkable things, sometimes changing the order of the dance, to suit his fancy. When quadrilles were danced, he would change it into a waltz, so he could have his arm around the waist of the young squaw. Then freeing himself from her, he would dance with all his force, causing his tall form to wriggle as it swayed to and fro; sometimes jumping up and down in quick succession, and yelling at the top of his voice, in imitation of the Indians at the door. Col. Taylor and Capt. Smith took no part in the dance, but sat in one corner of the room, looking on, and almost splitting their sides with laughter.

Lieut. Davis was now under the influence of liquor, and being fascinated with his fair partner in the dance, made to her a dishonorable proposition, which was resented with contempt. Notwithstanding this re-



Shaubena



Dance at Bulbona's.....Jeff Davis Dancing with a Squaw

sentment, the Lieutenant took improper liberties with her; such liberties as politeness will not tolerate in a ball room. The young squaw considered herself insulted, in the presence of the company, and told her brother of the insult. Her brother, who was a tall, athletic Indian, was very angry on account of the insult to his sister, and was determined to punish the offender. Being quite drunk, and his brain frenzied with anger, he went up to Lieut. Davis, and in broken English, accused him of insulting his sister; and, at the same time, pulled his nose. Lieut. Davis, who never lacked courage, pushed the Indian from him, and drew forth a pistol. The Indian, with a fiendish smile, drew his long knife. The dancing stopped, the women screamed, and all was confusion, as it was expected in a moment to see the death of one or both of the parties. But in an instant Col. Taylor sprang between the combatants, and thereby prevented the effusion of blood.

It was no doubt from acts like the one above narrated, that caused Col. Taylor to denounce Jeff. Davis, as a wild, unscrupulous profligate, and unfit to be a husband for his daughter. But notwithstanding the Colonel's dislike to Davis, forbidding him ever again to enter his house, in less than one year from that time, he ran off with, and married his daughter. In this act, Davis left his regiment, forfeited his commission in the army, and settled in the state of Mississippi. Col. Taylor did not become reconciled to the conduct of Davis, and for fifteen years they never met or corresponded.

On the battle field of Buena Vista, Davis at that time commanding a regiment of Mississippi volunteers stormed and took possession of the Mexican batteries and thereby saved the battle. Then, for the first time since Davis left Prairie du Chien, Gen. Taylor rode up to him, and taking him by the hand, expressed his approbation of his heroic conduct, saying after all, his daughter was a better judge of his ability than himself.

After the trouble between Lieut. Davis and the Indian, the travelers left Bulbona's for Henry Thomas', which was on their road, and about six miles distant. Here they remained over night, and next morning they continued their journey towards Galena. At the commencement of the Black Hawk war, Bulbona left the grove, and never returned to it again, but settled in the eastern part of the State, in Kankakee county, at the grove which still bears his name.

The little hump-backed Frenchman, who married Bulbona's daughter, was a successful Indian trader, and accumulated a large fortune. Soon after his marriage, he went to St. Paul, where he continues to live, and by whom many of the incidents related in this story will be confirmed.

CHAPTER XIII MILITARY FORCE ORGANIZED

Forty years ago, Putnam county was not such a diminutive affair as it is now, but included within its boundaries the territory which at present constitutes Bureau, Stark, and Marshall counties. Within this vast territory, there was not over five hundred inhabitants, who were scattered along the principal groves, known as settlements. But two towns had been surveyed within the limits of Putnam county—Hennepin and Columbia, (now Lacon); each of these contained but a few log cabins. Not one frame building, school or meeting house, nor one surveyed road could be found within the limits of Putnam county. On two occasions only the placid waters of the Illinois river had been ruffled by a steamboat, its commerce having been carried on by

keel boats and bateaux. Such was the state of affairs at the commencement of the Black Hawk war, when people were compelled to leave their cabins, rude though they were, and take refuge in block houses, called forts, by courtesy.

Governor Reynolds issued a proclamation, notifying the frontier settlers that they must defend themselves, as all volunteers would be needed in active service.

In accordance with this proclamation, runners were sent to the different settlements in the county, notifying all persons fit for military duty, to meet at Hennepin, on the 20th of May, to organize military companies. Previous to this meeting, John Strawn had received a colonel's commission, and had been notified to call for volunteers, under the militia law. On the day appointed, people from various parts of the county appeared at the place of rendezvous, all of whom were clothed in their working dresses, and carrying guns on their shoulders. Col. Strawn made his appearance among them, in full military dress, wearing a laced coat with epaulets on his shoulders, and a cocked hat of the Bonaparte pattern. Volunteers were numerous, and three companies of rangers were organized among whom were many of the early settlers of Bureau county. Col. Strawn made a speech to these volunteers, exhorting them to deeds of bravery, and threatened to shoot down the first man that turned his back on the painted foe. For the first time in Putnam county was heard the fife and drum, and much enthusiasm was manifested among the rangers, some of whom sang patriotic songs. Dave Jones passed through the crowd, slapping his hands on his thighs, and dancing "Jim Crow." The rangers were all mounted on horseback, finding their own horses, arms, provisions, camp equipage, etc., and were on duty about one month. Some twenty years after the war, these rangers received for their services, a military land warrant.

It was agreed at the first meeting of the rangers that the Illinois river should be the line of defense, and an order was issued, forbidding all persons crossing the river without permission from the proper officers. Hennepin was made the headquarters for military operations, and a fort was ordered to be built for that purpose. Hartzell's old trading house was torn down, and its timbers used in the construction of a fort. This fort was located on the river bank, opposite the ferry, (now Front street), and consisted of a two-story block house. The upper story projected over the lower one, and above and below were port holes, so the inmates could fire on the enemy, in case they were attacked. Within this fort, or encamped around it, were the families of many of the first settlers of this county, among whom were the families of Dr. N. Chamberlain, Roland Moseley, John Musgrove, Joel Doolittle, and Widow Electa Smith.

FORT THOMAS

About the 20th of May, two companies of mounted rangers, principally from St. Clair county, under the command of Maj. Baxter, came to Bureau, and built a fort. This fort was located on Henry Thomas' claim, and occupied the very spot where Thomas Vaughan's house now stands, being about four miles north of Wyanet. Fort Thomas consisted of a block house, surrounded with barricades, which was constructed of punch-eons, set into the ground, and about fifteen feet high. On the northwest angle of the fort, there was an entrance through the barricades, guarded by a heavy swing gate. While the fort was being built, a file of soldiers

stood guard over the workmen, to prevent their being surprised by the Indians. The horses belonging to the rangers, were hobbled during the day time, while feeding on the prairie, and at night they were tied to posts around the fort. There were about one hundred and forty men belonging to this battalion, and they remained here on duty until the war was over. During their stay, they killed and ate some of Thomas' cattle, used his crib of corn, and burned his rails for fuel, besides robbing the cabins of some of the settlers. It is said while here they drank two barrels of whiskey, had seventeen fights among themselves, and returned to their homes without having seen an Indian.

SCARE AT HENNEPIN — A SEARCH FOR INDIANS

It was near sundown, on the 25th of May, 1832, when a steamboat came down the river from Fort Wilburn, and landed at Hennepin. The captain and crew of the boat said, about two miles above, on the east side of the river, they saw a body of Indians run into the woods, and skulk behind trees. This report created a great panic among the people, and preparations were made for defense. The fort, at that time, was in an unfinished condition, and therefore would afford but little protection. The women and children were put on board of an empty keel boat, which lay at the wharf, with three men to manage it. The men having the management of the boat, were instructed to push it out into the middle of the stream, and let it float down stream, should the town be attacked. In this boat were the families of Mr. Moseley, Mr. Musgrove, Widow Smith, and others belonging to Bureau settlement. During the excitement, Mr. Blanchard and wife, unobserved by any one, went on board of a pirogue, and started down the river. After going a short distance, and hearing no fighting at the fort, they laid to; and about daybreak next morning, returned up the river to Hennepin. Those on board of the keel boat heard Blanchard rowing his craft and believed that the Indians were coming. Through the dim morning light they saw the red bow of the pirogue, which was mistaken for Indian blankets. The men prepared themselves for defense, while the women and children commenced crying, thinking their time had come. A challenge was given from the boat, but it was not heard by those in the pirogue; a second one was given, and the men in the boat were about to fire, when Blanchard let himself be known.

For some days it was believed that the Indians were secreted in the river timber, and a company of rangers went in search of them. Some of the rangers ascended the river in canoes, while others pursued their way on horseback. After passing the mouth of Bureau creek, and seeing no Indians, nor Indian signs, the party in canoes concluded to fire off their guns, in order to frighten those on horseback, while the party on horseback had conceived the same idea, and both parties fired almost simultaneously, to the great astonishment of each other. The joke was a good one, and both parties acknowledged they were beaten at their own game.

John Hall, with three hired men, had returned to his claim, to look after his crops, which had been neglected in consequence of the war. As Indians were reported to have been seen in the river timber, it was thought best to notify Hall and his men of their danger. Consequently, Williamson Durley and Mr. Simpson volunteered for that purpose. The messengers, in a canoe, ascended the river as far as Spring Lake, and from there they went on foot to Hall's cabin. It was after dark when they arrived, and were much surprised to find the cabin deserted. On holloing, they were

answered by Hall and his party, off in the grove, who had taken quilts and were sleeping some distance from the cabin, so as to avoid being surprised, should Indians attack the cabin during the night.

FORT WILBURN AND AYRES' BLACKSMITH SHOP

Many of the early settlers will recollect John Hayes, who kept a store in a log cabin under the bluff, where Peru now stands. Mr. Hayes had a farm here by the side of the river, and had occupied it for three years previous to the Indian troubles. When the war broke out, Hayes, Lapsley and Burton Ayres, with others, commenced building a fort on the present site of La Salle; but on being notified of immediate danger they abandoned it, boarded their canoes, and went down to Hennepin. A few days afterwards, Mr. Hayes' two boys, Harrison and Jonathan, (the former now living in the town of Manlius), took a canoe, and went up to their farm to finish planting corn. Next day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer Caroline came up the river, with Capt. Wilburn's company of volunteers on board. When the captain of the steamboat saw the boys at work in the field, he fired off a cannon, rounded to, and sent out a yawl to take them on board. The boat ascended the river as far as the mouth of Big Vermillion, where she lay all night, anchored in the middle of the stream, with steam up, and soldiers with loaded muskets promenading the deck. Next morning, the troops were landed on the south side of the river, and they commenced building Fort Wilburn.

William Tompkins and Sampson Cole, with their families, and John Cole, now a resident of Tiskilwa, were the only people at that time living in the eastern part of this county. When the war commenced, they became alarmed at their exposed situation, liable at any moment to be attacked by the Indians. Each night they would take quilts and blankets, cross the river in their canoe, and sleep in the thick timber of the bottom. In the morning, they would return to their cabins, and spend the day at work on their claims; but at night, cross the river as before. After spending a number of nights in the woods, they became afraid to return to their homes, and in their canoes went down to Hennepin, where they remained for some days. As soon as Fort Wilburn was built, they took quarters in it, where they remained until the war was over.

On the north side of the river, almost opposite Fort Wilburn, now within the limits of La Salle, stood a log blacksmith shop, which was occupied by a young man named Burton Ayres. For three years, Mr. Ayres had done a lucrative business here, as his shop occupied a central position between Bureau and Fox river settlement, and received the patronage of both. Mr. Ayres was a very industrious man, and had accumulated quite a sum of money for those days. On a warm spring morning, the day before the Indian Creek massacre, as Mr. Ayres was engaged in welding a plow share, Shaubena called at his shop, and told him to flee for his life, or he would be killed by the Indians, probably before the setting of the sun. Mr. Ayres at once removed his anvil block, dug a hole in the ground, wrapped his money,—which was all in silver—in his leather apron, and buried it; then placing his anvil block, and closing the door of his shop, he left on foot for the state of Ohio. About six months afterwards, Mr. Ayres returned, resurrected his money, and continued his business as before.

CHAPTER XIV

EXPLANATION

It may be of interest to the reader to know by what means many of the facts relating to the Indians of this county were obtained, as some of them were unknown to the early settlers,—therefore an explanation of this matter becomes necessary:

A few years ago, while in the city of Washington, I met a number of Pottawatamie chiefs, from Western Kansas, among them was Col. Barrassa, an educated half-breed, and author of a book, entitled: "Indian Life and Customs." Through the politeness of Col. Barrassa, I was introduced to two other chiefs, and from whom many of the incidents related in this story were obtained. One of these chiefs was the well-known Half Day, a son of Autuckee, and the other represented himself as a son of Girty, the outlaw. These chiefs said they were born on Bureau, but left while in boyhood; nevertheless they had a distinct recollection of some of the early settlers, and described the personal appearance of Michael Kitterman, Elijah Epperson, and others.

These chiefs inquired if I was connected with any of the people killed by the Indians; and being answered in the negative, they went on to describe the manner of killing Phillips, Sample, and others. These acts were justified by the chiefs, contending that they were done in defense of their rights. On hearing these chiefs describe the manner of killing women and children on Indian Creek and burning at the stake of Squire Holly, as well as Sample and his wife, I said to them their people were really savage barbarians; to which they replied, "No act of theirs was so barbarous as that of the soldiers at the battle of Bad Axe, all of which is a matter of history. When squaws, with infants in their arms asked for quarter, their appeals were disregarded, being shot down like brutes. A soldier ran his bayonet through the body of an infant, holding it up above his head, on the end of his gun, while the child was screaming in the agonies of death, and this act of barbarity was applauded by his comrades. Many of the squaws, on finding no quarter could be obtained from the soldiers, threw themselves into the river, and there met a watery grave. Eight or ten small children took refuge under the river bank, but were found by the soldiers, and murdered in cold blood."

SHAUBENA

A few years after the Black Hawk war, Shaubena, with his band of followers, consisting of about one hundred and fifty in number, were encamped for some weeks on Bureau, near the crossing of the Dixon road. At that time the writer was living close by Shaubena's encampment, and was frequently in his wigwam, and from him learned much of his history, as well as other facts relating to the Indians of this county. Shaubena said that he was of the Ottawa tribe, but in his youth he married the daughter of a noted Pottawatamie chief, whom he succeeded at his death, which occurred a few years afterwards, as one of the principal chiefs of the tribe. In 1811 he accompanied Tecumseh in his mission to the Creek Indians, in Mississippi, and was with him at the council of Vincennes. At the time of the British war, in 1812, he was made a war chief, was an aid to Tecumseh, and stood by his side when he fell at the battle of the Thames. Shaubena was a fine looking Indian, tall and straight with broad shoulders, a large head, and a stranger could see by his general appearance that he was no ordinary personage. He spoke the English

language very imperfectly, and was not celebrated as a great orator in his native tongue, but his superior knowledge of men and things, gave him great influence over his people. After the death of Senachwine and Black Partridge, no Chief between the lake and Mississippi exercised so much influence over the Indians, as Shaubena. His home was at Shaubena Grove, now DeKalb county; but for thirty years he had made Bureau his hunting ground, and was well known by many of the early settlers. Shaubena had two wives, one of whom was the partner of his youth, and by her he had many grown up children. At a later period, he had married a young squaw, and by whom he had three small children. Between the old and young squaw, quarrels were very common, some of which would result in open hostility. One day Shaubena said to the writer, it was strange that his squaws could not agree, as there were only two of them, while other chiefs could have a dozen or more, and all of whom would live together in perfect harmony.

Shaubena said at the commencement of the Black Hawk war, seventeen of his young warriors ran off and joined the Sacs and Foxes, two of whom participated in the Indian Creek massacre, as well as the killing of Phillips. For this offense he never forgave them, and they were not allowed after the war to join his band. One of these only, a brother of his young squaw, he pardoned, and again reinstated him in favor with the band. This Indian was tall and lank, with a savage look; had one hand shot off in the battle of Wisconsin river, and was present at the Indian Creek massacre; and through him the writer obtained many facts relating to that event.

At the commencement of the Black Hawk war, Shaubena went to Dixon's ferry, to offer the services of himself and warriors of his band to Gov. Reynolds, to fight against the Sacs and Foxes. Mounted on his pony, and alone, he arrived at Dixon's ferry on the same day that Stillman's army reached there. The soldiers, believing Shaubena to be an enemy in disguise, dragged him from his pony, took away his gun and tomahawk, and otherwise mistreated him, telling him they had left home to kill Indians, and he should be their first victim. A man, running at the top of his speed, came to Dixon's house, and told him that the soldiers had taken Shaubena prisoner, and were about to put him to death. Mr. Dixon, in all haste, ran to the rescue, when he found the soldiers (who were somewhat under the influence of liquor), about to stain their hands with innocent blood. Dixon, claiming the prisoner as an old friend, took him by the arm and conducted him to his own house, when he was afterwards introduced to Gov. Reynolds, Gen. Atkinson, Col. Taylor and others.

Shaubena, with his warriors, joined Atkinson's army, and participated in all the battles during the war. In the fall of 1836, he and his band abandoned their reservations of land at the grove, giving way to the tide of emigration, and went west of the Mississippi. But Shaubena's fidelity to the whites, caused him to be persecuted by the Sacs and Foxes. In revenge, they killed his son and nephew, and hunted him down like a wild beast. Two years after going west, in order to save his life, he left his people, and with a part of his family returned to this county. For some years he traveled from place to place, visiting a number of eastern cities, where he was much lionized, and received many valuable presents. Many of our citizens will recollect his last visit to Princeton, in 1857, while on his way eastward. At that time Shaubena came to the residence of the

writer, and an old acquaintance of twenty-two years standing was renewed. He inquired after many of the old settlers of his acquaintance, and on being told that they were in their graves, tears filled his eyes. Shaubena died in July, 1859, on the bank of the Illinois river, near Seneca, in the eighty-fourth year of his age; and contrary to his wish, he was buried in Morris cemetery. No monument marks the last resting place of this friend of the white man.

SHAUBENA'S ADVENTURE AT CHICAGO

Shaubena, while in conversation with the writer, gave an account of a visit to Chicago, in 1812, at the time of massacring the troops under Capt. Heald. He said: "It was in the afternoon of the fatal day, a few hours after the battle, when in company with twenty-two warriors, he arrived at Chicago. Along the beach of the lake, where the battle was fought, lay forty-one dead bodies—the remains of soldiers, women, and children, all of which were scalped, and more or less mutilated. The body of Capt. Wells was lying in one place, and his head in another; these were gathered up by Black Partridge, and buried in the sand near where he fell. The prisoners were taken to the Indian encampment, and closely guarded, to prevent their escape. John Kinzie, an Indian trader, whose house stood on the north side of the river, opposite Fort Dearborn, had been for some years trading with the Indians, and among them he had many friends. By special favor, he was allowed to return to his own house, accompanied by his family, and the wife of Lieut. Helm, who was badly wounded.

"That evening, about sundown, a council of chiefs was called to decide the fate of the prisoners; and it was agreed to deliver them up to the British commander at Detroit, in accordance with the terms of capitulation. After dark, many warriors from a distance came into camp, who were thirsting for blood, and were determined to murder the prisoners, regardless of the stipulated terms of surrender. Black Partridge, with a few of his friends, surrounded Kinzie's house, to protect the inmates from the tomahawks of these blood-thirsty savages." Shaubena further said, "that he, with other warriors, were standing on the porch, with their guns crossing the doorway, when a body of hostile warriors, with blackened faces, rushed by them, forcing their way into the house.

"The parlor was now full of Indians, who stood with their tomahawks and scalping knives, awaiting the signal from their chief, when they would commence the work of death. Black Partridge said to Mrs. Kinzie, "We have done everything in our power to save you, but all is now lost; you, and your friends, together with all the prisoners in camp, will be slain." At that moment a canoe was heard approaching the shore, when Black Partridge ran down to the river, trying in the darkness to make out the new comers, and at the same time shouted: "Who are you, friend or foe?" In the bow of the approaching canoe, stood a tall, manly personage, with rifle in his hand; and as the canoe came to shore, he jumped off on the beach, exclaiming in a loud, clear voice, the musical notes of which rang forth on the still night air: "I am the Sau-ga-nash!" "Then," said Black Partridge, "hasten to the house, for our friends are in danger, and you alone can save them." Billy Caldwell, for it was he, ran to the house, entering the parlor, which was full of hostile Indians, and by threats, and entreaties, prevailed on them to abandon their murderous designs; and by him, Kinzie's family, with the prisoners at the fort, were saved from death. (Note: Billy Caldwell, called by the Indians Sau-ga-nash, was a half-breed and said to have been the son of Col. Caldwell, a British officer. He was one of the principal Pottawatamie chiefs and was well known by the early settlers of Chicago.)

CHAPTER XV

INDIAN CREEK SETTLEMENT

After Shaubena had warned the settlers on Bureau of their danger, he went to Indian Creek and Holderman's Grove, and gave notice to them, also. But unfortunately, some of the settlers disregarded his warning, and thereby paid the forfeit with their lives. This tragedy, which we are about to relate, occurred outside of the limits of Bureau county, and therefore might be regarded by the reader as foreign to our story. But it must be remembered that some of the victims were residents of this county, others had been previously, and the surviving members of the murdered families resided here for many years afterwards; so that it is properly one of the incidents connected with the early settlement of Bureau county. It is also evident that these murders were committed by Indians, who belonged on Bureau, being the same guerilla band that had searched in vain for victims along Bureau timber, a few days before. The account of this massacre is taken from statements made to the writer, by the surviving members of the murdered families, a short time after it occurred, and also from the statement of an Indian who participated in the murders.

In the spring of 1830, William Davies made a claim on Indian creek, twelve miles north of Ottawa, and had built his cabin close by the creek bank. A few rods from his cabin he had built a blacksmith shop, he being a blacksmith by trade. He had also commenced building a mill, and the dam for that purpose was already completed. Some miles up the creek, was an Indian village, and its inhabitants were angry at Davies for building this dam, as it prevented the fish from ascending the stream. Each day the Indians were in the habit of coming down below the dam to fish, and on one occasion they threatened injury to Davies' family if it was not removed, so the fish could come up to their village. A number of days had now passed away since the Indians were down to fish, and none had been seen along the creek or in the neighborhood. The absence of the Indians caused Davies to fear that they intended revenge on him and family, for what they considered a trespass on their rights. In order to compromise this matter, Davies, accompanied by one of his neighbors, named John Henderson, went up to the village for the purpose of making the Indians some presents, and thereby retain their good will. But on arriving at the village, they found it deserted, and no Indians could be discovered in the vicinity, so they started homewards. On their return home, night overtook them, and in the darkness they lost their way, consequently they were obliged to lay out all night. Davies not returning at night as was expected, his family believed that he had been murdered by the Indians, and the next morning, before it was light, they left for the fort at Ottawa. When Davies came home and found his family gone, he followed after and overtook them in their flight, causing the fugitives to return again to their home. On their way homeward, they were met by the family of William Hall, who were also on their way to the fort, but through the persuasion of Mr. Davies, they returned with him to his house.

⁴⁸William Hall, who is referred to in a previous chapter of this story, had a short time before sold his claim, where La Moille now stands, to Aaron Gunn, and with his family moved to Indian Creek. He had been at his new home but a few weeks, having made claims for himself and sons, and was engaged in building a cabin when the war broke out.

Mr. Pettigrew had a claim in the neighborhood, and with his family,

had been two days in the fort at Ottawa. Believing that there was no danger of Indian depredations, he returned to Davies' home, about noon on the day of the massacre. Two young men, Robert Norris and Henry George, were at Davies' house at the time of the massacre. The former lived with Mr. Henderson, a neighbor, and was at the blacksmith shop at the time, in order to have some work done. The latter, Henry George, belonged to the Bureau settlement, owned a claim, and had built a cabin on the present site of Bureau Junction. He was at the time on a visit to Hall's family, and gossip said that he was courting one of his daughters. Mr. Phillips, a millwright by trade, who was engaged in building a mill for Davies, with his wife and child, were among the victims. Both Davies and Hall had grown up sons and with the other visitors at the house, they considered themselves of sufficient strength to repel an attack of the Indians.

On the morning of the fatal day, Shaubena, with his pony in a foam of sweat from excessive traveling, called at Davies' house, and told the inmates that a band of hostile Indians had been for some days on Bureau and on the evening before they were seen crossing the prairie in the direction of Indian creek timber. On receiving this information, Hall was in favor of leaving immediately for Ottawa, but Davies, who was a very resolute man, opposed it, saying that he did not fear the Indians, and that no red skin could drive him away from home.

INDIANS LEAVE BUREAU FOR INDIAN CREEK

After the murder of Sample and wife, as narrated in a previous chapter, the Indians broke up their camp at the Knox spring, and left for Indian creek settlement. Girty, dressed in Sample's clothes, and mounted on his horse, with the scalp of Mrs. Sample suspended from his neck, considered himself "The Big Injun." On arriving at the Indian creek settlement, they secreted themselves in the thick timber, and from here they sent out spies in various directions, to make discoveries. One of the spies visited the residence of Mr. Davies, and by crawling on his hands and knees through the underbrush, he came close to the house, so that he learned the number of inmates, as well as their means of defense. On returning to his comrades, and reporting his discovery, the Indians mounted their ponies and followed down the creek timber, until they came within one mile of Davies' cabin. Here, in the thick timber they dismounted, tying their ponies to trees, and proceeded on foot, in order to carry out their murderous designs; being conducted by two Pottawatamie Indians, who were raised on Indian creek, and who were well acquainted with the surroundings of the house. These Indians led the attacking party with great caution, crawling along under the creek bank, until they approached within a few rods of the house, without being discovered by their victims.

THE MASSACRE

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of May 21st, while the men were at work in the blacksmith shop, and the women busy with their household affairs, unconscious of danger, a dog barked, and on looking out the door, about seventy Indians, with painted faces, were seen entering the door yard. Mr. Pettigrew, who was in the house, attempted to shut the door, but was shot down while in the act of doing so. Part

of the Indians rushed into the house, killing the women and children with their tomahawks and scalping knives, while the others, with deafening yells, attacked the men at the blacksmith shop. The assault was so sudden, that the men were unprepared to make a successful defense; although they had their guns with them, there was not sufficient time for their use, as the savages were among them in a moment, using their guns and their tomahawks on their victims. William Hall was shot down instantly; Robert Norris had grabbed his gun, and was in the act of shooting, when he was killed. William Davies, who was a large, resolute man, defended himself for some time, using the breach of his gun over the heads of the savages, bending the barrel in the struggle, but was at last overpowered and killed. Blood and hair were found on Davies' gun barrel, and the ground where his remains lay showed the marks of a desperate struggle. Near by was a pool of blood, where an Indian was thought to have been killed, and carried away by his comrades. Henry George jumped into the mill pond, but was shot while swimming across it. One of Davies' sons, a lad of fourteen, was caught by an Indian, while crossing the mill dam, tomahawked, and his remains thrown into the water. John W., a son of William Hall, ran and jumped off the creek bank, as many shots were fired at him. By keeping close under the bank of the creek, out of their sight, he succeeded in making his escape. Three young men, Edward and Greenberry Hall, and a son of Mr. Davies, were at work in the field; but on seeing the Indians killing their people, the unhitched their oxen from the plow, and fled with all haste for Ottawa, which place they reached in safety. When the Indians entered Davies' house, they with fiendish yells commenced killing the inmates; some were shot down, others dispatched with knives, spears or tomahawks. Mr. Phillips was found with her infant clasped in her arms, both having their heads split open by a tomahawk, and were lying in their gore. An Indian snatched an infant out of its mother's arms, and knocked its brains out against the door frame. Sylvia and Rachel Hall, and Miss Davies, jumped on a bed in order to escape the tomahawk of the Indians. Miss Davies was immediately shot, while Rachel Hall's face was so close to the muzzle of the gun as to burn it to a blister. The Indians afterwards told, with infernal glee, how the women and children squawked like ducks, when they felt the cold steel pierce their bodies.

A short distance from Davies' cabin lived two families, by the name of Henderson, grandfather and uncle of Gen. Henderson, of Princeton. Two days before the massacre, they were notified of their danger by Shaubena, and had taken their women and children to the fort at Ottawa, while the men returned to work on their claims. On hearing the firing of guns at Davies' cabin, and knowing that the Indians were murdering their friends, they hurried to their assistance, but on seeing the strength of the attacking party, they knew that assistance would be useless, and only throwing away their own lives, so they turned back and fled for Ottawa.

FIFTEEN PERSONS KILLED, TWO GIRLS CAPTURED

After the Indians had completed their work of horror, leaving fifteen dead bodies scalped and dreadfully mutilated, they returned to the place where they had left their horses. They took with them a number of horses, which belonged to the murdered families; also clothing, provisions, and everything they could use. They shot horses, cattle and hogs;

even chickens in the barn yard did not escape their fury. Two daughters of Mr. Hall, Sylvia, aged eighteen, and Rachel, aged fourteen, were taken prisoners, and carried off into the Indian country.

When the massacre was completed, four Indians took hold of the girls, one holding on to each arm, and hurried them off as fast as possible, through the woods, to where their ponies were tied. Here the Indians had collected together, and over the prisoners they held a council to decide about the disposition of them. Girty was in favor of killing the girls on the spot, and thereby save the trouble of taking them to Black Hawk's camp which was about ninety miles distant. But the will of Girty was overruled by a majority of the warriors, who had in view, no doubt, the large reward that would be paid for their ransom. The girls were placed on horses, Sylvia on one which belonged to her father, and Rachel on a gray horse, that was owned by one of the Hendersons, and had been rode to the blacksmith shop by Robert Norris, a few moments before the massacre. Two Indians rode by the side of the girls, holding the reins of their horses to prevent their escape, and in this position they galloped away.

A son of Mr. Davies, named James, a lad seven or eight years of age, was taken prisoner with the Hall girls. But after going a short distance through the woods, in the direction of their ponies, the boy gave out, not being able to travel so fast as the rest of the party, and the two Indians who had him in charge, made him stand up to be shot. Little Jimmy, as he was called, pale as death, stood like a marble statue, without moving a muscle, to receive the fatal shot. While the boy was still struggling in the agonies of death, the savages took off his scalp, leaving the body where it fell, to be devoured by wolves.

Two days after the massacre, a company of rangers, many of whom belonged to Bureau settlement, went to Indian creek to bury the dead. All the bodies of the victims were found, and buried, except that of little Jimmy, the fate of which was not known until some time afterwards.

SHERIFF WALKER'S TWO INDIAN PRISONERS

Next spring, after the Black Hawk war, two Pottawatamie Indians were charged with taking part in the Indian creek massacre, and were indicted for murder by the Circuit Court of La Salle County. Sylvia and Rachel Hall testified that they knew these Indians having been to their house before the war, and proposed buying them of their father. These Indians were arrested, and bound over to court; but the time of holding court, having been changed, the prisoners thinking that they would not be wanted, went west with their band. George E. Walker, an Indian trader, was at that time sheriff of La Salle county, and he, with others, was security for the appearance of these Indians. Walker went alone in search of the prisoners, and found them west of the Mississippi, far out in the Indian country. A council of chiefs was called, and it was decided that the accused Indians should accompany Walker to Ottawa, to stand their trial for murder. The Indians bade farewell to their friends, believing that they would be executed upon their arrival at Ottawa, and to all appearance were reconciled to their fate. For many days the sheriff, with his prisoners, traveled through an Indian country, camping out at night, and all sleeping together. Sometimes the Indians would go off on a hunt, in order to supply the camp with provisions, and could have made their escape at any time, but they had pledged their honor to give themselves

up at Ottawa, and not even the preservation of their lives, could induce them to forfeit this pledge.

As sheriff Walker was returning with his prisoners, he was met on West Bureau by Peter Demott, an old pioneer hunter. The party was traveling on the Sacs and Fox trail, mounted on Indian ponies, and carrying guns on their shoulders,—the sheriff leading the way, and followed by the Indians in single file. Demott recognized one of the Indians as an old friend, with whom he had hunted on Green river two years before.

This Indian appeared dejected in spirits, saying that he was going to Ottawa to die, expressing himself willing to be shot like a brave, but disliked the idea of being hung by the neck, like a dog.

Court came on, and the Indians were tried, but having their faces painted in such a way that the Hall girls could not swear positively to their identity, consequently they were acquitted, and allowed to return to their friends.

CHAPTER XVI

CAPTIVITY OF SYLVIA AND RACHEL HALL

The following account of the captivity of the two Miss Halls, was principally taken from statements made to the writer by one of the captives, (Rachel Hall), a short time after the Black Hawk war. Although this account differs in many particulars from others heretofore published, it will, nevertheless, be found correct in the main. It is given in language as though narrated by the captive, and in some instances, her own words are used:—

After being placed on horseback, and guarded by two Indians, who rode by our side, holding on to the reins of the bridles, as narrated in the preceding chapter, we commenced our long, tedious journey. We rode most of the time on a canter, and the Indians frequently looked back, as though they were afraid of being followed by the rangers, who were at that time roaming through the country. We continued to travel at a rapid rate, until near midnight, when we halted to rest our horses. After resting about two hours, we continued our journey, traveling all night, and next day until noon, when we again halted. Here our captors turned out their horses to graze, built a fire, scalded some beans and roasted some acorns, of which they offered us some to eat, but we declined tasting. We remained in camp a few hours; during that time the Indians were engaged in dressing the scalps, by stretching them on small willow hoops. Among these scalps I recognized my mother's, by the bright color of the hair—the sight of this produced in me a faintness, and I fell to the ground in a swoon, from which I was soon after aroused, in order to continue our journey. After leaving the camp we traveled more leisurely than before, until about nine o'clock at night, we reached the camp of Black Hawk, after having rode over ninety miles in twenty-eight hours.

We found the Indian camp on the bank of a creek, surrounded by marshy ground, over which were scattered burr oak trees, being, as we afterwards learned, near the Four Lakes, (now Madison City, Wisconsin). On our arrival in camp, a number of squaws came to our assistance, taking us from our horses, and conducted us into a wigwam. These squaws were very kind to us, and gave us some parched corn and maple sugar to eat, it being the first food that we had tasted since our captivity.

Our arrival in camp caused great rejoicing among the Indians. A large



Indian Creek Massacre



Shaubena's Escape from Big Foot

body of warriors collected around us, beating on drums, dancing and yelling, at the top of their voice. Next morning our fear of massacre or torture had somewhat subsided, and we were presented with bears and maple sugar for breakfast. They also offered us coffee to eat, which had been taken out of Davies' house, not knowing that it required to be ground and boiled before being used. About ten o'clock, the camp was broken up, and we moved five or six miles, crossing a creek, and encamped on high ground, which was covered with timber. We were provided with pack horses to ride, and behind us was packed camp equipage, which consisted of tents, kettles, provisions, etc. On arriving at our new camp, a white birch pole was stuck into the ground, on which were hung the scalps of our murdered friends, being exhibited here as trophies of war. About fifty warriors, who were divested of clothing, and their faces painted red, danced around this pole to the music of drums and rattling gourds. Every day during our stay with the Indians, this pole containing the scalps was erected, and the dance repeated.

One morning, a party of warriors came to our lodge and took us out, placing in our hands small red flags, and made us march around the encampment with them, stopping and waving the flags at the door of each wigwam. After this we were taken to the dance ground, by the side of the white pole containing the scalps, and by the side of which a blanket was spread. After painting our faces, one half red, and the other black, we were made to lay down on the blanket, with our faces to the ground. The warriors then commenced dancing around us, flourishing their tomahawks and yelling like demons. We now thought our time had come, and we quietly awaited our fate, expecting every moment to be our last. When the dance was over, we were taken away by two squaws, who we understood to be the wives of Black Hawk. By these squaws we were adopted as their children; although separated, we were allowed to visit each other frequently. Each day our camp was moved a few miles, always traveling in a circular route. Along the trail, at short intervals, the Indians would erect poles, with tufts of grass tied on one side, showing to the hunters in what direction the camp could be found. Our fears of massacre had entirely disappeared, being adopted into the families of these squaws, not being required to do any work, but watched closely in order to prevent our escape.

Some days after our arrival in Black Hawk's camp, we were told that we must go with two Winnebago chiefs, who had come for us. The squaws with whom we lived were greatly distressed at the thought of parting with us. The Winnebago chiefs tried to make us understand that they were about to take us to white people, but we did not believe them. Thinking that they intended to take us further from home and friends, we clung to the squaws, and refused to go. Contrary to our wish, we were placed on horses, behind each of the chiefs, and with us they galloped away, traveling 20 miles that same night. The chiefs said that they were afraid of being followed by some of the Sacs and Foxes, who were displeased at our departure. Every few moments the chiefs would look back to see if they were pursued, then whip their ponies again into a gallop. Some time after dark, we arrived at the Winnebago camp, where we remained over night. Early next morning we continued our journey, traveling all day, when we arrived at an encampment on the bank of Wisconsin river, where there were about one hundred warriors. During

the next day a party of Sac Indians, dressed in the clothes of murdered white men, came into camp. These Indians commenced talking to us, but the Winnebago chiefs told us to turn away from them, and not listen to what they said, which we did.

It was afterward ascertained that a petty chief, who had captured the girls, was off on a hunt at the time they were given up to the Winnebago chiefs, and not receiving his portion of the ransom, immediately started with a party of warriors to retake them, or kill them in the attempt. These warriors did not overtake the girls until they arrived safe at the Winnebago camp.

One of the chiefs asked us if we thought the whites would hang them if they took us to the fort, to which we replied they would not, but would give you many presents for your trouble. Next morning the two chiefs who had us in charge, accompanied by about 30 warriors, started with us. Crossing the river, we traveled southward all day until after dark, when we camped for the night. Early next morning, as soon as it was light, we continued our journey, and in the afternoon we reached the fort, at Blue Mounds. Before our arrival thither, we were convinced that our friends, and we had done them great injustice. About three miles from the fort, we came to a halt, and we all set down on the ground and eat it. After dinner, one of the Indians took a white handkerchief which I wore on my head, tied it on a pole, and proceeded to the fort. We followed after this Indian until we came within a half-mile of the fort, when we were met by a Frenchman, on horseback. The Indians formed a circle, and the Frenchman rode into it, and had a talk with them. The chiefs were unwilling to give us up until they had seen Mr. Gratiot, the Indian agent, who was then absent. After being assured by the Frenchman that we would be well treated until Mr. Gratiot's return, we were delivered up to the Frenchman, and taken to the fort.

A few days after the capture of the two Miss Halls, their oldest brother, John W. Hall, went with a regiment of volunteers, marching from Fort Wilburn north to join the army in pursuit of Black Hawk. On arriving at the lead mines, and informing Mr. Gratiot and Gen. Dodge of his sisters' captivity, Mr. Gratiot employed two friendly Winnebago chiefs, named Whirling Thunder and Fit-o-poo, to buy the prisoners from the Sacs and Foxes; and the chiefs left for Black Hawk's camp, on their mission of mercy.

It was agreed that the prisoners should be delivered up on payment of two thousand dollars in cash and forty horses, besides a large number of blankets, beads, etc. After buying the girls, a difficulty arose, which came nigh defeating their plans. A young chief claimed Rachel as his prize, intending to make her his wife, and was unwilling to give her up, saying that he would tomahawk her rather than let her go. The matter was finally compromised, by giving him ten additional horses; but on parting with her he drew forth his scalping knife and cut off a lock of her hair, to keep as a trophy of his warlike exploit.

A short time after this affair, Major, now Colonel Dement, of Dixon, while in command of a spy battalion, was attacked by a large body of Indians at Buffalo Grove. The troops retreated into a block house, where they held the Indians at bay. A young chief, while leading his warriors forward to storm the block house, was shot by the Rev. Zadoch Casey, who was afterwards Lieutenant Governor of Illinois. On

the head of this young chief was a wreath of laurels in acknowledgment of his bravery, and around his neck was a lock of braided hair, which was afterwards found to be the same that was taken from the head of Rachel Hall.

When the girls arrived at the fort, their clothes were torn almost into rags, and having no protection for their heads except handkerchiefs, they were badly sunburned. The women at the fort furnished the girls with clothes, and they were greatly rejoiced to meet their brother, John W., whom they supposed was killed at the time of their captivity.

An account of the captivity of these girls was heralded throughout the United States, and there was great rejoicing at their rescue. The girls were much lionized by the people at the fort, and received from them many presents. Nicholas Smith, now of West Bureau, being engaged in teaming for the army, took the girls in his wagon, and carried them to a fort near Galena, at which point they were put on board of the steamboat Winnebago, and carried to St. Louis, where they were received and entertained by Gov. Clark Horn, an old friend of their father, who frequently preached on Bureau while president of the Protestant Church. Mr. Horn took the girls to his home, in Morgan county, and acted the part of a father to them. Soon after, their brother, John W., married and settled on the Seaton place, now in the town of Selby, and the girls came and lived with him. The legislature gave them a quarter section of canal land at Joliet. Congress also voted them money as a donation.

Sylvia married the Rev. William Horn, a son of their protector, and now lives at Lincoln, Nebraska. Rachel married William Munson, and moved to Freehold, La Salle county, at which place she died a few months ago.

Rachel Hall, at the time of her captivity, was sixteen years of age instead of fourteen, as previously stated.

CHAPTER XVII

GIRTY'S BAND VISIT FOX RIVER SETTLEMENT

Shaubena had sent his nephew, a young brave by the name of Pyps, to Fox river settlement to warn the settlers of their danger. (Note: For this act of kindness in giving notice to the settlers, young Pyps lost his life at the hands of those savages who were robbed of their victims. Those who have visited Shaubena's camp, must have noticed two young Indians of remarkably fine appearance, and whose physiognomy showed more than ordinary intellect. One of these young Indians was Pyps, a nephew, and the other Pyp-a-gee, a son of Shaubena—the latter known among the settlers by the name of Bill Shaubena. Pyp-a-gee had a great desire to marry a white squaw, as he termed it; for that purpose he frequently visited the cabins of settlers and on different occasions attempted to make love to white girls. In the fall of 1836, Pyps and Pyp-a-gee went west with their band, and soon afterwards these noble young Indians were hunted down and shot like wild beasts, by those savages who were prevented by them from murdering the settlers of Fox River and Bureau.) On being notified of their danger, George Hollenback, Mr. Ackley, Mr. Harris and others, left immediately for a place of safety. Mr. Hollenback, with his family, left in a wagon; but Mr. Ackley, having no wagon, himself,

wife and two children fled on horseback. It was about sundown when the settlers fled from their cabins, and made their way across the prairie, in the direction of Plainfield. After going about one mile, Hollenback's wagon stuck fast in a slough, and he went back to his house to get a pair of double-trees, so that Ackley's horses could be hitched on to the end of the wagon tongue. It was quite dark when Hollenback reached his house, and as he came nigh he saw a bright light shining through the cracks in the clapboard door. A moment afterwards a person was seen coming out of the house, with a blazing torch in his hand, the light of which showed that the door yard was full of Indians. Mr. Hollenback, being a few yards of the Indians, was discovered by them, and he fled at the top of his speed, followed by the savages, yelling at the top of their voice; but being smart on foot, and acquainted with the ground, he succeeded in making his escape. Mr. Hollenback, in his flight, lost his reckoning, and after rambling about for some time, he came to the house of his brother, Clark Hollenback. As he came nigh the house, he saw three men approach it on horseback; not knowing whether they were friends or foes, he secreted himself so as to watch their movements. These three men proved to be Kellogg, Cummings and Holderman, settlers at Holderman's Grove, and who had heard of Indians being seen in the settlement, and had come to Clark Hollenback's, (who was an Indian trader), to inquire about it. As the men rode up to the house, they halloed, when they were answered by some seventy shots from the Indians, who were lying in ambush. Although at short range, their shots took no effect on the party, except slightly wounding one of their horses. On receiving the fire, they wheeled their horses about and fled, followed by the Indians, who were on foot. The Indians in pursuit of the fugitives, passed within a few feet of where Hollenback was lying, but in their anxiety to capture their prey, they did not discover him.

It has already been stated that the Ament family settled at Red Oak Grove, in the spring of 1828; and with one exception, they were the first settlers of this county. About two years afterwards, John L. and Justus Ament, built cabins on Bureau, while Edward, with his mother and younger brothers, went to Fox river. Soon after going there, Edward married a daughter of Mr. Harris, above referred to, and old Mr. Combs, Mrs. Harris's father, was living with them. When the settlers were notified of their danger by young Pyps, as previously stated, Mr. Harris and his two sons were off hunting their horses, which had strayed away the day before; and the family had no means of escape except on foot. At that time, old Mr. Combs was confined to his bed with influenza, and was therefore left behind. The family regretted to leave him, but the old man's reply was: "Flee for your lives, and leave me to my fate; I am an old man, and can live but a short time at any rate." Soon after the family left a party of Indians entered the house, and instead of killing Mr. Combs, as might have been expected, they administered his wants, and for nearly a week, they visited him daily, to supply him with food and drink, as though he was their friend. Some days afterwards, a company of rangers visited Harris's cabin, where they found old Mr. Combs, much improved, in health, and they took him with them to Plainfield, and from there to Chicago, where his family had previously fled.

ADAM PAINE, THE MISSIONARY

The Rev. Adam Paine, a missionary among the Indians, whom we



Capture of Sylvia and Rachel Hall



Last Interview Between Black Hawk and Shaubena

introduced at the commencement of this story, had been stopping two days in Chicago, on his return from Ohio. At that time the commander of Fort Dearborn was pressing horses, in order to mount part of the garrison as rangers. Paine having a horse, which he prized very highly on account of his good qualities, was afraid of its falling into the hands of the government and to avoid it he left for the home of his brother, Aaron, who lived near Hennepin. Paine was warned of the danger of traveling through a country which was in the possession of savages, but he believed the Indians would not molest him, as he had been preaching among them for many years, and was known by most of them as "Buzee, Cha-mo-co-man," which means a hairy white man.

On the morning that the Rev. Adam Paine left Chicago, he mounted a store box which was standing at the further end of the military parade ground, (now the corner of Water street and Michigan Avenue), and commenced singing a hymn. His loud and musical voice soon brought forth a large crowd of listeners, including most of the people then living in Chicago, and for about two hours they were held spell bound by the eloquence of the speaker. This was Paine's last sermon, and it is described by an eye-witness as exceeding in eloquence and power anything that he had ever before heard. The whole audience, consisting of traders, soldiers, citizens and Indians, at the conclusion of the sermon were left in tears.

About six weeks previous to the Indian war, the writer heard Paine preach to a large audience, on the public square of a town in Ohio, and his peculiar appearance formed a picture in his then youthful imagination which never can be erased. His long wavy beard, as black as coal, reached to his waist, and covered his breast while the hair of his head, equally long, hung down over his back, together with his high, marble-like forehead, and tall, manly form, gave him a very imposing appearance. His words and manner of address had a magic effect on his hearers, and a number of hardened sinners were converted under his preachings. Although nearly forty years have passed away since hearing Paine preach, his sermon is as fresh in the mind of the writer as though it was only delivered yesterday.

MURDER OF ADAM PAINE

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of a bright May day, as the Rev. Adam Paine was slowly pursuing his way along an Indian trail, and through a grove of timber, humming a favorite tune, unconscious of danger when all of a sudden the report of guns were heard, and on looking around, he saw three Indians approaching him with uplifted tomahawks, while yelling at the top of their voices. One of the balls had entered Paine's shoulder, and another had pierced the lungs of his horse. The horse was put into a gallop, and for a time was fast leaving the Indians behind. But from loss of blood the horse soon stopped, staggered and fell dead. In a moment the Indians, with deafening yells, and uplifted tomahawks came up with him; Paine, with his bible in one hand, and the other pointing heavenward, appealed to the Indians for mercy. Two of them moved by this appeal, lowered their tomahawks, saying that his life should be spared, but the third one coming up behind, struck him on the head, and he fell to the ground, and expired in a few moments.

One of the Indians cut off Paine's head, and taking the beard, which was about two feet in length, in his hands, throwing the head over his

shoulders, and in this way it was carried into camp. The Indians were greatly delighted with their trophy, and they placed the head on a pole, around which they commenced to dance.

Girty, with some twenty other warriors, were at that time off on a scout, and on returning to camp they found their comrades rejoicing over their late success. This was food for their savage nature, and imbibing the spirit of the other warriors, they too took part in the barbarous exercise. Around the pole they danced and yelled, and yelled and danced, while the woods rang with their wild whoops, the sound of which were re-echoed back from the surrounding bluffs. Girty had supposed the head on the pole to be that of a woman, mistaking the long beard for the hair of the head. But on making an examination, he recognized the head of Adam Paine, his old friend, with whom he had traveled many years before. On making this discovery nothing could exceed the grief of Girty; with loud sighs and groans, he beat his breast with his hands, and for a few moments gave himself up to feelings of remorse, then grasping his tomahawk he was about to slay the murderer of his friend, but was prevented from doing so by the interference of the other warriors.

Girty ordered the head of Paine taken down from the pole, and with the body buried on a knoll near where the murder was committed, and over the grave he burned a sacrifice, which consisted of his most valuable articles, in order to appease the wrath of the Great Spirit.

The murder of Paine was at the time heralded by newspapers throughout the Union, as he had been known to be the leading spirit among the missionaries of the west, and for his death a missionary paper of Boston appeared in mourning. (Note: The accounts relating to the murder and burial of the Rev. Adam Paine are contradictory, and all efforts of the writer to harmonize them have been a failure. One account says Paine's family, at the commencement of the war, was living at Holderman's Grove, and with others, fled to Ottawa for protection. Paine being on his way to Ottawa, stopped at Plainfield on the day that the block house was abandoned, and the settlers fled to Chicago. The people tried to prevail on Paine to accompany them to Chicago; but believing that the Indians would not molest him, continued on his way. Six days after Paine disappeared, Gerdon S. Hubbard, in command of a company of Col. Moore's rangers, found a dead body on the prairie, near Holderman's Grove, and some distance off the head was found stuck on a pole. These remains were thought to be at the time, to be those of Adam Paine, as they answered his description, having long, black beard. But it is now believed that the body found by the rangers was that of a Dunkard, who lived in Fulton county, being on his way home from Chicago, but never reaching it. The body found and buried by Hubbard's company of rangers, answered the description of the missing Dunkard, as well as that of Adam Paine, which makes it quite probable that it was his remains, and the Indian tradition in relation to the burial of Paine is correct.) His brother Aaron, who lived east of Hennepin, on receiving the sad news, although a man of wealth and a minister of the gospel, left everything to avenge his death—shouldering his gun, and serving as a soldier in a company of volunteers. While in pursuit of Black Hawk, he was shot in the shoulder by a small Indian boy, and from this wound he still remains a cripple. Paine with others of his company, while pursuing the retreating Indians, came up with a squaw and a small boy, who had crouched behind a fallen

tree, but they passed without molesting them. After the rangers had passed, the boy raised his rifle, and shot Paine from his horse; and in return, the squaw and the boy were riddled with balls. Paine was thought to be mortally wounded; and when intelligence of his fall reached his family, they mourned for his death. About three months after this event, Paine, pale, and emaciated, rode up to his cabin door, and was hailed by his family and friends as one risen from the dead.

Aaron Paine is now living in Oregon, and for a number of years has been a member of the legislature of that new state.

CHAPTER XVIII

BEARER OF THE GOVERNOR'S DISPATCH

As the Indians were returning to Bureau from the Indian Creek settlement, they stopped at Lost Grove, for a few hours, in order to rest their ponies and prepare their dinner. They were encamped in the thick timber near the center of the grove, while two of their number were stationed as sentinals at the edge of the prairie. While here on the lookout, they discovered a lone traveler going in the direction of the Illinois river. Notice was given to the band, when they all mounted their ponies, and started in pursuit. But on arriving at the head of the grove, they found the traveler far in advance, and mounted as he was, on a fleet horse, which would no doubt far outstep their ponies, they abandoned further pursuit.

The lone traveler, above alluded to, was a lad of about fifteen years of age, by the name of Joseph Smith, a son of Dad Joe, who has been referred to in a previous chapter of our story. This lad was a bearer of a dispatch from Gov. Reynolds, then at Dixon's ferry, to the commander of volunteers at Fort Wilburn, a temporary fortification which was located on the Illinois river, opposite Peru. The Governor found great difficulty in getting his dispatch carried, as the country was thought to be full of hostile savages; even veteran soldiers, who made war their profession, could not be induced to undertake this perilous journey. But this boy alone and unarmed, without any road, traveled forty-five miles through an unsettled country, regardless of danger, and accomplished the journey without being molested. Before sundown that same day the Governor's dispatch was safely delivered to the proper officer, when the soldiers at the fort swung their hats, giving three cheers to its bearer. Gov. Reynolds has frequently been heard to speak of this affair as one of the most heroic exploits of the Black Hawk war. (Note: An incident in connection with this affair, showing the terror existing among the people on account of Indian depredations, is described by an eye-witness: A few days previous to this affair, fifteen persons were killed on Indian Creek; Mr. Durley, Mr. Winters, Squire Holly, with many others, were known to have fallen victims to the savage brutality of the Indians. Col. Taylor rode through the camp, calling for a volunteer to carry the Governor's dispatch, but no one was willing to risk his life in making the perilous journey. Dad Joe, who was dressed in his long hunting shirt, with a large rope tied around his waist, and speaking so loud that it was heard all over camp, said: "God bless you, Colonel, I'll have that dispatch carried for you," and turning to his son, he said, "Joe, put the saddle on Pat, and carry these papers to Fort Wilburn." As the boy left on a canter, Dad Joe shouted to him, in a

voice that could be heard for a mile distant, saying, "Joe, keep away from the timber, out of gun shot of Indians, and see that the saddle does not hurt Pat's back.")

GIRTY AND HIS BAND RETURN TO BUREAU

After the Indian Creek massacre, and the attack on Fox River settlement, the Indians returned to Bureau, with the intention of burning the houses, and killing the stock belonging to the settlers. But on their return here they were met by a runner from Black Hawk, instructing them to remain on the frontier settlements, in order to pick off the settlers as they returned to look after their property. Accordingly, they secreted themselves in the thick timber on Main Bureau, about four miles north of Princeton, and from this place they sent out small guerilla bands in various directions in search of victims.

John Hall and William Hoskins, accompanied by two hired men, left the fort east of Hennepin, and came over to their farms, to look after their crops. Mr. Hoskins was engaged in plowing corn, when his horse, on coming nigh the timber, became frightened, and refused to go further. He suspected that Indians were lying in ambush, for the purpose of shooting him, so he unhitched the horse, and left the field as quick as possible. Next year, after the war, an old squaw told Mr. Hoskins that a party of Indians were, at that time concealed in the thick bushes, and could have shot him, but were afraid of alarming John Hall and his two hired men, who were at work in the adjoining field, and whom they wished to kill at the same time. Day after day small squads of Indians would lay in ambush near cabins, or in points of timber, where people would be likely to pass. Some of the settlers on returning home after the war found places near their cabins where Indians had undoubtedly laid in ambush to watch their return. The doors of many of the cabins were broken open, and household goods carried off or destroyed. Mounted rangers from Hennepin made frequent excursions to Bureau settlement, but they would avoid the timber as much as possible, so as to be out of the reach of gun shots from lurking savages. The Indians used great caution in secreting themselves to prevent their presence being known, as this would keep the settlers from returning to their homes, and thereby defeat their plans. During the daytime they would keep their ponies hobbled while feeding, and at night tie them to trees around their encampment. As they needed provisions, they would kill fat cattle or hogs, which belonged to the settlers, and also use grain and such things as they required. Chickens, turkeys and young pigs appeared to be their great favorites, and the premises of some of the settlers were robbed of these articles.

INDIANS ON A SCOUT

While Girty and a bunch of his cut throats were encamped on Bureau, nine of his party, who were ambitious to acquire fame by taking scalps, started off on a scout. At the mouth of Bureau Creek, they found an old canoe, and tying their ponies to trees, they crossed the river. It was near sundown, when the Indians landed on the east side of the river, and as they left the canoe to secrete themselves in the timber, they were discovered by Dr. Hayes, who came running into town, with the utmost terror depicted in his countenance, saying: "that he saw a dozen or more Indians a short distance above the fort, skulking in the woods." The presence of Indians alarmed the people very much, as it was thought that

a large body of them were secreted in the timber, with the intention of attacking the town that night. Hennepin, at that time, contained but a few log cabins, but there were many families from Bureau and other places, who had come here for protection, and were living in tents. Although they were people enough here to have held at bay half of Black Hawk's army, they were taken by surprise, which had created among them a perfect panic.

People were seen running hither and thither, hollering at the top of their voice, "Injuns, Injuns." Women with babes in their arms were hurrying to and fro, crying and asking each person they met for assistance, to save their little ones from the scalping knives of the savages. Men, without hats or coats, armed with guns, pitchforks, axes, etc., were seen running towards the fort. Williamson Durley, in his haste, left his store door open, but soon ran back again, taking his money, which consisted of seventy-eight dollars in silver, tore up one of the puncheons of the floor, and with a spade dug a hole in the ground and buried it. After replacing the puncheon in the floor, he hurried back to the fort. Hooper Warren and Mr. Blanchard, having no guns, armed themselves with three tined pitch forks taken from Durley's store, and with them were prepared to give the Indians a warm reception. All the able bodied men were on duty all night, but no Indians appeared. The Indians, knowing they were discovered, re-crossed the river as soon as it was dark, pursued their way southwest, and were next heard of at Boyd Grove.

FLIGHT OF GEN. ATKINSON'S PARTY

About the middle of June, 1832, Gen. Atkinson, accompanied by Gov. Reynolds and Col. Taylor, with an escort of 25 soldiers, belonging to the regular army, crossed the country from Dixon's Ferry to Fort Wilburn. (At that time, Gen. Taylor, late President of the United States, was a Colonel in the army, and commanded a regiment then quartered at Dixon's ferry. He accompanied Gen. Atkinson to Fort Wilburn, to assist in organizing the volunteers. A short time previous, Gov. Reynolds had issued a call for 3000 volunteers, who were to rendezvous at Beardstown and Hennepin, all of whom were afterwards ordered to Fort Wilburn, where they were mustered into service, under the supervision of Gen. Atkinson. Col. Taylor met some of these volunteers at Hennepin, and escorted them to Fort Wilburn, where they remained a few days. These troops marched to Dixon's ferry, and the trail made by them through Bureau county, could be seen for years afterwards. This trail passed north of Lost Grove, through the south end of Perkins' Grove, and crossed the inlet at Rocky Ford.) While this party was on the prairie, between Perkins' and Lost Grove they encountered Capt. Willis' company of rangers. Each party mistook the other for Indians, and both prepared for action. After some maneuvering on each side, the regulars with Gen. Atkinson at their head, gave way, and were pursued by the rangers. The race continued for a number of miles across the prairie, in the direction of the Illinois river, both pursuers and pursued urging their horses forward under the whip. The rangers, having gained on the fugitives, discovered that they were soldiers, when they raised their blankets and blew their horns, in order to stop them. At last the regulars found that their pursuers were not the painted foe, as they had supposed, so they came to a halt, and sent back two of their number to reconnoiter, when the whole matter was explained.

Gov. Reynolds and Col. Taylor were in camp dress, with rifles on their shoulders, having no distinction from a private soldier; but Gen. Atkinson was in full uniform, and wearing a cocked hat of the revolutionary pattern. Gen. Atkinson, being mounted on a fleet horse, which was urged forward by his sharp spurs, and with his sword above his head, was seen far in advance of his comrades.

When Capt. Willis came up with Gen. Atkinson he rebuked him for his cowardice, which had caused all parties so much trouble; and probably it was the first time that a commander-in-chief of the north western army was reproved by a militia captain.

Capt. Willis was a resident of this county for a number of years, being owner of a mill which was located on the present site of McManus' mill, and he has frequently been heard to relate this incident. In his company of rangers were Judge Hoskins, John Hall, Charles Leeper, Michael Kitterman, James G. Forristall, and many others of the early settlers of this county.

CHAPTER XIX BOYD'S GROVE

There is scarcely a grove or point of timber in Bureau County, but what is more or less identified with its early history. At some of these places material enough might be collected to form a history of its own. One of the most noted land marks of early days was Boyd's Grove, which is located in the town of Milo, and in the south part of the county. This beautiful belt of timber, extending out into the prairie, cone-shaped occupied for many years a conspicuous place on the State map, and it was generally known by travelers throughout the west. With this grove many incidents are connected, some of which are so much identified with the early settlement of the county, as to be of interest to the reader. In the summer of 1828, John Dixon, then a resident of Peoria, built a cabin at the head of the grove, where Mrs. Whipple now lives, and soon afterwards he occupied it with his family. Three years previous, Mr. Dixon was carrying on the tailoring business in Springfield, when the Governor appointed him Recorder and the Circuit Judge gave him the clerkship of the new county of Peoria, and he moved thither to assist in its organization. At the first election, Mr. Dixon was made County Clerk, Judge of Probate, and a Justice of the Peace, which position he held for many years.

Notwithstanding Peoria county, at that time, included within its jurisdiction all the north part of the State, with Chicago and other trading posts on the lake, extending east as far as the Indiana State line, and west to the lead mines at Galena. With this vast territory, the proceeds of these county offices only averaged thirty-eight cents per day. The six offices which were held by Mr. Dixon, did not support his family, but he made up the deficiency by the needle and goose, as he was a tailor by trade. At the present time, the holders of county offices give them up only when compelled to, but it was not so with Mr. Dixon; he readily exchanged them for a claim at Boyd's Grove, where he contented himself in cultivating the soil.

About this time, an Indian trader at Chicago, by the name of Bowen, wished to enter into matrimonial bonds, and being obliged to make a trip to Peoria, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, to procure the license, conceived the novel idea of taking the intended bride with him on a wedding



Flight of General Atkinson and Escort



Flight of the Settlers

tour. The wedding party, consisting of four persons, left Chicago in a small trading boat, ascended the Chicago river to the portage in flats, which were crossed in high water into the Desplaines river, and down that stream and the Illinois to Peoria, reaching their destination on the eighth day from Chicago. Mr. Dixon issued a license to these candidates for matrimony, and John Hamlin, then acting as Justice of the Peace, married them, when the wedding party returned to Chicago the same way they came.

About the time Mr. Dixon settled at Boyd's Grove, the great north and south road, connecting Peoria with the lead mines, was opened, and his cabin was made a place of entertainment. Mr. Dixon had a contract for carrying the mail from Peoria to Galena, once in two weeks, but this line was soon afterwards changed to a tri-weekly mail. In addition to farming and keeping tavern, Mr. Dixon spent much of his time on the road in the capacity of stage driver. The travelers to and from the lead mines experienced great difficulty in crossing Rock river, as the Indians were in possession of the ferry, and their only method of taking wagons across, was by placing two canoes together so as to support the wheels. In this way they were paddled across, while horses and cattle were made to swim the river. The second year after the road was opened, a Frenchman, by the name of Ogee, who had a squaw for a wife, and a number of half-breed children, came in possession of this ferry, but as he was drunk most of the time, his accommodations were but little better than the Indians. In the spring of 1830, Mr. Dixon moved to Rock River, bought out Ogee, and built a good ferry boat, hence the origin of Dixon's ferry. Mr. Dixon is still living in the city of Dixon, and although far advanced in life, he still retains much of the vigor of manhood.

In April, 1830, Charles S. Boyd, having bought Dixon's claim at the grove, moved to it with his family, and resided here for fourteen years. His nearest neighbors for many years were Henry Thomas, who lived 16 miles north, and J. B. Merrideth twenty miles south. A post office called Boyd's grove, was established here, and it was a kind of a head center for travelers, in passing from north to south. In those days but few travelers passed the grove without stopping for refreshments or lodging.

ORGANIZING THE MILITIA

People on the border settlements, being apprehensive of further trouble with the Indians, thought it best to organize companies under the state militia law, so they would be prepared to make a defense in case of war. A meeting of the citizens of Bureau was called, and it was agreed to unite with Spoon river and Crow Meadow settlements, and form a battalion on the west side of the river, which would consist of two or more companies. In accordance to the decree of the meeting, runners were sent to the different settlements, which are now included within the limits of Bureau, Stark, Putnam and Marshall counties, notifying all persons liable for military duty to meet at Boyd's Grove, on the 18th of April, 1833, for the purpose of organizing militia companies, and receive instructions in training. On the day appointed, people were seen in various directions on the prairie, heading toward Boyd's Grove, some in wagons, others on horseback, or on foot, and all carrying guns on their shoulders. Many of them were provided with camp equipage, including tents, provisions, &c., as it was thought that the training would last two or more days. The meeting was well attended by people from the various settlements, a large portion of whom were aspirants for military honors. Two skeleton companies were formed,

one for Spoon river and the other for Bureau settlement. After a spirited contest, officers were elected for each; Nathaniel Chamberlin, who lived one mile south of Princeton, was elected major, and was therefore the commanding officer of the battalion. The captain elected for the Bureau company was Abram Musick, who afterwards owned a blacksmith shop four miles north of Princeton, and Dr. William O. Chamberlain was made lieutenant. The drummer of the company was Alexander Boyd, who was at that time a lad of fifteen years of age, and is at present a resident of Princeton.

The election of Musick as captain gave great offense to part of the company, it being alleged that he was an escaped convict from the penitentiary, and had therefore forfeited his citizenship. Some refused to obey the captain's orders, which threw his company into confusion. When orders were given to halt, they would go ahead; when ordered to file to the right, they would file to the left, and vice versa. Notwithstanding the animating peals of the fife and drum, and the loud commands of the officers for the men to follow the martial music in military array, some would lag behind, others go ahead, swearing that they would not be led by a penitentiary convict. The major, having no sword, had supplied its place by a small cottonwood cane, and with this deadly weapon waving over his head, he was seen running to and fro, giving orders to those out of line. With his heavy bass voice keyed to its highest note, he warned them of the consequence of disobeying a military officer, and in the excitement of the moment he threatened to run his sword (cottonwood cane), through any man who doubted his authority to command the battalion. But his efforts were all to no purpose, some of the men swore they would not muster under Capt. Musick; much quareling and a number of fights was the result, when all broke up in a row, and further training was abandoned.

Before the battalion separated, a speech from the commanding officer was called for, and in compliance with this call, the major, while using a rail fence for a rostrum, made a speech, which was much applauded. It was expected that he would reprove the men for their bad conduct, telling them how disgraceful they had acted, but he did no such thing. On the contrary, he eulogized them for their good discipline, military knowledge as well as their gentlemanly conduct towards their officers, telling them if they continued in the discharge of their duty as well as they had begun, it would certainly lead them to military fame. In conclusion, he exhorted them to further deeds of heroism, by saying, "With such troops as now stand before me, the women and children on the west side of the Illinois river, are in no danger of suffering from an attack of ruthless savages."

Commissions were issued by the Adjutant General to all the officers elected, but the battalion never met again, and on that day all of these brave officers finished their military career.

ARRIVAL OF THE POTATO BRIGADE

About the 20th of May, 1832, a company of rangers from the south part of the State, arrived at Boyd's Grove, while on their way north to join Atkinson's army. This company was commanded by Capt. Posey, and was called the "Potato Brigade," on account of the foraging propensity of some of the soldiers. During the night, the guards on duty discovered what they believed to be an Indian crawling on his hands and knees, in order to get

a good shot at them. Three of the guards fired, and the supposed Indian fell dead, after which the guards ran into camp to give the alarm. The soldiers, who were asleep in their blankets, were thrown into a panic at the presence of the supposed Indians, and they made a hasty preparation for an attack, a defense, or a flight, as the case might demand. When the company were under arms, Capt. Posey, his voice husky from fright, gave orders to charge on the enemy, who were believed to be lying in ambush. With their guns cocked, ready to fire, they advanced cautiously, until they came to the late scene of action, but instead of finding the remains of an Indian warrior, they found a dead dog. Old Bounce, a dog belonging to Mr. Boyd, with a large bone in his mouth, was on his way to hide it, when he was mistaken for an Indian, and shot. After making this discovery the soldiers were ordered back to camp, and had no further excitement during the night.

During the Black Hawk war, every settler within the limits of Bureau county, left the country for a place of safety, except Charles Boyd. When hostilities commenced, Mr. Boyd sent his wife and small children to Peoria, while himself and three sons, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen, remained at home to raise a crop. The great Galena road, which passed by the house, was now deserted, and the welcome sound of the stage horn was no longer heard in the grove. The only mail route from north to south was over this road, but it was now discontinued, as no person could be found willing to risk his life in carrying it. The Governor of the State, with the volunteers under his command, were at the north, and all communication between them and the settled part of the State was now cut off. An effort was made to keep open a communication between the north and south, and for this purpose two companies of rangers were stationed at Henry Thomas' (four miles north of Wyanet), two at Dixon's ferry, and one at Apple river. The stage, guarded by a file of soldiers, made two trips over the road, but on being attacked at Buffalo Grove by Indians, the enterprise was abandoned, and from that time all communication by mail was at an end.

PECULIARITIES OF OLD BEN

Mr. Boyd and sons remained at the grove, working on the farm, as previously stated, but they took the precaution to carry their guns with them while engaged in the field. Sometimes one of the boys would stand guard while the others were at work, so he could give warning if the enemy approached. One day while Mr. Boyd was plowing in the field, notice was given him that Indians were approaching the grove. Mr. Boyd and sons picked up their guns, and prepared themselves to give the Indians a warm reception. The supposed Indians proved to be two of Stillman's men, on their way from the battlefield, having rode sixty miles without stopping.

At night they would leave their cabin, carrying with them blankets and quilts, and sleep in the grove. With their loaded guns by their side, they felt more secure than sleeping in the house.

Mr. Boyd had an old red work ox, named "Ben," which became noted on account of some of his peculiarities. Inheriting from his dam, being frightened when a calf, or from some other cause unknown to the writer, this ox had a great dread of Indians. If hitched to a plow or wagon, and an Indian came in sight or in scenting distance, old Ben would raise his head, roll his eyes wildly in their sockets, commence bawling, and start to run, if not prevented. In crossing a trail, where an Indian had recent-

ly passed, old Ben, on scenting the track, would jump over it, bawling with all his might. A large bell was put on this ox, and he was allowed to lay by the house at night, so if Indians approached, he would give the alarm.

THE ATTACK AND REPULSE

A war party, consisting of Indians, belonging to Girty's band of cut throats, after having crossed the Illinois river, and scaring the people at Hennepin, continued their scout southeast, until they came to Boyd's grove. Here they concealed themselves in the thick timber, while one of their party reconnoitered the position. That same night, about 12 o'clock the Indians made an attack on Boyd's house, believing that the family were sleeping within. Having collected, and carried with them bundles of dry sticks, with which they intended to set the house on fire, and shoot the inmates as they came out to extinguish the flames, or escape from the burning building, as the case might be. The Indians approached with great caution, until they came within a few rods of the house, when old Ben on scenting them, jumped up with a loud bawl, and rang his big bell at a furious rate. This strange conduct of old Ben frightened the other cattle, and they too jumped up and ran in various directions. The dogs barked, the horses snorted, the Indians thought they had aroused a regiment of rangers, and could not have been more frightened had they encountered all of Atkinson's army. Old Ben's strategy worked like a charm, the repulse was complete; the Indians being panic stricken dropped their bundles of sticks, and fled with all haste for their camp. Mr. Boyd and sons were asleep in the grove, some distance from the house, and at the time, knew nothing of the fracas between old Ben and the Indians.

FAILURE OF AN INDIAN RAID

The next morning after this affair, an Indian came to Boyd's house, and secreted himself close by, among the thick bushes, in order to shoot the inmates as they came out. The dwelling stood in the edge of the grove, and about three rods from it was a thick cluster of undergrowth. Mr. Boyd had gone on the prairie after his horses, and the boys were in the door yard cleaning their rifles, unconscious of danger. While they were thus engaged, this Indian advanced quietly into the cluster of undergrowth, and seeing the boys' guns were unloaded, he raised his rifle to shoot the largest boy, with the intention, no doubt, of springing forward and tomahawking the two smaller ones. But his rifle missed fire, and the boys, hearing the click of the lock, ran into the house, thus defeating his murderous intentions. When the Indian found that his raid was a failure, he fled for his camp, and by skulking among the brush, he made his way out of the thicket without being discovered by the boys.

On Mr. Boyd's return to his house, and learning these facts, he thought it best to leave the grove immediately, as their lives would be jeopardized by remaining longer. Accordingly they mounted their horses, and rode to Fort Thomas, sixteen miles distant, where they remained over night. Next morning, accompanied by a file of soldiers, they returned to the grove to search for the Indians. In the thick timber of the grove, a short distance from the house, they found where the Indians had encamped the night before, and the coals of their camp fire were still alive. By the tracks of their ponies, and by the marks on the butt of a tree against which their guns were leaned, it was thought were eight or ten Indians,

but they could not be found, and it was now quite evident that they had left the grove for other fields of depredations.

CHAPTER XX

THE SETTLERS RETURN TO LOOK AFTER THEIR CATTLE

On the 17th of June, seven persons, named Elijah Phillips, J. Hodges, Sylvester Brigham, John L. Ament, Aaron Gunn, James Forristall, and a boy of sixteen by the name of Ziba Dimmick, left Hennepin for Bureau settlement, in order to look after their cattle, which had been left to run at large on the prairie. (A week or two previous, the same party came over to Bureau, after their cattle, with the intention of driving them east of the river. While at Ament's cabin, they had a controversy as to the propriety of remaining all night; some favored returning to Hennepin, and others remaining. Failing to agree, Mr. Phillips, who was somewhat of an accentric character, placed a clapboard in an upright position, saying "This must decide our cause; if it falls to the north, we are safe, and will remain; but if to the south, we must be off." The board fell to the south, and, by common consent, they prepared to leave forthwith. Their cattle, however, became unmanageable, running towards the timber, which the settlers wished to avoid for fear of Indians, and leaving their cattle near Mr. Musgrove's, they returned to Hennepin. Many things relating to the killing of Phillips, and an attack on Ament's cabin, was communicated to John L. Ament, some years after it occurred, by a French Indian trader who obtained his information from those engaged in this affair. From this account many facts are taken, as well as from statements made to the writer by one of the Indians present at the time. On this authority, incidents are given which were unknown to the early settlers.) On arriving at Ament's cabin they prepared and ate their dinner, after which they made preparations to return to Hennepin. Ament's cabin was situated in the edge of the timber, about one and one half miles north of the present site of Dover, and on the farm now occupied by Matthew Taylor. After dinner was over, it commenced raining, so they concluded to stay all night. They believed it perfectly safe to do so, as no Indians, nor Indian signs had been seen in the vicinity for some time. Accordingly they barricaded the door and window of the cabin, with heavy puncheons, and with their loaded guns by their side, they laid down on the floor to sleep.

Immediately west of Ament's cabin, was a place known by the settlers as "Big Sugar Camp," a part of which was included within his claim. This sugar camp had been for many years a kind of headquarters for the Indians and here lived during the winter and spring of each year, a petty chief by the name of Meommuse, who had in his band ten or twelve lodges, or families. They and their ancestors had made sugar here for forty-two years in succession, and they were very much displeased at the whites settling so close, regarding them as trespassers on their rights. A bad feeling existed between these Indians and some of the settlers. Between some of these Indians and John L. Ament, angry words had passed, and to make the matter worse, Ament had killed one of their dogs.

A few days before the incident occurred which we are about to relate, the Indians, who were encamped in the bend of the creek, above the crossing of the Princeton and Dixon road, moved to this big sugar camp, in order that their ponies might have better range on the little bottom prairie close by. Spies, who were on the lookout for victims, discov-

ered this party of settlers as they approached the timber, and they immediately gave notice to their comrades, who made a hasty preparation to attack and murder them. Accordingly they approached with great caution, crawling on their hands and knees among the hazel brush, until they came within a few rods of the cabin, with the intention of firing on the settlers as they came out of the house and kill them all at one stroke. After the settlers had ate their dinner, some in the cabin, others around it, talking and laughing, unconscious of danger, not dreaming that a deadly foe was concealed within a few rods of them. While thus engaged, it commenced raining, when the settlers went into the cabin, and seated themselves around a blazing fire. Notwithstanding the rain, the Indians remained in ambush until they were satisfied that their intended victims were going to remain over night, when they left for their camp.

Among this band of warriors, were a number of Pottawatamies, who had been raised on Bureau, one of whom was a son of Meommuse, the chief above alluded to. This young chief was well acquainted with this party of settlers, who were now selected as their victims. Two of these, Sylvester Brigham, and James G. Forristall, he had received presents from, and therefore wished to spare their lives. Towards John L. Ament and Elijah Phillips, bad feelings were entertained on account of former difficulty, and these two only, the young chief wished to kill, and let the others escape. Girty, whose savage nature knew no difference between former friends and former foes, was in favor of killing the whole party, and to this proposition all the warriors finally agreed.

PHILLIPS KILLED AND AMENT'S CABIN ATTACKED

The Indians had decided to make an attack in the dead hour of night, while the inmates were asleep; set the cabin on fire, and kill all within, but it continued to rain all night, which defeated their plans. For two hours, the Indians remained around the cabin, devising plans to murder the inmates without endangering their own lives. The doors and windows were examined, and found so well barricaded that they could not enter without awakening their intended victims. Next morning, their moccasin tracks were seen around the cabin, and mud was noticed on the walls of the house, where they had climbed up to look through a crack between the logs. After holding a consultation among themselves, the Indians decided to abandon further operations that night, and returned to their camp, with the intention of attacking the settlers next morning, as they would leave for Hennepin. To carry out this plan, the Indians concealed themselves in the thick hazel brush, the same as they had done the day before. Phillips being the first one to leave the cabin, came upon the Indians as they lay in ambush, and was in the act of turning around to run back, when the report of many rifles was heard, followed by a shrill war whoop, and poor Phillips lay a corpse, pierced by two balls. The Indians, with deafening yells, rushed forward from their hiding places, tomahawked their victim, and surrounded the cabin. The settlers, in great haste, closed the door, and pointed their guns at the Indians through cracks in the wall. A gun in the hands of J. Hodges, coming in contact with Girty's breast, caused him to break for the timber, and he was followed by all of his comrades. Young Dimmick called a horse to the window, caught, mounted, and put him at the top of his speed for Hennepin, sixteen miles distant, at which place he arrived safely.

When Dimmick arrived at Hennepin with the sad tidings, it created a

great panic among the people, and rumors were started that Black Hawk's whole force was about to attack the frontier settlements. On the west side of the river, and feeding along Bureau creek, were seen about three hundred ponies, and it was thought as many Indians were secreted in the thick bottom timber, with the intention of attacking the town. (It was afterwards ascertained that these ponies belonged to Atkinson's army then on Rock river, having ran off, and were making their way south to their former grazing grounds.) On that day, a party of two companies of rangers were in Hennepin, for the purpose of being mustered out of service, and among them a call was made for volunteers to go to the rescue. Timid men were in favor of leaving the settlers at Ament's cabin to their fate, as an attempt at their rescue would only result in further sacrifice of life. Some of the women commenced ringing their hands and crying, beseeching the men not to leave them unprotected, to be tomahawked by the Indians; while others, of more courage, urged their husbands and sons on to the rescue, while they set about running their pewter spoons into bullets, to supply them with cartridges.

About thirty persons volunteered to go to the rescue, among whom were Capt. Haws, Capt. Willis, Lieut. Garvin, and other resolute men, who were willing to risk their lives to save their friends. Among these volunteers, was Dave Jones, who was always full of fight when under the influence of liquor; with hat and coat off, he would jump up and down, cracking his heels together, swearing that he would go alone to the rescue, if he was certain of encountering all of Black Hawk's army.

The small ferry boat would carry only six persons, with their horses, at a time, and as soon as all the volunteers were landed on the west side of the river, they put their horses on a gallop for Ament's cabin. Before reaching their destination, the horse on which Dave Jones was mounted, gave out, but Jones continued the race on foot, keeping up with those on horseback. On the arrival of the rangers, they found the remaining five safe in the cabin, not having ventured out since the murder. When the rangers came within a short distance of the cabin, they called a halt, not knowing but it was full of Indians. On seeing this, John L. Ament made an opening through the roof of the cabin and displayed a white cloth, a signal that all was right.

The body of Phillips, undisturbed since his death, was lying in the door yard, with his face turned upward. One bullet had entered his breast in the region of the heart, and another had pierced his stomach. There were marks of tomahawk strokes across his temples and also on the neck. In their haste to leave, the savages had failed to scalp him. (There are several incidents connected with this affair, one or two of which could not be credited, if they were not well authenticated. Brigham and Phillips, being the first up in the morning, stood for a moment on the porch, engaged in conversation, when Phillips said he would go over to his own cabin, which was about a half mile distant, and write a letter. Mr. Brigham said he would go along, but from some cause unknown to himself, he turned and entered the house, while Phillips stepped off the porch and was shot dead. Mr. Brigham has often said that it appeared to him a striking providential circumstance that he entered the cabin as he did, instead of going immediately with Phillips, having no errand whatever within. Had he not entered the cabin then, he would in all probability have shared the same fate as his companion. The horse that Dimmick rode to Hennepin,

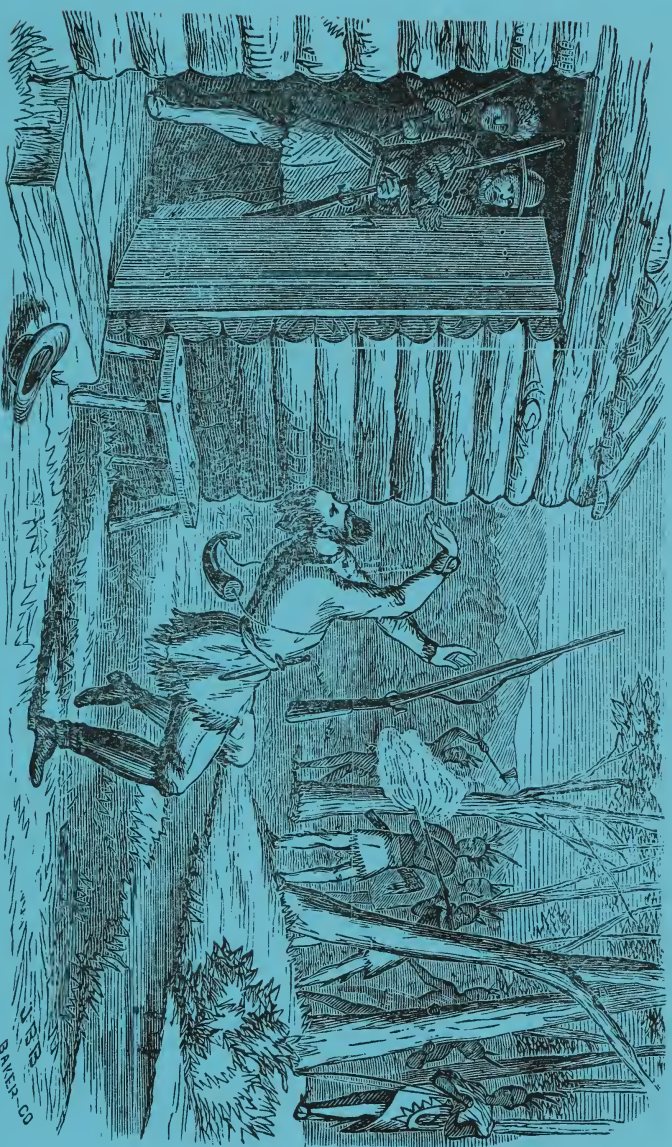
belonged to Sylvester Brigham, and could not be caught on the prairie at other times, but on this occasion, it was called to the cabin window, and allowed itself to be bridled and mounted. About one hour after Phillips was killed, a very remarkable incident occurred, which is vouched for by Forristall and others. The cattle belonging to the settlers came to the dead body of Phillips, and commenced smelling it. Among the cattle was a yoke of steers, which belonged to the deceased, and was afterwards owned by James G. Forristall. These steers appeared to stand guard over the body of their master, and as other cattle came nigh, they would drive them away. After which these steers lay down, one on each side of the corpse, and so close to it that the slobbers from their mouth was found on the clothes. After lying there about two hours, the steers got up and went with the other cattle on the prairie to feed.)

FLIGHT OF THE INDIANS—PURSUIT BY THE RANGERS

The Indians did not notice young Dimmick leave the cabin for Hennepin, to give the alarm, and therefore regarded themselves as perfectly safe. They remained in ambush, watching the cabin, until the rangers came in sight, then they left in such haste as to leave many of their blankets at their hiding place. They fled to their camp which was about three quarters of a mile distant, and on arriving there they picked up their camp equipage, and left for a place of safety. Part of the Indians having charge of their ponies scattered themselves through the timber in various directions, so their trail could not be followed by their pursuers, while the larger portion of the warriors, left on foot, and in an northwest direction. After crossing the creek, they came to a thick cluster of undergrowth, which they considered a proper place to make a defense. Here they lay in ambush, concealed by the thick brush, awaiting the arrival of the rangers.

The rangers remained at the cabin some time, undecided what to do; some were in favor of pursuing the Indians, while others opposed it. At last Capt. Willis called for volunteers, and about twenty-five came forward, who were willing to undertake the hazardous task of following the Indians. At the big sugar camp, they took their trail, and followed it across the creek, and within one hundred yards of the place where the Indians were concealed. Here they held a parley being undecided which way to go, and by mere chance turned their course, and thereby avoided the ambush. Had they continued on their course, the probabilities are most of the rangers would have lost their lives, as the Indians were so well secreted in the thick undergrowth, at short range, but few, if any could have made their escape.

The rangers continued on a short distance, in a northwest direction, but having lost the trail of the Indians, they gave up the pursuit, and turned back. On returning to Ament's cabin, they immediately left for Hennepin, taking with them the remains of Phillips, which was prepared for interment at the house of Hooper Warren. A large number of citizens and soldiers, attended the funeral, which took place next day. Elijah Phillips, was a young man of industry, and enterprise, and his loss was much regretted by the settlers on Bureau. The year before, he had left his parents, and friends in Massachusetts, to seek his fortune on the prairies of the West, where he met his death at the hands of savages, as above stated.



Phillips Killed and Ament's Cabin Attacked

U.S.P.
B.M.P.
B.M.P.-CO



Shaubena's Ovation at Hennipin

CHAPTER XXI

SCOTT'S ARMY PASSES THROUGH BUREAU COUNTY

On the 8th of June, 1832, Gen. Scott, with about one thousand soldiers of the regular army, arrived at Fort Dearborn (Chicago). The two steamboats that brought this army were the first that ever plowed the waves of Lake Michigan, and their arrival at Fort Dearborn, was heralded by newspapers throughout the United States. With Scott's army were six companies from Fortress Monroe, who suffered severely from cholera, which broke out among them while on the lake. Out of four hundred young men, who left the fort in health and vigor, only eighty lived to return again to their old quarters. Among these soldiers who survived the ravages of the cholera, was Lewis Cobb, (now a resident of Wyandot,) to whom the writer is indebted for these facts.

Scott's army remained at Fort Dearborn about three weeks, waiting for transportation, and during that time a large portion of the soldiers died with the cholera. With the army was Gen. Twiggs, then a colonel and the rebel Gen. Joe Johnston, at that time a lieutenant, with many other officers who have acquired notoriety in the late rebellion. Among the troops was the noted surgeon, Beaumont, accompanied by his more noted servant, who had a wound in his stomach. This remarkable man, received sometime previous, a gunshot wound, which opened a cavity in his stomach that never healed. Into this cavity the doctor had placed a glass tube, so he could watch the progress of digestion. By experimenting with this man's stomach, it had been ascertained the length of time required to digest different articles of diet, an account of which has been published in different medical works of the day.

The soldiers by way of derision would frequently ask this man how much he would ask for a peep into his stomach.

About the first of August, the army left Fort Dearborn for Rock Island, one hundred and seventy miles distant, and each day, while on the road, some of the soldiers died with the cholera. Accompanying the troops were many baggage wagons, and a large drove of cattle, for army supplies. There was no road across the country at that time, and the course of the army was shaped by the compass. Not a dwelling of a white man, nor one mark of civilization, was seen on the entire route. Many of the streams and groves had not yet been named, so that the exact route taken by the army is not known. Greenbury Hall, who lived for a number of years in the town of Dover, said the next spring after the passage of Scott's army, their trail was plainly to be seen between Perkins' and Paw Paw Grove. This being the case, makes it quite probable that the army passed through the northern part of Bureau county, and on this probability we give it a place in our story.

THE CAPTIVES RETURN—RETRIBUTION

Soon after the killing of Phillips, the Indians left Bureau, to join Black Hawk's band, which, at that time, was fleeing before Gen. Atkinson's army. While on their way thither, and in the vicinity of Galena, they killed a number of persons, and attacked a block house on Apple river, which contained a few families of miners. After joining Black Hawk's forces, they participated in the battle of Bad Axe, where many of them were killed, and others drowned while attempting to swim the Mississippi river.

When the war was over, many of the Indians returned to Bureau, and

among them were the squaw and papooses of Girty. But Girty himself did not return, and his fate, at that time, was unknown, but it was generally believed that he was killed in battle.

A few years after the Black Hawk war, the writer in company with Dad Joe, found a lone Indian in the woods, near where the Dixon road crosses Bureau creek. This Indian was sitting by a small camp fire, where he had spent the night, his head bowed down and his blankets wrapped closely around his shoulders. He had a violent cough, was pale and emaciated, evidently in the last stages of consumption. Dad Joe addressed him in the Pottawatamie tongue, but he replied in good English, and made to us the following statement. His home, he said, was at Indiantown, where he was then going, and had fought at the battle of Bad Axe, and was there taken prisoner. Having on his person at the time the badge of a chief, caused him to be placed on board of the steamer Warrior, and carried to Prairie du Chien where he was confined in the barracks. A few days after his arrival in the fort, while on a drunken spree, he killed one of the guards, and for this offense was sentenced to imprisonment for life. With a ball and chain around his leg, he was for four long years compelled to do the drudgery work of the garrison, but when his health failed and could be of no further use, he was set at liberty. Here he showed us a silver medal, which he wore on his breast, suspended from his neck by a large buckskin cord. On this medal were engraved the following words: "A Token of Friendship, Lewis Cass, U. S. I. A." For nine years this talisman had been suspended from his neck, and after his death, when his body was partly devoured by wolves, it was found attached to the remains.

In conversation with this Indian, he said that he had a squaw and five papooses living at Indiantown, and was in hopes that his strength would hold out until he reached them, then he said "I will die contented." Dad Joe told him that no Indians were then living at Indiantown, as they had a short time before gone west of the Mississippi. At this announcement, tears fell from his eyes, and bowing his head between his knees, he repeated a short prayer in his native tongue. After remaining in prayer a few minutes, he raised to his feet with a loud groan, while despair was pictured in his emaciated face, he made preparations to continue his journey. His camp kit consisted of two blankets, a small copper kettle, a pot, a gun, a tomahawk, a large knife and a piece of venison. Without assistance, these things were gathered up and placed on his back, while reeling to and fro from weakness, and without saying another word, he continued his journey.

This Indian, as the reader may have already conjectured, was no other than Mike Girty, the outlaw, and the retribution which followed his crimes is one of the most remarkable incidents connected with the early settlement of this county.

CHAPTER XXII

GIRTY'S ARRIVAL AT PRINCETON

Girty, in his journey homeward from Prairie du Chien, traveled on the Winnebago trail, which ran east of the lead mines and Dixon's ferry, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. The country through which he passed, was, at that time, an unbroken wilderness, and not a white man's habitation could be seen on the entire route. But here on Bureau it was quite different—people had built cabins along the margin of the timber, and in some places their fences had already crossed the Indian trails. Instead of

the Indiantown trail passing through the timber—down Epperson's Run and along Bureau creek, as in former days, it was now changed to a great wide road, over which passed a daily mail coach and emigrant wagons, as well as droves of cattle, hogs, etc. Along this road Girty traveled, meditating, no doubt, on the great changes a few years had produced. It was a clear, bright day, in the early part of June, 1836—the prairies were covered with wild flowers, and people everywhere busy with their crops, as Girty, on his homeward journey, passed along this road. But great must have been his surprise when he came in sight of Princeton, to see a group of buildings here on the prairie, where a few years before not a house could be seen. On the east side of Main street, stood a frame building, and in front of it hung a large painted sign, which read "Princeton Hotel, by S. Triplett." Opposite the hotel, on the west side of the street, was a small one story building, and over the door of which were the words "Post Office." Above the sign of Post Office, was a larger one, reading thus: "Dry Goods and Groceries; John M. Gay." Outside of the building, and fronting the door, stood a tall, spare, dark-complexioned man, known by every one as the proprietor of the establishment, and post master, and by his side stood a medium sized, good looking man, wearing a white beaver hat, and a blue dress coat, who was earnestly engaged in explaining to the post-master the great importance of baptism. This man, the reader will recognize as Thomas S. Elston, who was for many years a citizen of Princeton. On the open commons, where Elijah Dee's dwelling now stands, was a small log cabin, over the roof of which, painted in Roman letters, and reading thus: "Templeton's New Store." On a slab bench, fronting the cabin, were seated three young men, engaged in conversation, and whose names were Noah Wiswall, R. T. Templeton, and Dr. William O. Chamberlain. While these young men were discussing all the important topics of the day, which were dividing the county, and constructing the canal, Girty, the outlaw, came along the road. He was carrying on his back all of his camp equipage, including gun, blankets, kettles, provisions, etc. His once straight, manly form, was now bent, not from age, but by disease and fatigue. His head was without covering, and on his shoulders and down his back were hanging, in confused masses, locks of coarse, black hair. The appearance of Girty was comical, in the extreme, and the young men were having considerable merriment at his expense, saying "He was undoubtedly the last of the Mohicans." The traveler was asked many questions, but he appeared sullen and morose, and not inclined to impart much of his history.

On the public square, now occupied by the Court House, stood the Hampshire Colony church, which was at that time the important landmark of Princeton. Situated; as it was, out on the green, open commons—elevated high above the ground on wooden blocks—painted white, with a projecting cornice, which was in strong contrast with the small unpainted buildings in the surroundings. This notable structure attracted the attention of Girty; probably it was the first painted building that he had ever seen, and pointing to it, he said, "Big wigwam; great chief lives in it I 'spect." Mr. Templeton told him it was a church. Never having heard of the name church before, Girty paused a moment, and then continued: "I 'spect he is a big warrior, a great brave." At Girty's last remark, Dr. Chamberlain laughed long and loud, when he was reproved by Mr. Wiswall, who said to him, "Now what is the use of laughing at the poor, ignorant creature."

Mr. Templeton explained to Girty that it was not a wigwam, as he had supposed, but a place where the people went to pray to the Great Spirit. On receiving this information, the sad face of Girty was changed to mirthfulness, and he laughed heartily at the fanaticism of white people. Going to so much trouble to build a fine wigwam to pray in, appeared to him ridiculous, and he pitied their ignorance. Slowly and feebly, while bending under his burden, Girty continued his way toward Indiantown. On Bureau bottom he passed the cabins of Robert Clark and Michael Kitterman, the sight of which must have brought fresh to his mind a conspiracy which he entered into a few years before, to murder these families.

TWO GREAT PAPER CITIES

If Girty was surprised on seeing Princeton, he must have been more so on his arrival at Indiantown. Instead of finding a quiet Indian village, containing the wigwam of his squaw, and those of his friends, which he had left a few years before, he found strange buildings and strange faces. All was now changed; every relic of the Indian village had disappeared, and on its ruins stood the great city of Windsor. Rip Van Winkle, after sleeping twenty years, found things very much changed; but with Girty the same had been done in one fifth of the time. Here was a great city, which extended for a long ways, up and down Bureau bottom, including within its boundaries, timber, prairie, Indian village, cornfields, dance grounds, caches, etc. Running up and down the bottom, and crossing each other at short intervals, were many wide streets. Here, too, were boulevards, connecting together important places, and intended as great arteries of the city. At the crossing of these were huge public parks, to which the inhabitants could retreat from the crowded streets of the city. Near the center of the city was the great county square, intended for the court house, jail, and other county buildings. To the left of the County square, was Market, and to the right was Liberty square, both of which were intended for public parks. In various parts of the city, were reservations for churches, cathedrals, seminaries, colleges, and other public buildings, all of which had been donated by the generous proprietor for public use. Passing through the northern wards of the city, and following the windings of the Bureau creek, was the great ship canal, connecting the Illinois with the Mississippi river. By the side of this canal, was a large haven, or harbor, which was intended to hold much of the shipping of the West, and around it was room for large business blocks. State roads branched off in various directions, by which Windsor was connected with all the principal cities of the west.

Adjoining Windsor, on the west, and including that part of Tiskilwa, which lays in Indiantown, was another great city called West Windsor. Its boundaries extended from the bluff, on the south, to the Kinney farm, on the north, and at the west far up Rocky Run. Many of the streets of this city were named after the Presidents—great statesmen and warriors of past ages. It also contained many parks, the most conspicuous of which were Judicial and Pleasant, intended no doubt, as breathing places for its (prospective) crowded population.

We have described these cities as they appeared on paper; but their real appearance was different. In West Windsor, south of Rocky Run, in a double log cabin, lived Sampson Cole, and boarding with him was R. R. Pearce, who was a cabinet maker, a surveyor, a justice of the peace and post master. Close by Cole's residence, Roderick Owen, had a slab blacksmith shop, and these constituted all the buildings, and all the inhabitants

of West Windsor. This city existed only a few months, its proprietor, J. W. Kinney, having mortgaged it to the state bank for money, and in order to beat the mortgages, had the town plat vacated, when it fell into ruin and nothing more was heard of it.

In Windsor proper then were two log cabins, and two board shanties, and its inhabitants were Dr. Langworthy, Amariah Watson, and Ferrill Dunn. This town was laid off a few months before, by Dr. A. Langworthy, and stakes, marked at the top with red keel, and with the few shanties above referred to, was all that could be seen of this great paper city.

Such was the appearance of Indiantown when Girty returned to it; wigwams and corn fields were no longer to be seen; even the great council house, where chiefs and warriors met for deliberation, had disappeared. The little green knoll by the creek bank, which had for ages been used for a dance ground, where young warriors, and timid maidens, at the sound of drums, or rattling gourds, had danced around their trophies of war, was now fenced in by Mr. Watson for a goose pasture. With a sorrowful heart, Girty passed through the town; his old haunts were scarcely recognized by him, and not one familiar face could he see. His worst fears were now realized; sick and alone, he found himself a stranger at his own home. At a spring, near the foot of the bluff, Girty camped for the night, being overcome by sickness and fatigue, he gave himself up to feelings of despair. The smoke of his camp fire, and his loud coughing, attracted the attention of Dr. Langworthy, who visited his camp and offered his provisions, as well as medical treatment. Out of curiosity, others visited Girty's camp, and tried to learn something of his history, but he appeared sullen and morose; to all their inquiries he would only shake his head. Probably the murder of Simmons, Sample and wife; Phillips and other victims, were still fresh in his mind, and if known he could expect no mercy from people who had suffered so much at his hands.

THE LAST OF GIRTY

On the third day after Girty arrived at Indiantown, he was seen to take up his line of march for the west, still carrying his camp kit on his back. Near the present site of Sheffield, he was met by Caleb Moore, slowly and feebly plodding his way westward. About one week after Girty started west, a man, while traveling on the old Sac and Fox trail, saw on the prairie, north of Barren Grove, two wolves eating a carcass. Out of curiosity he rode out to see what they were eating, and found it to be the remains of an Indian, partly devoured. Near the remains were found a gun, knife, tomahawk, two blankets, a small copper kettle, and a pot. Around the neck of the remains, which was almost a skeleton was a large buckskin cord, to which was attached a silver medal. This medal was taken off by the traveler, and the other trinkets, with the remains, were left on the prairie where they were found.

This was the last of Girty; although his crimes were great, the retribution was equally so.

PART SECOND

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

EARLY SETTLEMENT

INTRODUCTION TO PART SECOND

It could not be expected that a full and complete history of the county could be given in a book of this size, consequently no attempt of the kind has been made. The main object has been to collect and preserve facts connected with the early settlement, that were about to be lost, leaving things of a more recent date, and that which is a matter of record, for a subsequent publication. The political, commercial, financial and social history, as well as that of towns and villages, may, however, appear in another volume at some future day.

In the early settlement of the county, there was a class of people called squatters, who kept in advance of permanent settlers, making claims and selling them at the first opportunity. These frontiersmen, who were fond of border life, obtained their living by making and selling claims, hunting, trapping, etc., and would go westward as soon as people settled around them. Some of this class had temporary residences in this county, but their history is so obscure as to bear no part in this work.

Many persons, no doubt, will be disappointed to find no mention of their names, claiming priority to others whose names do appear, but they must recollect that all necessary facts were not in possession of the writer, and names, in a few instances, may have been omitted by accident.

It is to be expected that some persons will criticise the statements herein made, point out errors (or supposed to be such), but it must be remembered that many conflicting accounts were given, and to throw out the spurious and retain the genuine, was a difficult matter to do. The collecting of facts connected with the early settlement, has been the work of years, and the statements herein made are not based on the sayings of a few persons only; but different accounts have been compared and revised, by which correct conclusions have been arrived at. It would be too much, however, to presume that no errors have escaped detection.

CHAPTER I

GEOGRAPHY OF BUREAU COUNTY

This county contains twenty-three whole, and two fractional, towns; eight hundred and sixty-four square miles, making five hundred and fifty three thousand acres of land, about one-ninth of which was originally timber. The land throughout the county is neither hilly or flat, but undulating and raises in the north part, where the waters between the Illinois and Mississippi divides, to near three hundred feet above the Illinois valley. Bureau county contains no high peaks, capped with overhanging rocks; no deep, narrow valleys; no roaring cascades nor mountain torrents, shrouded in foam; still it is not without picturesque scenery. The high, rolling prairies, which extends through the towns of Bureau, Walnut and Ohio, affords a view of landscape scenery probably unsurpassed by any in the State. This prairie overlooks Bureau timber on the east, and Green river timber



Girty's Arrival in Princeton



Shaubena and his Warriors in Pursuit of Black Hawk

on the west, and presents to the eye a beautiful prospective view of the surrounding country, for miles in extent.

On the elevated land, near Providence, called at the time of early settlement, "High Land Point," the surface of nearly half of Bureau county is visible. When the atmosphere is favorable, Buffalo Grove, north of Rock river, forty-six miles distant, can be seen. The Illinois river forms fourteen miles of its eastern boundary; Bureau creek with its tributaries, waters the central portion, while Green river, and the head waters of Spoon river, flows through the western part. Coal banks and stone quarries are found in the central part of the county, while peat and mineral paint abounds in the northwestern towns.

The old Indian Boundary Line, which extends from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi river, passes through the northern towns of this county, running almost in an east and west direction. This line was surveyed in the spring of 1819, in accordance with an act of Congress, and it was made one of the standard lines in surveying the military district. Wisconsin, in 1840, made a claim under the ordinance of 1787, to all that part of Illinois lying north of this line. The surveys south of the Indian Boundary Line, were commenced in 1816, and completed in 1823. The surveys north of this line were commenced in 1834, and completed in 1843. South of the boundary line, the land came into market in 1835, and north of it, in 1844. The land office for this district was originally at Galena, but was afterwards removed to Dixon's ferry.

The line that bounds the Military District, commences at the great bend in the Illinois river, near the mouth of Lake Du Pue, and runs due west until it reaches the Mississippi river, a short distance from New Boston. The towns of Wheatland, Macon, Milo and Neponset, had in them a large quantity of military land, but the towns of Arispie, Leepertown, and Indiantown, which lay within the military district, contained none of these lands.

OLD PUTNAM COUNTY

In January, 1825, a bill passed the legislature for dividing the military district into counties, and provided for their organization, as soon as they contained a sufficient number of inhabitants. Putnam, being the most northern of the new counties, was made to include within its jurisdiction all of the northeast portion of the State, and was bounded as follows: Commencing on the west bank of the Illinois river, at the north line of town eleven, following up the Illinois and Kankakee rivers to the Indiana state line, thence north along the western shore of Lake Michigan to the north east corner of the State, thence west to range four, thence south to town eleven, thence east to the place of beginning. This territory, at the present time, contains twenty-seven counties, or parts of counties. The act provided, as soon as this county contained three hundred and fifty inhabitants, they were authorized to organize, and elect county officers, for which the Circuit Judge of the district was directed to

issue his order. Chicago was the only village in the new county, and outside of which it is believed there was not a white person living, with the exception of Indian traders along the Illinois and its tributaries.

Five years after Putnam county was set off, it was found to contain about seven hundred inhabitants, the most of whom lived on Bureau, about the mouth of Fox river, and at Chicago. These settlements being so far apart, scattered, as they were, over a territory more than one hundred miles in extent, made organization impracticable, and for six years all the legal business of Putnam county was transacted at Peoria. The settlers on Bureau had but little to do with legal matters, as they had no titles to real estate to look after, and no law suits to prosecute or defend. One marriage license only was issued in Peoria to settlers on Bureau—that being to Leonard Roth, who married a daughter of Timothy Perkins. In the spring of 1831, Charles S. Boyd paid seventy-five cents tax to the collector of Peoria county, which was the only tax collected of settlers within the limits of this county, previous to the organization of Putnam.

A short distance below the present site of Henry, formerly in Putnam but now Marshall county, once stood the village of Black Partridge, a celebrated Indian chief. The destruction of this village, and the killing of many of its inhabitants, I believe has never fully entered into history, and but few people are familiar with the facts therein connected. An account of this affair was communicated to the writer thirty-six years ago, by the "Old Ranger," Gen. Whitesides, who was one of the attacking party, and was acquainted with all the facts. In September, 1812, Gov. Edwards fitted out an expedition against the Indians, on the Illinois river, in order to avenge the massacre of the troops at Fort Dearborn, which took place a short time previous. The volunteers, under Edwards, were on horseback, and pursued their way through the unsettled country from Bellville to Fort Clark, where they were met by their comrades, who had ascended the river in small boats. From Fort Clark the volunteers went up the river for the purpose of attacking the village of Black Partridge. In their march, they used great caution, so the Indians would be taken by surprise, and unprepared to make a defense. When they arrived, within four miles of the village, Whitesides, with three other young men, volunteered to go forward and reconnoitre the position. Here the army remained over night, the soldiers sleeping on their arms, so as to be prepared in case they should be attacked. Next morning, at daylight, Gov. Edwards ordered the troops forward to attack the village, before the Indians were aware of their presence. Capt. Judy's company of spies, to which Whitesides belonged, was leading the van, and had proceeded but a short distance, when they came suddenly upon two Indians, on horseback, who raised their hands in token of submission. Capt. Judy raised his rifle to fire on them, when some of his companions begged for mercy, but the captain replied that he did not leave home to take prisoners, and in a moment the dust was seen to raise from the Indian's buckskin hunting shirt, as the rifle ball entered his body. The Indian fell from his horse, and being mortally wounded, commenced singing his death song, while the blood was streaming from his mouth and nose. The rangers rode up to the dying Indian, who was reeling to and fro, under the torture of pain, when all of a sudden he presented his rifle to shoot. The rangers sprang from their horses to escape the shot, but one of their party, by the name of Wright, not being quick enough, was badly wounded. The other Indian, who proved to be a squaw, sat on her horse

spell bound, making no attempt at defense or escape. Many shots were fired at her, none of which, however, took effect, when she commenced crying, and was taken prisoner.

The Indians at the village were unaware of the approach of the army; many of the warriors were off on a hunt, the squaws were busy preparing breakfast, while the papooses were playing on the green, unconscious of danger. The rangers pushed forward in great haste, shooting down squaws and papooses, as they fled panic-stricken from their homes. But little resistance was made by the Indians, who fled up the river, leaving behind them their ponies, camp equipage, and everything valuable. Some of the Indians being badly wounded, were unable to make their escape; these, together with a number of small children were butchered in cold blood.

The village, with all its contents, was burned and the ponies, about one hundred in number, were taken off by the rangers, who considered them trophies of war. While the village was burning, an Indian, said to have been Black Partridge himself, walked boldly along the bluff, within one hundred and fifty yards of the soldiers, and fired his gun at them, after which he laughed long and loud, as he walked slowly away. Many shots were fired at this Indian, but without effect, and some of the rangers started in pursuit, but he made good his escape.

EARLY SETTLEMENT

But few people, at the present time, are aware of the hardships that were endured by the early settlers of this county. Deprived of every comfort of civilization, without schools, churches, and almost without society, in many cases, having only the Indians for their neighbors and associates. Their dwellings were rude cabins, with a puncheon floor, and clapboard door, hung on wooden hinges. Some were obliged to live in a tent until a cabin could be built; others lived for month in a pole shanty, without a floor, chimney or door, a bed quilt supplying the place of the latter. Their living, too, was also plain, being deprived of almost every luxury of life; for weeks at a time without bread in their house, living on hominy and potatoes, while their supply of meat was obtained from wild game. The place for getting milling done, was at a horse-mill near Peoria, where some of the pioneers went, waited for days for their grist. Many of the settlers pounded their corn in a hominy block, and ground their wheat in a coffee mill, taking out the bran with a common meal sieve.

Three years in succession, the early settlers of Bureau were driven from their homes on account of Indian hostilities, leaving their farms to grow up in weeds, and their horses and cattle to run at large on the prairie. Living in constant fear of the Indians, not knowing at what moment they would be attacked and murdered by them. Sometimes they would carry their guns with them while working in the field, and at night leave their cabin to sleep in the grove, so they might escape should their dwellings be attacked.

Ague and intermittent fever were very common in the early settlement of the county, some seasons the inmates of almost every house would be down sick, one not being able to assist the other. For the first three years of the settlement, there was no physician in the county, and the sick were obliged to rely on such remedies as they could obtain. An old

lady, by the name of Archer, living east of the Illinois river, practiced midwifery on Bureau, and in some instances attending patients who lived twenty or thirty miles from her residence. James G. Forristall being afflicted with the ague, went to Peoria for medical treatment, and received of Dr. Langworthy, the only physician of the place, a prescription which was intended to last him three months, and with this prescription in his pocket he returned to his cabin.

William Hoskins, one of the early settlers of this county, came here with his family late in the fall of 1830, and during the greater part of the cold winter that followed, he lived in a cabin without door or window, a bed quilt supplying the place of the former. After moving here, Mr. Hoskins had about fifty cents in money left, and for the first six months the family lived on hominy and meal; but one peck of meal was used, and that was ground on a hand mill.

Instances without number might be recited, showing the hardships endured by the early settlers, but these can be supplied by the reader's imagination.

More than forty years have now passed away since the settlement of Bureau was commenced, and great has been the change in the country during that time. The early pioneer—the hunter, and Indian fighter, with a few exceptions, have passed away—the report of their rifles, and the barking of their dogs, are no longer heard in Bureau timber. Their rude log cabins have gone to decay, and their places supplied by fine buildings, in which people live in the enjoyment of the comforts and luxuries of life.

CHAPTER II

INDIANS OF BUREAU

The number of Indians that lived within the limits of this county is not known; but it is estimated, by those best posted, to be about fifteen hundred, all of whom were Pottawatamies. The line between the country of the Pottawatamies and Winnebagoes, was the Old Indian Boundary Line which passed through the northern portion of this county. In the timber of main Bureau and Green river, the Indians had land marks designating this line—the Winnebagoes hunting north, and the Pottawatamies south of it, and they seldom trespassed upon each other's rights. Their principal chief was named Autuckee, and he lived most of his time at Indiantown. He was a tall, athletic man, with great physical powers, and exercised much influence over his tribe. There was another chief, known by most of the early settlers, whose name was Meommuse; he was a thick, heavy-set man and spoke the English language very well. This chief, with his band of followers, lived part of each year at the Big Sugar Camp, on Main Bureau, (now in the town of Dover), where he and his ancestors had made sugar for forty-two years in succession. Wasseaw was a chief of some note, and was known by a few of the early settlers. He is described as being tall and slim, prepossessing in appearance, and he claimed to be a son of Senachwine.

The Indians of Bureau, were low and filthy in their habits, possessing (with few exceptions,) but few of those noble traits which sometimes elevate the savage character, and make their history worthy of record. But they were peaceable and quiet, living on friendly terms with the settlers, and frequently visiting their cabins to exchange commodities. As the

settlement increased in numbers, the Indians became dissatisfied with their situation, and left at different times from 1832 to '36, to occupy lands assigned them by the government in Western Kansas.

Many incidents are given by old settlers, illustrative of the peculiar habits of these Indians, and a short account of some of them may interest the reader. Amos Leonard, one day met an Indian, with a deer which he had shot, tied to the tail of his pony, and in that way was dragging it into camp. The pony was puffing and sweating with fatigue, while the Indian sat quietly on his back smoking his pipe. At another time, Mr. Leonard saw an Indian dragging a canoe across the prairie, in the direction of Green river. A buckskin string was tied to the canoe, with the other end around the Indian's waist; then leaning forward and holding on to the pony's mane, the canoe was drawn along on the grass.

Many Indian feasts and war dances were witnessed by old settlers, the most remarkable of which took place at Indiantown, in the fall of 1830. Black Hawk, with many of his warriors, were on their return from Canada, where they had been to receive their annual annuities from the British government. Leaving the great Sacs and Fox trail, near the crossing of the Galena road, Black Hawk and his warriors went to Indiantown stopping and conversing with Mr. Epperson, as they passed his cabin. It is said that about one thousand warriors were present at this great war dance, and the performance is described by an eye witness, John L. Ament as exceeding anything of the kind ever witnessed by the Indians of this country. This dance lasted three days, and the yelling of the Indians could be heard for miles away.

Among the many curious customs of the Indians, the medical dance is probably the most remarkable. With the Pottawatamie Indians, a doctor and a priest is one and the same person, and when his skill in roots and herbs fail, he appeals to higher power for assistance. The friends of the patient are called together to assist in invoking the Great Spirit to expel the demon from the sick person. If the patient is a chief, or a person of importance, the warriors of the whole band collect to take part in the ceremony. Nicholas Smith, of the town of Bureau, was present at one of these dances, which took place on Green river, and he describes it as follows: A large number of warriors were formed in a circle, and commenced dancing to the music of drums, and rattling gourds. In the center of the circle stood the priest, or medicine man, with the skins of different animals stuffed, so as to appear life-like. When the music and dancing stopped, the priest took an otter skin in his hand and passed around the circle, until he came to one possessed of a devil, when he ran the nose of the otter against his breast, yelling "hoa" at the top of his voice. The victim fell to the ground, and to all appearances remained lifeless. Again the music and dancing commenced, as before, and as the dancers marched around the circle, they would flourish their tomahawks and war clubs over their fallen comrade, in order to drive the devil out of him. When the dancing again stopped, the medicine man took the skin of a large rattle snake, with the rattles singing as though alive, passing around the circle until he came to another victim, and brought him also lifeless to the ground. This performance was continued until every warrior, having a demon in his breast, was made pure by the skin of a certain animal. Then the dance broke up, and the patients pronounced safe.

Indians generally bury their dead in a shallow grave, and deposit with the corpse, knives, tomahawks, and such articles as the deceased would likely to need in the happy hunting ground to which it is believed he has gone. Many of the graves were covered over with poles, to prevent wolves from digging up and devouring the corpses. Early settlers had noticed in Black Walnut Grove, an Indian grave surmounted with a wooden monument, curiously constructed, intended to prevent the wolves from digging up the corpse, as well as to perpetuate the memory of the deceased. Nothing was ever known of the person buried here, but it was supposed to have been a chief, or great warrior. On one occasion, about thirty Indians were seen to visit this grave, and with their faces painted black, they weeped and wailed over this departed loved one.

On Green river, about two miles above New Bedford, was an old Indian camping ground, where Winnebago Indians, from Rock river, lived during the winter hunts. In the winter of 1831, a chief of some note died here, and out of respect for the remains it was sepulchered above ground. On a sandy knoll, a short distance from camp, the corpse, in a sitting position, was tied to a tree, and by the side of which was placed a rifle, knife, tomahawk, pipe, tobacco, &c. Around the corpse high palisades were erected to prevent the wolves from devouring it, and in this position it was left to decay.

Children, who died in infancy, were sometimes deposited in trees, the corpse being placed in a trough, and fastened by withes to a limb, where they were left to decay, or until the trough containing the bones would fall to the ground. As late as 1835, two of these sepulcheres were found among the branches of trees on Green river, which attracted much attention among trappers and hunters.

Marriage rites among the Indians are held sacred, and the squaw who violates them is subjected to corporal punishment. Among the males, no odium appears to be attached to improprieties, but a female is sometimes publicly whipped, and disgraced in society, by cutting off her hair or branded on the cheek. Young maidens, for this offence, are made to do penance until they are purified, and the evil spirit driven out of them, after which they are restored to favor. Early settlers say north of Indiantown, in the thick bottom timber, once stood a very large cottonwood tree, which was fenced around with poles. When a maid had transgressed the laws of propriety, she was compelled to remain in this pen two days and nights, without food or water, in order to drive the demon out of her; when this was accomplished, she was again restored to friends and society.

Young maidens were bought and sold for wives, the same as a pony or rifle; a handsome one would be equal in value to a number of ponies. The first year George Hinsdale spent on Bureau, he raised a fine crop of potatoes, which were at that time in great demand, and could be sold to the Indians at a good price, in exchange for furs, pelts, &c. One day a party of Indians came to him, and proposed to swap a handsome young squaw for his potatoes. Mr. Hinsdale, being at that time a single man, and in need of a wife, declined the offer; as he could not think of exchanging his potatoes, which cost him a hard summer's work, for one.

FIRST SETTLER OF BUREAU, AND OLD UNCLE PETER

On the 5th of May, 1828, Henry Thomas, with his family and scanty household goods, in an ox wagon, arrived on Bureau, and made a claim

four miles north of the present site of Wyanet, on a farm now occupied by Thomas Vaughan. His cabin was built near a small branch, at that time skirted with timber. Near the cabin was a spring, and by its side passed the great Galena road, which had been opened the year before. At the time Thomas settled here, there was not a permanent resident within 30 miles of him, being alone in a wild, uninhabited country, then in the possession of Indians. A year or two previous, a few families had settled on the Ox Bow Prairie, east of the river as well as on the La Salle prairie north of Peoria, and a few miners about Galena; with these exceptions, all of the State lying north of Peoria, was an unbroken wilderness. Mr. Thomas built a shanty with cotton wood poles, and covered it with bark, in which his family found shelter, until a cabin could be built. His cabin was constructed with small logs, so that himself and a hired man could raise it, as no assistance from neighbors could be obtained. While they were engaged in building this cabin, a party of Indians came to them, none of whom could speak or understand English, and by signs and motions, they gave Thomas to understand that his building was not wanted in that locality. These Indians, with angry looks and threatening gestures, left, but soon returned with an interpreter, to ascertain the object of this building. Mr. Thomas told the interpreter that he was not building a fort, as they had supposed, but a wigwam for his squaw and papposes to live in, and he intended to be their friend and neighbor. The Indians appeared satisfied with this explanation, and some of them went to work and assisted them in handling the logs of the cabin. Before the cabin was completed, Mr. Thomas commenced breaking prairie, which was the first sod broke within the limits of Bureau county. In the fall, his wife, being in a delicate situation, went to visit her friends in Tazewell county, and returned soon afterwards, with her niece, Miss Elizabeth Baggs, now Mrs. George Hirsdale; who is the oldest settler now living in this county. (Note: Mr. Thomas' second daughter, Mary, now Mrs. Sells, was the first white child born within the limits of Bureau county).

Soon after Mr. Thomas came to Bureau, an Indian chief of some note came to his house, and proposed to buy his niece, Miss Elizabeth Baggs, a handsome young Miss of fourteen summers, to make a wife for his son. Mr. Thomas, who was always fond of a joke, agreed to swap the girl for the chief's favorite pony. Next day the chief, with some of his friends, and accompanied by his son, who was along to claim his bride, called on Mr. Thomas to carry out the conditions of the trade. Mr. Thomas then told him that the girl did not belong to him, and he could not exchange her for a pony without her parent's consent. But the chief insisted on the swap, and when he found it would not be carried out, he became angry, saying, as he left, that there was no reliance in the promise of a white man.

Soon after Mr. Thomas came to Bureau, he and his family were sitting before a blazing fire, one dark, rainy night, when a stranger called at the door, asking admittance. He did not ring the bell, nor rap on the door, for the cabin contained neither, but with his ramrod he struck a bed quilt which supplied the place of a door. Thomas asked who was there, and the reply was, a friend; as the voice was recognized, he replied, "Come in, Uncle Peter, as long as I have a home I will share it with you." Peter Demott, for it was he, was an old pioneer hunter, who had spent much of his life in the wilds of the west. Mr. Thomas had made his acquaintance

the year before, while exploring the country, and now regarded him as an old friend. For twelve years, Demott made his home with Thomas, and occupied his time in hunting and trapping. With his gun and blanket, he would spend weeks at a time hunting on Green river, or at groves in the west part of the county, camping out at night, sometimes sleeping in a hollow log, or bunking with Indians. Uncle Peter, as he was generally called, was a man of fine education, a surveyor by profession, but in his youthful days was crossed in love, when he left the abode of civilization to live the life of a hermit, away from kindred and friends. Uncle Peter spent much of his time with the Indians, speaking their language, and learning much of their history. He was a man of general intelligence, a close observer of nature, and to him the writer is indebted for many things relating to the Indians of this county, as well as other matters connected with the early settlement.

CHAPTER III

ARRIVAL OF EMIGRANTS

In the spring of May, 1828, a covered wagon, drawn by four yoke of cattle, was seen on Kellogg's trail, going northwards, in the direction of the lead mines. This wagon belonged to a family by the name of Ament, and consisted of six brothers—three of whom were men grown, and the other three were boys, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen. At Boyd's Grove they found John Dixon, with some of his friends from Peoria, engaged in building a cabin, which cabin was occupied some weeks later by his family. At a little point of timber, which extended out from West Bureau, they came across Henry Thomas, with his family, living in a tent, having arrived there only a few days before. By the road side, at the east end of Red Oak Grove, where O. Denham now lives, the Aments pitched their tent, with the intention of making this place their future home. At that time no cabin had been built north of LaSalle prairie, and from there to the lead mines, a distance of one hundred and forty miles, no marks of civilization could be seen except the tents of Dixon and Thomas, above referred to. The timber and prairie of Bureau county had not yet been explored by the enterprising pioneers, and the probabilities are, with the exception of surveyors and fur traders, no white man had ever crossed the Princeton prairie.

For two years the Aments kept a house of entertainment—the small boys doing the housework, while the larger ones were engaged in making a farm. They also traded much with the Indians, buying of them furs and pelts, and sending them south to sell. When the Galena road left Aments' cabin, they became dissatisfied with their location. Justus and John L. went south for wives, and settled on Main Bureau, while Edward, with his younger brother, went to the Fox river country, and made it their permanent home.

In the spring of 1829, Sylvester Brigham and Warren Sherley, two young men from Massachusetts, arrived at Henry Thomas', after having traveled on foot from Detroit, with knapsacks on their backs. After spending a few days in looking at the country, Mr. Brigham made a claim on the west side of West Bureau timber, on a farm now occupied by George Hinsdale, and Mr. Sherley made a claim at the head of the grove, which place was afterwards known as Heaton's Point. After working a few months on their claims, they returned east again, where Mr. Sherley remained.

Next spring Mr. Brigham returned to his claim, accompanied by James G. Forristall, whose jolly, good-natured face was, for the first time, seen in the Bureau settlement. The travelers had descended the Ohio river, and up the Illinois as far as Peoria, on a steamboat, and the boat on which they came was the first one that ever reached that place. This was the steamer Volunteer, and her arrival at Peoria, in April, 1830, astonished both whites and Indians, many of whom had never seen a steamboat before. The arrival of the Volunteer caused much rejoicing among the people; many swung their hats and shouted, while Bogardus, one of the leading men of the place, brought out an old blunderbuss, planted it in the sand, and fired a salute in honor of her arrival.

On the arrival of Brigham and Forristall, they made claims on the east side of main Bureau timber, (now in the town of Dover); here they built cabins, and occupied them for some years alone, both being single men. Mr. Brigham lived on his claim twenty-five years, then went west, and is at present living in Kansas. Mr. Forristall still lives near where he took his first claim, being one among the few left of the early settlers of Bureau.

The portraits of Mr. Brigham and Mr. Forristall will be found in this book, and they will be recognized by many of the old citizens of Bureau.

In the summer of 1829, Abram Stratton, then a young man, in company with a friend by the name of Burrell, traveled from the State of New York to Bureau on foot, with knapsacks on their backs. After exploring the country further south, Mr. Stratton made a claim on West Bureau, where he now lives, and consequently he is one of the first settlers of this county. About one year after coming here, Mr. Stratton returned east to make preparations for a permanent settlement in the west. While east, he selected farming utensils, such as plow irons, hoes, spades, &c., for himself and two of his neighbors; having boxed them up, he shipped them west, by the way of the lakes. Late in the fall the boxes containing the goods were landed from a schooner at the mouth of St. Joseph river, and about the same time Mr. Stratton arrived there on foot. Being late in the fall, no vessel would be likely to cross the lake before spring, so Mr. Stratton employed two Frenchmen with a pirogue, to take him and his goods around the head of the lake to Chicago, one hundred and twenty miles distant. Winter was now close at hand—the lake so rough that their frail craft could scarcely buffet the waves, and many times they were compelled to land, unload their goods on the beach, and wait for the water to calm. After nine days spent in making this perilous voyage, they at last came in sight of the stars and stripes that floated over Fort Dearborn. On arriving at Chicago, Mr. Stratton had his boxes conveyed to Plainfield, thirty miles southwest. Here he bought a yoke of cattle, made a sled, on which his boxes were placed, and proceeded on his journey westward. The snow at the time was very deep, the weather cold, and part of the way no road could be seen, and the course was taken from grove to grove. On arriving at Hartzell's trading house, on the Illinois river, Mr. Hartzell proposed to show him the way across the river and through the timber of the bottom; but when about to start, a large number of Indians came in to trade, and he could not leave. Mr. Stratton, on receiving directions concerning the route, went on alone. Being directed to cross the river above Hennepin Island, then go up stream on the ice, until he came to a blazed tree, from which he could find a road through the timber, cut out a few

weeks before by Timothy Perkins and others. After going a short distance up the river, the ice cracked from the weight of the cattle and sled, and being fearful of breaking in, he left it for the shore, but here he was without a road, and was obliged to cut one through the timber; in doing so he lost his reckoning, and the day was spent in finding his way out of the river timber.

It was a cold, windy day, the thermometer below zero, the snow three feet deep, and drifted in places so that a road had to be made with a shovel before the oxen could get through. When Stratton arrived on the Princeton prairie, in vain he searched along the timber for Epperson's residence, sometimes going north, then south along the margin of the grove. Night came on, and his cattle gave out, so he encamped in the edge of the grove, near where John H. Bryant now lives. Shoveling away the snow, a place was made to camp, into which the cattle and sled was brought. Stratton cut down a dry tree, and as it fell it buried itself in the snow. With flint and tinder, (matches not being in use in those days), he built a fire, by the side of which he remained until morning. Next morning, after cutting down a small tree for his cattle to browse, he started on foot, in search of Epperson's cabin, which he succeeded in finding; and next day he reached his claim on West Bureau, after spending two weeks in making a trip from Plainfield. For many years Mr. Stratton kept his yoke of cattle and sled—with them he frequently went to church or a visiting, and with them he fled from the country at the commencement of the Black Hawk war.

In the fall of 1831, Mr. Stratton married Miss Sarah Baggs, a niece of Henry Thomas, and their wedding was the second one celebrated within the limits of this county.

Is is a fact worthy of note—Abram Stratton, Ezekiel Thomas, and Michael Kitterman, are the only persons in this county, who continue to live on claims, which they made previous to the Black Hawk war.

About the first of March, 1830, Elijah Epperson, with his family, arrived on Bureau, in search of a place to make his future home. Leaving the Galena Road, at Boyd's Grove, they crossed the prairie, near the mouth of Bureau creek, and stayed over night with Timothy Perkins. Next day, they went in search of a claim, and by their wagon, the first track was made across the Princeton prairie. Mr. Epperson, and his son Hezekiah, followed up Bureau timber, in search of a spring, until they came to the present residence of James G. Forristall, and here they were surprised to find John L. and Justus Ament, engaged in building a cabin. Retracing their steps, they found in the timber, where F. Stoner now lives, a good spring, and by the side of which they built a cabin. Here Mr. Epperson settled, and here lived until his death, and he will long be remembered as one of the early pioneers of Bureau county.

Probably there is no one among the pioneers of Bureau county, whose life has been so eventful, and who became so extensively known throughout the country, as Dad Joe. In the spring of 1825, he moved from Kentucky to Peoria, was one of the first commissioners of Peoria county, and assisted in its organization. A few years afterwards, Dad Joe moved to the lead mines, but left it on the breaking out of the Winnebago war, and settled at Rock Island. He had made a claim near Black Hawk's village,

and was engaged in making a farm, when difficulty arose between the settlers and Indians, which caused many of the former to flee from the country.

One day while Dad Joe was absent, a party of drunken Indians attacked his family, probably with the intention of murdering them. While his wife was in the door yard, an Indian struck her on the head with his tomahawk, knocking her down, and cutting her head in a shocking manner; as he was about to repeat the blow, Young Joe, then a lad of twelve years of age, rode his horse on the Indian, thereby thwarted the fatal stroke. Nicholas, an older son, ran to the rescue of his mother, and was about to shoot the Indian, but prudence dictated otherwise, knowing, in that event, the whole family, with all the settlers about Rock Island, would be massacred. It was after dark when Dad Joe returned to his home, to learn of an attempt to murder his wife, and it was with difficulty that he was restrained from taking revenge on the Indians.

It was a cold, windy day, in early spring when Dad Joe, with his family and all his household goods in a two horse wagon, arrived at the grove. Having been twice driven from his home on account of Indians, he concluded to make this grove his permanent residence, although off from a public road, and only two families living within twenty miles of him. On the east side of the grove a tent was pitched, in which the family found shelter until a cabin could be built. Soon after settling at the grove, Dad Joe conceived a plan of changing the Galena road, which passed by Red Oak Grove, so as to go by his cabin. Accordingly, he staked out the new road, built a bridge across the Inlet, and in a few weeks it became a beaten track. For six years Dad Joe lived at the grove keeping a house of entertainment, and on leaving there he settled four miles north of Princeton, when he died in 1852.

HAMPSHIRE COLONY

On the 23rd of March, 1831, a colony was formed at Northampton, Massachusetts, for the purpose of settling in the west. This colony organized a religious society, which was called the "Hampshire Colony Congregational Church," and consisted of eighteen members, and it formed the nucleus of the present Congregational Church, of Princeton. By agreement, the members of the colony met at Albany, New York, on the 5th of May, for the purpose of continuing their journey westward. From here, they went on a canal boat to Buffalo, and from there on a steamer to Detroit. At this place they expected to obtain passage on a schooner for Chicago; no steamboat had at that time passed around the lake, and all the commerce was carried on by sail vessels only. The schooner on which they expected passage, was already loaded, and could not take them on board, consequently they were left on shore. On learning that it would be about three months before another schooner would leave for Chicago, they hired teams and pursued the journey by land. On arriving at Mottsville, on the St. Joseph river, Michigan, two of the horses belonging to the teams died, and some of the party were obliged to continue the journey on foot. They bought two canoes, lashed them together, and proceeded down the river, sixty-five miles, to the portage, or big swamp, five miles in length, which connected with the Kankakee, and Illinois rivers, to the mouth of Big Vermillion, nearly opposite the present site of LaSalle. At this point they were met by their agent, Mr. Jones, who had preceded

them, and had selected what was afterwards known as Princeton prairie, for their future homes.

At that time, the settlers on Bureau, were all absent from their homes, having fled on account of Indian troubles; and to the colonists, things looked gloomy, and discouraging. The colonists remained at Baily's Point, east of the river, until a treaty with the Indians was concluded at Rock Island; and the settlers returned to their cabins. Dr. Chamberlain, and Eli and Elijah Smith, joined in buying a wagon and two yoke of cattle, so as to move their families and household goods, to Bureau. At that time, Phillips, Brigham, and Forristall, three single men, occupied a cabin where Mr. Forristall now lives, and to this cabin the emigrants were bound. Without any road across the prairie, they left Spring Creek timber, shaping their course in a northwest direction, so as to strike Bureau at the desired point. In a stream on the prairie, (supposed to be Brush creek), their wagon stuck fast in the mud, and as it was near night they left it and proceeded on their journey. Dr. Chamberlain, was riding the only horse that belonged to the party, and he took Mrs. Eli Smith behind him. Elijah Smith mounted an ox, with his wife behind him; Eli Smith was on another steer, with Oscar Chamberlain, riding behind him. Others of the party were mounted on two steers, and in this way they started for Phillips' claim, about ten miles distant. On reaching East Bureau creek, at a little grove near the present site of Malden, night overtook them, and in the darkness they found it impossible to proceed further. Here in this little grove they decided to stay all night, and without tents or bedding, they laid down among the brush to sleep. Next morning the men mounted the steers, with their women on behind him, as they had done the evening before, and returned to their wagon; the wagon at last was extricated from the mud, and they proceeded on their way. It was late in the afternoon when the emigrants reached Phillips' cabin, and their journey to the west was at an end.

A few days before starting for the west, Eli and Elijah Smith were married to two sisters, and their journey to Illinois, occupying about three months, which will long be remembered by them, as their wedding tour.

When the Hampshire Colony arrived on Bureau, Mr. Epperson was the only person living in Princeton township, and he assisted them in selecting their claims. The colonists surveyed the land from Epperson's claim, for five miles up Main Bureau timber, and staked off their claims; but a few of them settled on the land assigned to them. Dr. N. Chamberlain located one and one-half miles south of Princeton, on a farm now belonging to Mr. Dee. Eli and Elijah Smith built a double log cabin, on Bureau bluff, three miles north of Princeton. Among the young men of the colony, were C. G. Corss, George Hinsdale, Aaron Gunn, John P. Blake, E. H. and E. S. Phelps, Jr. Aaron Gunn made a claim on the Doolittle farm, and afterwards at La Moille, but is now living in LaSalle. Mr. Corss made a claim two and one-half miles southeast of Princeton, on which he lived until his death, which occurred a few years ago. John G. Blake made a claim where Arthur Bryant now lives, but soon afterwards went east of the river, where he settled. Mr. Blake now lives in Putnam county, and for many years was county judge. E. H. Phelps is now living in Princeton, and is one among the few original members left of the Hampshire Colony Church. E. S. Phelps, Sen., also lives in Princeton, but is far advanced in life. E. S. Phelps, Jun., lives in Wyandot, and has been long known as a contributor to the public journals of Bureau county.

The settlement made by the colonists was called Greenfield, and Elijah Smith was appointed postmaster.

Their church, when organized on Bureau, consisted of only six members, and meetings were held alternatively at the cabins of Chamberlain's and Smith's. Before leaving Massachusetts, their friends presented them with a silver sacrament set. This set was left during the Black Hawk war, at the house of Elijah Smith, and was stolen either by whites or Indians. Next spring after the war, when the prairie was burned, a part of this sacramental set was found on West Bureau, but was much damaged by the burning of the grass.

On account of the Indian war, the Hampshire Colony was partly broken up; many of its members left the country, and settled in other localities, which were less exposed to Indian depredations. E. S. Phelps, Sen., and Alvah Whitmarsh were members of the colony, but went south with their families, and did not settle on Bureau, until some years afterwards.

Although the Hampshire Colony did not meet with success as its projectors expected, still it formed the nucleus for a large New England settlement here, and many of the enterprising citizens of Bureau county came here in consequence of it.

CHAPTER IX

EXPLORING THE COUNTRY

In the summer of 1829, Henry and Ezekiel Thomas, in company with four other persons, from Tazewell county, made a tour eastward to see the country. This party all mounted on horseback, and supplied with provisions, blankets, &c., so they could camp out at night. Leaving Henry Thomas, on the morning of a bright summer day, they followed up Main Bureau timber, for a number of miles, then made their way eastward along the north side of the Illinois river timber. Not a settler nor one mark of civilization was to be seen through the limits of Bureau county. The party followed up the river to the foot of the rapids, near Starved Rock, where they forded it and explored the country, on the east side, along the great bend of the Illinois river. On their return homeward they came to Hartzell's Trading House, which was located on the bank of the river, a short distance above Hennepin Island. At that time there was no ferryboat, and the party were compelled to swim their horses across the river. Ezekiel Thomas took the lead, and was followed by the rest of the party in Indian file, whose horses were soon floundering in the placid waters of the Illinois. When part way across the girth of Henry Thomas' saddle broke, and the saddle with the rider floated off by the current, while the horse continued on his way for the opposite shore. Mr. Thomas being left alone in the middle of the river, managed to keep himself and saddle afloat, until he was rescued by a man in a canoe.

The party being safely landed on the west side of the river, found their way with great difficulty through the thick timber of the river bottom. As they came nigh the present site of Bureau valley mills, they discovered a wagon track, which excited their curiosity, as no person was then living west of the Illinois river, except Henry Thomas and the Ament family. The party turned their horses about and followed the wagon track, in order to obtain a clue to this mysterious affair. The track crossed the creek, and wound along the bluff, until it came to a small opening in the timber, since known as Hoskins' prairie. Here by the side of a spring,

where the family of Brown Searl now lives, they found two families encamped. The emigrants, had cut down a large tree, against the trunk of which a fire was built, and fronting the fire was a cloth tent to shield their families from the sun and rain. The women were busy with their domestic affairs, while the men were off deer hunting, in order to supply them with meat.

The names of these two emigrants were Amos Leonard and Daniel Dimmick, both of whom were prominent in the early settlement of this county, and a further account of them will be found in another part of this work. They were from Knox county, Ohio, and had traveled from there with an ox team. Crossing the river at Peoria, they followed up on the west side until they came to Bureau, when they stopped, with the intention of making it their future home.

SETTLERS FLEE FROM THEIR HOMES

In the spring of 1831, the settlers on Bureau were apprehensive of trouble with the Indians, as rumors were in circulation that different tribes had united for the purpose of making war on the frontier settlement. Black Hawk, with a part of his band, had crossed the Mississippi, and had taken possession of his old village near Rock Island. Trouble existed between these Indians and the settlers, who had laid claim to the Indian cornfields and wigwams, and were unwilling to give them up, on their return to the village. In order to prevent bloodshed, Gov. Reynolds called out seven hundred volunteers, to protect the settlers, as well as to intimidate the Indians. In the later part of June, these volunteers, accompanied by Gen. Gaines with a regiment of regulars, repaired to Rock Island, to put an end to these disturbances. On the approach of the army, the Indians fled west of the Mississippi, and this bloodless victory was celebrated by firing of cannon. The report of Gen. Gaines' cannon was heard on Bureau, and the settlers believing that hostilities had commenced, fled from their homes. At that time, there were only sixteen families living within the limits of Bureau county, while the country north and west, was an unbroken wilderness without one inhabitation of white men; so that Bureau settlement occupied a frontier position, without protection from forts, or military posts. A report was current that the Indians of Bureau had gone west to join Black Hawk, and a raid on the settlement might be expected at any time. A traveler, on the Sac and Fox trail, said he met near Bureau Grove, about five hundred warriors, going westward; for the purpose as he supposed, of joining the Sac and Foxes at Rock Island.

The families of Elijah Epperson, John Williams, John L. and Justus Ament, hearing these reports, and the firing of cannon at Rock Island, started to leave the country, and had proceeded as far as Round Point, where the city of Princeton now stands, where they halted, for consultation; some being in favor of continuing on their way, while others opposed it. After a long parley, it was agreed that Shaubena should be consulted in regard to their safety, in case they remained in the country, and by his decision they would abide. Hezekiah Epperson and Justus Ament went to Shaubena's camp, which was then located on the Corss run east of the Doolittle farm, while the remainder of the fugitives, with their ox teams returned to Epperson's cabin to await events. When the messengers arrived at Shaubena's camp, they did not find him at home, having gone on

business to Hartzell's Trading House, but they left word on his return to come immediately to Epperson's cabin, where his friends were in waiting for him.

Men, women and children, were collected in the door yard, fronting the cabin, undecided what to do, when in the distance they heard the clattering of horse's feet, and in a moment, Shaubena, with his pony on a gallop, was seen coming through the timber and across the Epperson run, in the direction of the cabin. As he rode up to the settlers, he raised his hand high above his head, and addressed them with "Buzu Necons," which in English, "How do you do, my friends." The men collected around Shaubena, to learn his opinion in relation to the war, and what he thought about their remaining longer in the country. In answer to these inquiries, Shaubena said he thought there would be trouble between the whites and Sacs and Foxes. The young men, he thought, might stay on their claims and raise a crop, but the squaws and papooses should leave the country immediately. The oxen were again hitched on to the wagons, and they all fled east of the Illinois river. On the Ox Bow prairie, a call was made for volunteers to assist the Bureau settlers in taking away their property, when about fifty came forward, who marched forthwith for Bureau settlement.

A short time previous, Thomas Hartzell, and Ira Ladd, built a small boat, and established a ferry at the head of Hennepin Island. At this ferry, the rangers were taken across, which occupied several hours, as the boat could only carry six horses and their riders at a time. When the rangers were all landed on the west side of the river, they put their horses on a canter for Indiantown.

It was a bright June day, without a cloud in the sky, and the wild flowers along Bureau valley, were in full bloom; birds were singing among the branches of the trees, and the rippling water of Bureau creek could be heard, as it glided quietly on its way to the river.

As the rangers cantered their horses up the valley, crossing and re-crossing the creek, at short intervals; they were enchanted by the beauty of the surrounding scenery. Their loud talk and merry laugh, as well as the clattering of their horses feet, could be heard at a distance, and the sound of which was made to re-echo from the surrounding bluffs.

All was quiet at the Indian village; athletic hunters were lazily lying around under the shade of trees. The squaws were at work in their corn-fields, and scores of papooses were playing on the green, when all of a sudden the Indians discovered this armed force approaching their village, and believing they were about to be attacked, they fled in great haste. Warriors, with rifles in their hands, and squaws, with papooses on their backs, were seen in great numbers climbing the bluff south of the village, while others mounted their ponies, and putting them at the top of their speed, fled up Bureau, and were soon out of sight of the rangers.

An old Indian, who was confined to his couch by sickness, believing that his time had come, commenced singing his death song, and was prepared to depart to the happy hunting ground.

John Griffith, one of the rangers, who afterwards owned a saw mill on Bureau creek, followed the Indians, and speaking well the Pottawatamie language, prevailed on their chiefs, and principal warriors to return. Autuckee, Meommuse, and Girty, with others returned to their village and had

a talk with the rangers. In this conference they stated that they had no intention of going to war, and until then they were not aware of the flight of the settlers. The rangers were now convinced, that the alarm was without any foundation, so far as the Pottawatamies were concerned, and they returned to their homes.

Seven young men, belonging to this company of rangers, among whom were Madison Studyvin, John Griffith, Ira Ladd, and Jonathan Wilson, being desirous of seeing the country, continued their journey westward, and stayed over night at Henry Thomas'. Next day as they were returning home, they saw, while on the Princeton prairie, three men on horseback, traveling westward, and being fond of sport, galloped their horses towards them. These three men proved to be Epperson, Jones and Foot, who were on their way to Epperson's cabin. Mistaking the rangers for Indians, they wheeled their horses about, and fled in the direction of Hennepin. The panic was complete, and the fugitives urged their horses forward under the whip, believing the preservation of their scalps depended on the fleetness of their steeds. Saddle-bags, blankets and other valuables, were thrown away to facilitate their speed. On they went, at a fearful rate, pursued by the rangers. In the flight, Foot's horse fell down, throwing the rider over his head; but Epperson and Jones made no halt, having no time to look after their unfortunate comrade, but leaving him to the tender mercies of savages, they continued on their way. When the fugitives arrived at the Hennepin ferry, they were exhausted from fright and over exertion; their horses were in a foam of sweat, while loud puffs of breath came forth from their expanded nostrils. Above the snorting of the horses, and clattering of their feet, were heard the hoarse voice, "Injuns, Injuns." On the west side of the river were a number of people looking after their cattle, which had been driven from their claims, and on hearing the cry of Injuns, they, too, ran for their lives. Epperson and his comrades sprang from their horses, and ran for the ferry boat, saying that they had been chased by a large body of Indians, who were but a short distance behind, and would be upon them in a moment. As quick as possible, the ferry boat left for the opposite shore; one man being left behind, jumped into the river and swam to the boat, when all were safely landed on the east side of the river, and before the panic subsided, the supposed Indians arrived, when the whole matter was explained.

Foot and Jones were single men, and belonged to the Hampshire Colony, having arrived in the country a short time before. Foot had made a claim two miles north of Princeton, on a farm now occupied by John Shugart, and Jones claimed the land where James Garvin now resides. This terrible scare disgusted them with the country, and neither of them ever returned to make good their claims, but settled east of the river.

HICKORY RIDGE

A short distance below the mouth of Bureau creek, formerly covered with thick timber, is a slight elevation, running parallel with the river and called Hickory Ridge. In the early settlement of the country, and at times of high water, this ridge was made a place of landing for the Hennepin ferry-boat. According to tradition, this place has been the scene of a number of incidents, which occurred long before the settlement of the country.

In September, 1681, according to Jesuit history, a company of French soldiers, commanded by Capt. Tonti, were stationed by La Salle at Fort St.

Louis, on Buffalo Rock, two miles below the present site of Ottawa. To escape from being massacred by Indians, these soldiers abandoned the fort, and escaped at night, in their canoes, down the river. After proceeding on their way about twenty miles, they stopped at the mouth of a large creek to dry their clothing, and repair their canoes. This large creek referred to, must have been Bureau, as no other stream on the route will answer this description. With this party of soldiers were two noted missionaries, named Father Zenable and Gabriel, who had devoted their lives to the conversion of Indians. While the party were engaged in repairing their canoes, Father Gabriel, who was fond of solitude, followed down the bank of the river, wandering off into the thick timber of the bottom and was missing when the time of departure arrived. He was searched for in vain; guns were fired, and fires built along the bank of the river, but all to no purpose. After waiting many hours, they gave him up for lost, and proceeded on their journey. It was afterwards ascertained that he was taken prisoner by a band of Indians, carried off and murdered by them. The loss of Father Gabriel was much regretted, as he was an old man of seventy years, and much devoted to the work of the church.

On the upper end of this ridge, a few rods below the mouth of the creek, a Frenchman, named Beuro, from whom the creek took its name, built a trading house, but at what period is not known. Antonia Deschamps, who for many years was an agent of the American Fur Company, and spent most of his long life at Fort Clark, said, when a boy, previous to the year 1790, he saw every spring canoes loaded with furs and buffalo robes, and other skins, pass down the river from Beuro's trading house. The Indians say Beuro died, while his agent with canoes loaded with furs, was on a trip to St. Louis, and his wife, who was a Pottawatamie squaw, put his stock of goods in canoes, and took them to her people, living at the mouth of Fox river.

After the destruction of Black Partridge's village, which occurred in September, 1812, by volunteers under Gov. Edwards, as previously stated, part of the band took refuge on Hickery Ridge. These Indians, thinking the volunteers would pursue them up the river in their boats, tore down the old trading house of Beuro, and with the logs built a breastwork on the river bank, so they could fire on them as they ascended the river. Gerton S. Hubbard says this breastwork was still standing when he came to the country, in the year 1818. (A few years ago, David S. Miller cut the timber off Hickery Ridge and put the land under cultivation. On the upper end of the ridge, many relics of the past were found, showing where a dwelling once stood. Pieces of pottery, glassware, and other relics of civilization, were found imbedded in the ground. On the bank of the river are still to be seen the signs of a breastwork or fortification. Thirty years ago, Cyrus Langworthy, in cutting timber on this ridge, found a rifle ball in a tree, which, according to the growth, must have been imbedded there some seventy years before). It appears the volunteers did not ascend the river in boats, as the Indians expected, but a part of them on horseback, commanded by Lieut. Robenson, came up to Bureau creek, and from that circumstance the stream took the name of Robenson river, which appeared on the old State maps.

CHAPTER V

SETTLEMENT OF LEEPERTOWN AND HOSKINS' PRAIRIE

It has already been stated that Amos Leonard and Daniel Dimmick, settled on the Hoskins' prairie, in the summer of 1829, and were, therefore, the first settlers, with one exception, in the eastern part of the county. A few weeks after they came to the county, Timothy Perkins and Leonard Roth, (the latter a single man), came to Bureau, and built a cabin near the present site of Leepertown, bought the claims of Leonard and Dimmick, and on them he made a large farm. In the fall of the same year Wm. Hoskins and John Clarke made claims in this vicinity, and became permanent settlers. Dimmick, having sold his claim, went to Dimmick's Grove (now La Moille), where he lived two years, and then left the country. During the summer of 1830, Amos Leonard, who was a mill-wright by trade, built a grist mill on East Bureau, about eighty rods above its mouth. This mill was constructed with round logs, twelve feet square, and all its machinery, with a few exceptions, were made of wood. The mill stones were dressed out of boulder rocks, which were taken from the bluffs near by, and the hoop they ran in was a section of a hollow sycamore tree. This mill, when in running order, would grind about ten bushels per day, but poor as it was, people regarded it as a great accession to the settlement, and it relieved them of the slow process of grinding on hand mills, or pounding their grain on a hominy block. Settlers east of the river, as well as those living near the mouth of Fox river, patronized Leonard's mill, and it is now believed that it was the first water mill built north of Peoria.

In 1831, Henry George, a single man who was killed at the Indian creek massacre, made a claim, and built a cabin, on the present site of Bureau Junction. In 1833, John Leeper bought Perkins' claim, and a few years afterwards built a large flouring mill, which received much patronage from adjoining counties. Quite a village (called Leepertown), grew up at this mill; but in 1838 the mill burned down and the village went to decay.

In 1834, a number of emigrants found homes in this locality, among whom were David Nickerson, John McElwain, James Howe, Charles Leeper, and Major Wm. Shields. As early as 1832, a number of persons had settled in Hoskins' neighborhood, among whom were Daniel Sherley and Gilbert Kellums. In 1834 the large family of Searl came here, where many of their descendants continue to live.

MOSELEY SETTLEMENT

In August, 1831, Roland Moseley, Daniel Smith, and John Musgrove, with their families, came to Bureau, the two former were from Massachusetts, and the latter from New Jersey, having met by chance while on their way to the west. The emigrants ascended the Illinois river in a steamboat as far as Naples, and finding it difficult to obtain passage further up the river, they left their families there, and made a tour through the country in search of homes. Hearing of the Hampshire Colony on Bureau, Mr. Moseley directed his course thither, and being pleased with the country, he selected a claim. At that time, Timothy Perks claimed, for himself and family, all the timber and adjoining prairie, between Arthur Bryant's and Caleb Cook's, but he agreed to let Mr. Moseley have enough

for two farms, on condition of selling him some building material. A few months previous to the time of which we write, Timothy Perkins and Leonard Roth had built a saw mill on Main Bureau, a short distance below the present site of McManis' mill. This was the first saw mill built within the limits of Bureau county and with one exception, the first north of Peoria.

Mr. Moseley marked out his claim, cutting the initials of his name on witness trees, and contracting with Mr. Perkins to furnish him, on the land, some boards and slabs for a shanty, after which he returned to Naples to report his discovery.

The three families, with their household goods, were put on board of a keel boat at Naples, and ascended the river as far as the mouth of Bureau creek. Soon after their arrival on Bureau, they were all taken down sick with the intermittent fever, one not being able to assist the other. Although strangers in a strange land, they found those who acted the part of the good Samaritan. James G. Forristall, although living twelve miles distant, was a neighbor to them, spending days and even weeks in administering to their wants.

Daniel Smith, father of Daniel P. and Dwight Smith, of Ohio town, found shelter for his family in a shanty constructed of split puncheons, which stood on the Doolittle farm. Here Mr. Smith died a few weeks after his arrival, and he was the first white man buried within the limits of Bureau county. The widow of Daniel Smith, being left with three small children, in a strange country, and with limited means, experienced many of the hardships common to a new settlement. She made a claim where Edward Bryant now lives, and with the assistance of friends, built a cabin and made a farm.

Mr. Moseley and Mr. Musgrove were men of industry and enterprise, improving well their claims, and lived on them until their death.

SETTLEMENT EAST OF THE RIVER—FIRST STEAMBOAT

In the spring of 1827, James W. Willis and brother made a claim on the Ox Bow prairie, built a cabin, broke ten acres of land, and planted it in corn. On account of the trouble with the Winnebago Indians, which occurred that summer, they fled from the country, but returned in the fall, to find a good crop of corn which had matured, without fencing or cultivating. In September, 1826, Capt. Wm. Haws explored the country east of the river, and selected a claim near the present site of Magnolia. Sometime afterwards, Capt. Haws settled on this claim, where he continued to live, and he is regarded the oldest settler now living in Putnam county. Other pioneers came to that section of country a year or two later, among whom were J. Strawn, David Boyle, Daniel Gunn, Hilderbrans, Wilsons and others.

In 1828, Thomas Hartzell, an Indian trader, occupied a cabin on the east bank of the river, a short distance below the mouth of Bureau creek. Three years afterwards, he established himself in Hennepin, and had an extensive trade with the Indians as late as the spring of 1836, when he retired from business after accumulating a fortune.

In the spring of 1831, Hooper Warren was appointed by Judge Young, clerk of the court, and he came to Hennepin to assist in organizing the county. For a number of years, Mr. Warren was clerk of the circuit court, county clerk, recorder, judge of probate, and justice of the peace,

all of which he held at one time. In 1819, Hooper Warren was editor of Edwards' Spectator, one of the two papers then published in Illinois, and through it he carried on a warfare against the introduction of slavery, which was at that time contemplated.

In 1829, Smiley and Nelson Shephard, James Dunlavey, Thomas Galla-her, John E. Wornock, John Leeper, Samuel D. Laughlin, and others, settled at Union Grove, and in the vicinity of Florid. In September, 1831, James and Williamson Durley opened a store in a log cabin opposite the mouth of Bureau creek; afterwards they built the first house in Hennepin, and moved their store thither. In the summer of 1828, Smiley Shephard, then a young man, explored the country along the Illinois river, and made a claim three miles east of the mouth of Bureau creek, where he now lives. His location is a romantic one, occupying a high knoll at the side of the grove, and overlooking the beautiful prairie which skirts the great bend in the Illinois river, and where its windings can be seen for fourteen miles. After making his claim, Mr. Shephard returned to his home in Ohio, married a wife, and the next summer came back to Illinois, with the intention of making it his future home. From St. Louis the emigrants ascended the Illinois river in a keel boat as far as Peoria, and from there to the mouth of Bureau creek, in a small Indian trading boat. At that time no steamboat had ever ascended the Illinois river above Beardstown, and some believed that 20 years or more would elapse before they would be required on the upper Illinois. But two years had scarcely elapsed, when on a bright May morning in 1831, Mr. Shephard and his neighbors were surprised to hear the puffing of a steamboat, and for many miles they could see the smoke from her chimneys as she followed around the great bend of the river. This was the steamer Caroline, the first boat that ever came above Peoria. The Caroline ascended the river as far as Crozier's trading house, at the mouth of Big Vermillion, and from that day the landing was called Shipmansport. After cutting and taking some wood on board, and piloted by Mr. Crozier, who was well acquainted with the channel, the boat ascended the river to Ottawa. In September following, the steamboat Traveler came up the river as far as Crozier's landing, and from that time steamboats would occasionally ascend the river.

When John Hall, William Hoskins, and others, living near the Illinois river, heard the puffing of the steamer Caroline, it caused great rejoicing among them, regarding it a harbinger of commerce and civilization.

A party of Indians were encamped on Negro creek, about one mile above its mouth, when the Caroline ascended the river, and on hearing the puffing the squaws and papposes were greatly alarmed, never having seen or heard a steamboat before. Some of the Indians mounted their ponies, and put them at the top of their speed to learn the cause of the strange noise, and for some distance they galloped their ponies along the bank of the river, in order to get a good view of the monster. An Indian boy was the first to return to camp after seeing the steamboat, when the squaws gathered around him for an explanation of the strange noise which they had heard. The boy, who was much excited, said to them that the Great Spirit had gone up the river in a big canoe. This canoe, he said, was on fire, and the puffing which they had heard was caused by the Great Spirit being out of breath paddling it so fast up stream.

PUTNAM COUNTY ORGANIZED

In the spring of 1831, Putnam county was organized, in accordance with an act of the legislature passed in January previous. By this act new boundaries were given to Putnam, which made it include territory on the east side of the river, that formerly belonged to Tazewell county.

At the time Putnam county was organized, all the country north and west of Bureau settlement, was a wild, unsettled country, without a permanent resident, except the miners about Galena. At that time Chicago was spoken of as a trading post, in the northeast part of Putnam county, and contained nothing but a garrison and a few Indian traders. With the exception of the Peoria and Galena road, there was not a mail route throughout the country; all other roads were scarcely more than Indian trails, and not passable for wagons. The only commerce of the country was carried on by Indian traders, who were located at various places along the principal streams. Bureau post office, at Henry Thomas', was the only one in the new county, but a few weeks after the county was organized, David Boyle, of Ox Bow prairie, obtained a grant and opened a post office.

In accordance with the provisions of the legislature, an election was held on the first Monday of March, at the house of William Haws, near the present site of Magnolia, to elect county officers, at which only 24 votes were cast. Thomas Galleher, George Ish, and John M. Gay, were elected county commissioners; Ira Ladd, sheriff; Aaron Paine, coroner; Dr. N. Chamberlain was afterwards appointed school commissioner. Mr. Gay and Dr. Chamberlain were residents of Bureau settlement.

The act of the legislature for laying off Putnam county, provided that the county seat should be located on the Illinois river, and called Hennepin. In May, the three commissioners appointed by the legislature met, and after examining a number of places along the river, located the county seat at Hennepin, where it still remains. It is said that the town site of Henry was first selected, but through the influence of settlers on the east side of the river, it was changed to the present site.

The first commissioners' court was held in Hartzell's trading house, a short distance above the present site of Hennepin. One of the first acts of the commissioners was to borrow two hundred dollars, on the credit of the county, and send a man to Springfield to enter the land where Hennepin is located. But the land not being in market, it was not entered until some years afterwards. At the first meeting of the commissioners they passed a license act, fixing the tariff on the different kinds of business, among which were the following: License for merchant or peddler, from six to sixteen dollars; for tavern keeper, from three to five dollars, and they were restricted to the following charges: For keeping a horse over night, twenty-five cents; one full feed, twelve and one-half cents; one meal for a man, eighteen and three-fourth cents; one night's lodging, six and one-fourth cents; half pint of whiskey, twelve and one-half cents; one gill, six and one-fourth cents.

The first circuit court of Putnam county was held in May, 1831, at the house of Thomas Hartzell. R. M. Young was judge, and Thomas Ford, afterwards Governor, state's attorney. The judicial district at that time, extended from the mouth of the Illinois river to the northern boundary of the State, including Galena and Chicago. The records show that most of the early settlers on Bureau served either as grand or petit jurors at this term of court. The grand jury held its session on a log, under the shade of a tree, and the only indictment found was against a man for bigamy. The

jury regarded it unfair for a man to have two wives, while most of them were without any. There was no civil business before the court, and it adjourned, after being in session one day.

Putnam county was divided into four precincts, two on the east side of the river, named Hennepin and Sandy, and two on the west side of the river, named Spoon River and Bureau. Bureau precinct included all that part of the county west of the Illinois river, and north of a direct line drawn from the head of Crow Meadow prairie to Six Mile Grove, thence northwest to the county line. This territory included all of Bureau, and part of Putnam, Stark and Marshall counties. The first general election, after the organization of the county, was held at the house of Elijah Epperson, on the 18th of August, 1831, when nineteen votes were cast, whose names were as follows: Henry Thomas, Elijah Epperson, Mason Dimmick, Leonard Roth, John M. Gay, Samuel Glason, Curtis Williams, Justus and John L. Ament, J. W. Hall, Henry Harrison, Abram Stratton, Ezekial Thomas, Hezekiah and Anthony Epperson, E. H. Hall, Adam Taylor, Daniel Dimmick, and Thomas Washburn.

At this election, John M. Gay and Daniel Dimmick were elected justices of the peace; the latter did not qualify, but the former, John M. Gay, was the only acting justice of the peace on the west side of the river, for a number of years after the organization of the county.

CHAPTER VI

PEORIA AND GALENA STATE ROAD

This great thoroughfare of early times, had its origin in the spring of 1827, and for some years it was known as Kellogg's trail. The road which formerly connected the lead mines with the settled part of the state, passed by Rock Island until the spring of 1827, Mr. Kellogg, with three wagons and a drove of cattle, went direct through the country from Peoria to Galena, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. Other travelers followed Kellogg's trail, and soon it became a beaten track. Charles S. Boyd passed over this road, on horseback, a few days after it was made, and he did not see a white man, after leaving the lead mines, until he came within twenty miles of Peoria. At the time of the Winnebago war, in the summer of 1827, Col. Neale, with six hundred volunteers from the southern part of the state, passed over this road, and as no springs were then found on the route, the troops were obliged to drink out of sloughs or ponds along the way.

Soon after this road was opened, droves of cattle and hogs, with emigrant and mining wagons, as well as a daily mail coach, passed over it, which made it one of the great thoroughfares of the west. For a number of years after this road was opened, only six cabins were built along its entire length, and these stood fifteen or twenty miles apart so as to entertain travelers. Besides these six cabins, no marks of civilization could be seen between Peoria and Galena, and the country through which it passed was still in the possession of Indians.

This road originally passed through the head of Boyd's Grove, over the town site of Providence, a few rods west of Wyanet, and by Red Oak Grove. Afterward it was changed to pass through Dad Joe Grove, and in 1833 it was made to pass through Tiskilwa and Princeton.

In the spring of 1831, Dad Joe received a large, sealed package, wrapped around with red tape, and inscribed, "Official Documents." On opening it, an order was found from the commissioner's court of Jo Daviess county,

notifying him that he was appointed overseer of highways, and fixing his district from the north line of Peoria county to Rock river, a distance of sixty-five miles. In this district Dad Joe could only find four men, besides himself, to work on this sixty-five miles of road.

In 1833, an act passed the legislature to survey and permanently locate the Peoria and Galena road, and appointed Charles S. Boyd, J. B. Merrideth and Dad Joe, commissioners for that purpose. Although this road had been traveled for six years, it had never been surveyed or legally established, and with the exception of bridging one or two sloughs, no work had been done on it. The commissioners met at Peoria for the purpose of commencing their work, and at the ferry, now Front street, they drove the first stake. A large crowd of people had collected on that occasion, as the location of the road was to them a matter of consequence. Dad Joe, mounted on old Pat, appeared to be the center of attraction, as he was well known by everyone about Peoria. Eight years previously, he was a resident of Peoria, and while acting as one of the county commissioners, he had located the county seat there, and by him the name of the place was changed from Fort Clark to Peoria.

Many of the old settlers will recollect old Pat, Dad Joe's favorite horse, which was rode or drove by him for more than twenty years, and he became almost as well known in the settlement as his noted master. He was a dark sorrell horse, with foxy ears, a star in the forehead, a scar on the flank, and was always fat and sleek. It was this horse that young Joe rode when he carried the Governor's dispatch from Dixon's ferry to Fort Wilburn, as previously stated.

Among the crowd that had collected around the commissioners, on this occasion, was John Winter, a mail contractor, and owner of the stage line between Peoria and Galena. Many stories of early times were told by those present, funny jokes passed, and all were enjoying the fun, when Winter offered to stake the choice of his stage horses against old Pat, that he could throw Dad Joe down. Now Dad Joe was no gambler, and would not have exchanged old Pat for all of Winter's horses; but being fond of fun, and while shaking all over with laughter, he said in his loud tone of voice, which could have been heard for half a mile, "Winter, I'll be blessed if I don't take that bet." Dad Joe was a thick, heavy-set man, of remarkable physical power, and wore at the time a long hunting shirt with a large rope tied around his waist. Winter was a spare, active man, a great champion in wrestling, and wore a pair of fine pantaloons, made tight in accordance with the fashion of the day. When all the preliminaries were arranged, and the parties taken hold, Winter sang out, "Dad, are you ready?" to which Dad replied, "All ready, Winter, God bless you." Winter, as quick as thought, attempted to knock his adversary's feet from under him, but instead of doing so, he was raised off the ground, and held there by the strong arms of Dad Joe. Winter kicked and struggled to regain his footing, but all to no purpose; at the same time his pantaloons burst open, exposing his person to the gaze of the laughing crowd. At last he said, "Dad, for God's sake let me down, and you shall have the best horse in my barn." Dad Joe released his hold, Winter again reached terra firma, and old Pat was safe.

The first wedding celebrated within the limits of Bureau county, took place in the summer of 1830, and the parties were Leonard Roth and Nancy Perkins, a daughter of Timothy Perkins. The license was obtained at the county clerk's office in Peoria, and the parties were married by Elijah

Epperson. There were some doubts about Mr. Epperson's authority to administer the marriage rite, as it was obtained through his church relation some years before, while living in Kentucky, but there was no authorized person, at that time, living within fifty miles of them, and the legality of the marriage was never questioned.

For a few years after Putnam county was organized, John M. Gay, as justice of the peace, was the only person on the west side of the Illinois river authorized to administer the marriage rite. Abram Stratton and Miss Sarah Baggs deferred their wedding two weeks, waiting for Mr. Gay to obtain his commission, so he could marry them. Squire Gay was sent for to marry a couple at Perkins' Grove, whose names were Peter Harmon and Rebecca Perkins, a daughter of Timothy Perkins. On the day appointed for the wedding, Gay's horse having strayed off on the prairie, could not be found until after noon, and the wedding party, being disappointed by his non-appearance, started in search of him. The groom, mounted on a horse, with the bride behind him, and the groomsmen, also on horseback, with the bridesmaid behind him, and in this way they started for Gay's residence, twenty miles distant. After going about six miles, they met Gay, accompanied by Hezekiah Epperson, on their way to the marriage feast, and it was agreed that the wedding should take place then and there. Near by stood a vacant shanty, which had been built in order to hold a claim. This shanty was without door or floor, and was very filthy, having been a resort for deer and cattle, but it answered the purpose of breaking off the wind, which was blowing hard at the time. Into this shanty the wedding party went, and here the marriage service was performed. When the wedding was over, the happy couple, with their attendants, again mounted their horses, in the same order as they came, and started on their wedding tour, while Squire Gay returned home with a two dollar marriage fee in his pocket.

DAVE JONES

This individual became so notorious in the early settlement of the county, and figures so much in its history, that a further account of him may interest the reader. Dave Jones, or Devil Jones, as he was generally called, was a small, well-built man, with very dark skin, hair and eyes as black as a raven, and he had a wild, savage appearance. He was strong and active, a good wrestler and fighter, and but few men could compete with him. For a number of years he was a terror to the settlement, being feared both by whites and Indians. Jones came to the country in the spring of 1831, and built a cabin on the present site of Tiskilwa, but getting into trouble with the Indians, he traded his claim to Mr. McCormis for an old mare, valued at ten dollars and two gallons of whisky. He next built a cabin near where Lomax's mill now stands; a year or two later, he went to Dimmick's Grove, and in 1835 he moved to Indiana, where he was hung by a mob soon after his arrival. Many remarkable feats of Jones are still remembered by old settlers, some of which are worth preserving.

In the spring of 1832, a dead Indian was found in the creek, near the present site of the Bureau Valley mills, with a bullet hole in his back, showing that he came to his death from a rifle shot. The corpse was taken out of the water by Indians, buried in the sand near by, and the affair was soon forgotten. Jones said while hunting deer in the creek bottom, he saw this Indian sitting on a log over the water, fishing, when all of a sudden he jumped up as though he was about to draw out a big fish, and pitched headlong into the water, and was drowned when he came up to him. Two

other Indians disappeared mysteriously about the same time, who were supposed to have been murdered, and on that account, it is said, the Indians contemplated taking revenge on the settlers.

One warm afternoon, Jones, with a jug in one hand, came cantering his old mare up to the Hennepin ferry, saying that his wife was very sick, and would certainly die if she did not get some whisky soon. In great haste Jones was taken across the river, and on landing on the Hennepin side, he put his old mare on a gallop up the bluff to Durley's store, where he filled his jug with whisky. Meeting with some old chums, he soon became intoxicated, forgot about his wife's sickness, and spent the afternoon and evening in wrestling, dancing "Jim Crow," and having a fight with some of his friends.

It was long after dark when Jones started for home, but on arriving at the ferry he found the boat locked up, and the ferryman in bed. Jones wrapped at the door of the ferryman's house, swearing if he did not get up and take him across, he would pull the house down, and whip him besides. But all his threats were in vain; the ferryman could not be moved. Jones went down to the river, took off the bridle reins, with which he tied the jug of whisky on his back, then drove his old mare into the river, and holding on to her tail, was ferried across the river, as he afterwards expressed it, without costing him a cent.

One afternoon, while Dave Jones was engaged in cutting out a road from Hennepin ferry through the bottom timber, his coat, which laid by the wayside, was stolen. Although the value of the old coat did not exceed two dollars, it was all the one Jones had, and he searched for it throughout the settlement. At last Jones found his coat on the back of the thief, whom he arrested and took to Hennepin. The thief was at work in Mr. Hays' field, immediately west of Princeton, when Jones presented his rifle at his breast, ordering him to take up his line of march for Hennepin, and if he deviated from the direct course, he would blow his brains out. The culprit, shaking in his boots, started on his journey, while Jones, with his rifle on his shoulder, walked about three paces behind. On arriving at Hennepin, the thief plead guilty, being more afraid of Jones than the penalties of the law, and was therefore put in jail. After Jones had delivered up his prisoner, he got drunk, was engaged in several fights, and he, too, was arrested and put in jail. At that time the Hennepin jail consisted of only one room, being a log structure, twelve feet square, and Jones being put in with the thief, commenced beating him. Seeing that they could not live together, the thief was liberated and Jones retained. At this turn of affairs, Jones became penitent, agreed to go home and behave himself, if they would let him out. Accordingly, the sheriff took him across the river, and set him at liberty; but Jones swore he would not go home until he had whipped every person in Hennepin, so he returned to carry out his threats, but was again arrested and put in jail.

A short time after the establishing of the Hennepin ferry, Dave Jones was on the Hennepin side of the river, with a wild yoke of cattle, and wished to cross over, but was unwilling to pay the ferriage. He swore before he would pay the ferryman's extravagant price, he would swim the river, saying that he had frequently done it, and could do it again. Jones wore a long-tailed Jackson overcoat, which reached to his heels, and a coon skin cap, with the tail hanging down over his shoulders, the weather at the time being quite cool. He drove his oxen into the river, taking the tail of one

of them in his mouth, when they started for the opposite shore. Away went the steers, and so went Dave Jones, his long hair and long-tailed overcoat floating on the water, his teeth tightly fastened to the steer's tail, while with his hands and feet he paddled with all his might. Everything went on swimmingly, until they came near the middle of the river, where the waters from each side of the island came together; here the current was too strong for the steers—they turned down stream, and put back for the Hennepin side. Jones could not open his mouth to say gee or haw, without losing his hold on the steer's tail, and was therefore obliged to go where the steers led him, but all were safely landed some distance below the starting place.

Jones was in a terrible rage at his failure to cross the river—beat his cattle, and cursed the bystanders for laughing at his misfortune. After taking a big dram of whisky, he tried it again, but with no better success. Three different times Jones tried this experiment, each time whipping his cattle and taking a fresh dram of whisky. At last he was obliged to give it up as a bad job, and submit to paying the ferryman the exorbitant price of twenty-five cents to be ferried over.

CHAPTER VII

THIRD INDIAN WAR

During the latter part of the winter and spring of 1833, the settlers on Bureau were alarmed at the hostile appearance of the Indians. Rumors were in circulation that the Pottawatamies and Winnebagoes were about to unite for the purpose of making war on the frontier settlements, and for that purpose held councils and war dances. In the latter part of February, a council was held between these tribes, on Green River, near the present site of New Bedford, and a large number of warriors from the Rock river country were in attendance. It is said that a Winnebago chief, by the name of Naw-wa-see, who had a village near the present site of Rockford, was wounded, and his squaw, with an infant in her arms, killed the year before by the troops in pursuit of Black Hawk, mistaking them for Sacs and Foxes. This chief, in order to avenge himself on the whites for injuries received, visited, it is said, almost every village between the lake and the Mississippi, to induce the Indians to make war on the settlers, to expel them from the country, and thereby retain their homes and hunting grounds. Indians were frequently seen riding at full gallop across the country, who were supposed to be conveying news from place to place, and at different times large bodies of them were known to have been collected together, as though in consultation. At Devil's Grove, a large number of warriors collected, and here they held a feast and war dance, which lasted two days.

The Indians no longer visited the cabins of settlers, but appeared shy and unfriendly; confidence between the white and red man no longer existed, each regarding the other with distrust. It was noticed that the Indians did not return to their village after their winter hunt, and were planting no corn, as formerly; their furs and pelts were exchanged for munitions of war, instead of the necessaries of life. The settlers, at these indications of war, became alarmed, and were undecided what to do. A meeting was called at the residence of Dr. N. Chamberlain, for the purpose of consultation, when Major Chamberlain, with others, was appointed a committee to visit Rock River, to ascertain, if possible, the intentions of the Winnebagoes, but they returned without obtaining any important facts.

While people were in a state of feverish excitement, not knowing at

what moment hostilities would commence. Mrs. Dixon, of Dixon's ferry, with her children, fled to the south in great haste, telling people on West Bureau, as she passed, that the Winnebagoes, on Rock river, were collecting their warriors together, and in all probability would attack the settlement within a few days. At this announcement, the panic became general; and people fled from the country—some going to Peoria, and others east of the river. Many cabins on Bureau remained vacant all summer, and fields uncultivated, grew up to weeds. Three years in succession the settlers had been driven from their homes, many of them were sick of the country, and left it forever; others would have done so if their means would have permitted. A number of settlers, on the Princeton prairie, joined together, and built a fort so they could remain in the country. Joel Doolittle's cabin was selected as the proper place to build this fort, and around it they erected barricades, composed of split puncheons, about fifteen feet in height, using the former for a block house.

Although this affair passed off without bloodshed, it prevented the settlers from improving their claims or raising a full crop. Many of the settlers did not return until the next year, while others abandoned their claims, and settled elsewhere, so that the settlement on Bureau had materially decreased in consequence of this trouble.

Almost forty years have now passed away since this affair took place; nothing is positively known with regard to the intentions of the Indians; and in all probability it will remain a secret. Some people believe that the Indians intended to make war on the settlers; but others think different, as they made no hostile demonstrations.

This affair is sometimes called Mrs. Dixon's war, as it was the report which she brought to Bureau, that scared the settlers away from their homes.

FALSE ALARM

In the winter of 1832-3, Capt. Brown, with a company of rangers, spent some time on Bureau, in order to protect the settlers, in case hostilities should again commence. On New Year's day, these rangers were encamped on the Hoskins' prairie, near the present residence of Mrs. Brown Searl, and as the day was warm and balmy, they amused themselves in fighting a sham battle. The sun was about one hour high when the firing commenced, and owing to the peculiar state of the atmosphere, the report of their guns were heard at a distance of fifteen miles, frightening both whites and Indians.

Sylvester Brigham, with his two sisters, both of whom were young women, were living on the Forristall farm, about two miles north of Dover. At that time they were the only persons in the neighborhood, all others having left through fear of the Indians. On hearing the firing of guns in the distance, they concluded that fighting between the whites and Indians had already commenced, and they were greatly alarmed, knowing their unprotected situation. Believing that their only means of safety was in flight, they hastily left for the settlement below. It was near sundown when Mr. Brigham and his two sisters left their cabin, with the intention of going to Eli Smith's six miles distant. In the cabin were three rifles, and each of them carried one on their shoulder, and on foot they commenced their journey for Smith's residence. Keeping out on the prairie, some distance from the timber, to avoid falling into an ambuscade of lurking savages, whom they were fearful of encountering along the edge of the timber. After traveling about one mile, they saw an Indian on horseback, who appeared to be looking at some object in the distance, but on seeing Brigham and his

sisters, he jumped from his horse, and hid himself in the dead grass near by. On going a short distance further, they saw a number of Indians come out of the timber, who stood for some time looking at them. It appears the Indians had also heard the firing, became frightened, and had come out on the prairie to make observations.

As Brigham and his sisters came nigh Smith's cabin, they were afraid to enter the timber, as they had seen Indians going in that direction; so they changed their course for Epperson's. It was now quite dark, and as they entered the timber, near Epperson's run, two Indians crossed their path, a few rods in advance of them. Believing that the woods were full of Indians, and the settlers in all probability already massacred, they turned about, and again fled for the prairie, and made their way southward, in the direction of the Moseley settlement.

It was late at night when the fugitives arrived at Mr. Musgrove's cabin, and not knowing whether it contained friends or foes, Mr. Brigham left his sisters behind, while he reconnoitred the situation. On his approach, the dog barked furiously, and Mr. Musgrove, thinking that some wild animal or robber was about the premises, urged him on, when Mr. Brigham shouted and let himself be known. The girls were then brought to the house to rest for the night, after walking twelve miles, and carrying guns on their shoulders.

JERRO AND HIS FRIENDS SAVED FROM STARVATION

The winter of 1830-31 was very cold; snow fell about three feet deep, and drifted badly on the prairies. The weather was so excessively cold that calves, pigs, and chickens, in a number of instances, froze to death. As the settlers were unprepared for such a severe winter, much suffering was the consequence. Part of the time the snow was so deep, and the weather so cold, that the Indians could not hunt, causing much suffering among them on account of scarcity of food; some of them were obliged to kill their dogs for subsistence, and many of their ponies died from starvation.

During the snow and cold weather, a party of Winnebago Indians from Rock River, were encamped in West Bureau timber, near the residence of John M. Gay, Jerro, their chief, having made Gay's acquaintance the year before, while he was engaged at Ogee's ferry (now Dixon). The Indians finding no game in West Bureau timber, went over to Main Bureau to hunt, but met with no better success. The hunters were absent three days, wading through the deep snow in search of game, while their squaws and paposes were a part of the time without food, and no means of obtaining any until their return. Many times during the second and third days, the squaws were seen to go out to the edge of the prairie to look for the returning hunters, and then with sorrowful hearts go back to their little ones, who were crying for food. It was after dark, of the third day, when the hunters returned to camp, with their feet badly frozen, and nearly starved, as they had killed no game during their absence. Jerro, their chief, went to Gay's cabin, and told him of their suffering condition, saying that they would all perish unless assisted. Mr. Gay, although short of provisions, himself, opened his potato hole and divided with them his scanty supply of potatoes and corn. For many days these Indians were kept from starvation, by contributions from Gay, Henry and Ezekiel Thomas. As soon as the weather moderated, Jerro and his band of followers left for their own country, saying to their benefactors that they should never again come to Bureau to hunt.

LITTLE JOHNNY, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE*

*(For the following story, the writer is indebted to Eli Leonard, who was at the time living near where the incident occurred. Although Leonard's story is not confirmed by other early settlers on Bureau, who ought to have heard of this incident, nevertheless, it might have occurred without their knowledge. The sequel to the story, which must be familiar to many of the readers, goes far to confirm Leonard's statement, or at least render it quite probable.)

In the fall of 1833, the Peoria and Galena road was changed so as to pass through Indiantown and Princeton, and among the first travelers that passed over it, were three families, with ox teams, moving from Morgan county to the lead mines. The emigrants encamped in the timber, near the present residence of Alex Holbrook, and their cattle, with bells on, were turned out in the timber to feed. The weather being fine, the emigrants remained over here one day, in order to wash and bake before proceeding any further on their journey. Next morning two Indians were seen skulking around the camp, as though they intended to steal something, and when they found themselves discovered they fled into the woods. In the afternoon the men went off deer hunting—the women were engaged in washing and baking, while the children were playing along the creek, some distance below the encampment. Among these children, was a beautiful little boy of four summers, called Johnny, who was a pet and favorite of this party of emigrants. This boy was left by the water's edge, playing with pebbles, while the larger children were off gathering hickory nuts, and when they returned, he was missing. Search was made for the lost child, but without effect; his hat and one shoe were found, and near by stains of blood were discovered on the leaves. The night before, the cries of a panther had been heard in the timber, and it was believed the boy had been killed by it, and carried off. After searching two days for little Johnny, the emigrants were obliged to give him up as lost, and they proceeded on their journey.

It was a cold, windy November morning, the sky overcast by gray clouds, the dry leaves were being blown hither and thither by the chilly winds, and every thing appeared dreary and cheerless to the emigrants, as they resumed their journey towards the lead mines. The mother of the lost boy, almost frantic with grief, continued to wring her hands and cry: "Where is little Johnny? Oh how can I ever leave him here in these wild woods."

It was afterwards ascertained that a party of Indians, who lived west of the Mississippi, and were visiting friends at Indiantown, had stolen the boy, and carried him off with them. These Indians were met by two travelers, on the Sacs and Fox trail, going westward with their little captive, who was tied on a pony behind some camp equipage. On seeing white people, little Johnny, with tears rolling down his cheeks, reached his hands out towards them, crying "I want my ma." The travelers suspected something was wrong, and inquired of the Indians how they came in possession of a white child, and in reply they said the boy was "half missionary" (that his mother was dead.

A sequel to this story went the rounds of the newspapers in 1848, which ran as follows: "In the fall of 1833, a family named Cooper, while moving from Morgan county, to the lead mines, had a boy of four years of age stolen by the Indians. The boy remained with the Indians in the wilds of the west, until he arrived to manhood, when he was informed by one of his

captors where his people would likely be found. After a long search, the captive found his parents, who were living in Wisconsin, and the long lost boy was at last restored to his parents and friends, after being absent fifteen years."

CHAPTER VIII

WILD ANIMALS

At one time buffalo roamed at large over the prairies of Bureau county, but at what period they left the country is not positively known. In the year 1778, Antonia Deschamps, then a lad of eight years of age, came to Fort Clark (now Peoria), where he continued to live until his death, which occurred more than seventy years afterwards. Deschamps said for some years after he came to the country, buffalo were plenty along the Illinois river, and at different times he saw large herds of them, and on one occasion, a canoe, which he was in came nigh being swamped by them swimming the stream. In the early settlement of the country, buffalo bones were plenty on the prairies, and at three different places in this county, acres of ground were covered with them, showing where large herds had perished. Skulls of buffaloes, with the horns still on, were frequently found, and their trail leading to and from watering places, were still to be seen.

Thirty-six years ago, an old Indian of near four score years, who had spent his youthful days on Bureau, said to the writer, "When a boy, buffalo were quite plenty throughout the country, and large herds of them were seen almost every day feeding on the prairies." He continued, "While yet a boy (which must have been previous to the year 1790,) there came a big snow, as high as a man's head, and so hard that buffalo walked on the top of it, and nearly all the buffalo perished." Next spring a few buffalo, poor and haggard in appearance, were seen making their way westward from the east part of the state. As they approached the carcasses of the dead buffaloes which were lying on the prairie in great numbers, they would stop, commence pawing and lowing, then start off on a lope for the west. From that time, buffalo no longer lived in this country, and they were seldom seen east of the Mississippi river. Mr. Hubbard, of the American Fur Company, says small herds of buffalo were occasionally seen roaming through the country as late as 1818, and in 1815 the Indians killed two between Bureau and Green river.

An account of the killing of the last buffalo on Bureau, supposed to be the same spoken of by Mr. Hubbard, was communicated to Peter Demott, by some of the Indians who participated in the sport. Early in the morning, a small herd of buffalo, consisting of fifty or sixty, were seen on the prairie near Black Walnut Grove, and were traveling northward, feeding as they went. The Indians had secreted themselves in a point of timber, supposed to be French Grove, awaiting their coming, and attacked them as they came along. These Indians were mounted on ponies, and armed with guns, spears, bows and arrows, &c., attacked the herd and succeeded in killing two, and wounding a number of others, that made their escape. In the fall of 1831, a large buffalo bull was seen on the prairie north of Dad Joe Grove, going in a southwest direction. Two travelers on horseback, carrying rifles, took after this buffalo, and followed him a number of miles along Green River timber, shooting at him several times, but he succeeded in making his escape.

Elk at one time were plenty on Bureau, and as late as 1818, their skins were sold in large numbers to the American Fur Company. Each year after that date, they became more scarce, and in the year 1826 the trade in them entirely ceased. A few bear and panther skins were sold at the trading house opposite the mouth of Bureau creek, but according to the statement of Mr. Hubbard, these animals were never plenty in this section of country. During the summer of 1836, a very large panther lived in Bureau timber, principally in the town of Dover, and it was frequently seen and heard by the settlers. The writer, one night, came suddenly upon its lair, when it appeared more inclined to fight than run. This panther came one night to the barn yard of James G. Forristall, killed and carried off a calf. Mr. Forristall was not at home at the time, but his wife hearing the calf bawl, ran out, and urged on the dog, but the panther, regardless of their presence, killed the calf, and dragged it off some distance, where the remains were seen next morning. People turned out "en masse" one day to hunt this panther, searching Bureau timber for miles in extent, but without success.

In the fall of 1836, Daniel Greeley killed a large bear in the town of Dover, and two bears were seen a few miles north of Princeton in the spring of 1837.

The large black and gray wolf were occasionally seen on Bureau, but the pest of the early settlers was the prairie wolf, which lived on the prairie, and would come forth at night to kill sheep, pigs, poultry, &c. The state paid a bounty on wolf scalps which done much toward their extermination. Hezekiah Epperson, of Dover, once shot a wolf in the head, and to all appearances killed it instantly. He commenced skinning the wolf, and after completing one side he turned it over to skin the other, when all of a sudden it came to life again, jumped up and ran off, with the skin flopping in the air. In this way the wolf ran about two miles, when it was overtaken by the dogs, and captured.

Deer were plenty on Bureau until the year 1843, when a large number of them were killed during a deep snow. Elial Long killed, during the winter of 1842-3, seventy eight deer, and other hunters from forty to fifty each. During the summer of 1839, a large white deer was frequently seen north of Princeton, which attracted much attention among the people. Some thought this deer was of a different species, others a freak of nature; the latter conclusion was the most probable, as it was always seen in company with other deer. In the early settlement of the county, Mr. Perkins found the skulls of two bucks, with their horns entangled in such a way, that they could not be separated without breaking the prongs, evidently having caught while fighting, and in this way they both perished. Jacob G. Spangler, of the town of Gold, while hunting deer one day, came across two bucks, which had their horns fastened together while fighting, and not being able to get out of his way, he shot both of them.

Lynx, otter, catamounts, badgers, racoons, and skunks were plenty in the early settlement of the country, but like the larger game have almost disappeared.

In the winter of 1828, John and Jacob Funk of McLean county, drove a lot of fat and stock hogs to the lead mines, and for ten days these hogs were on the road without food. While Funks were encamped on Bureau, some of these hogs strayed off, became wild, and from them wild hogs were found on Bureau and Green river many years afterwards. These wild hogs were hunted in the groves the same as deer, and from them some of the

early settlers obtained their supply of pork. Late in the fall of 1836, Franklin Marple, who lived five miles north of Princeton, killed two of these hogs and taking out the entrails, he laid them in one corner of his stable, where they lay in frozen condition until spring, when they were skinned and salted down for family use.

Two large wild boars, one black and the other blue, with enormous tusks, which showed them to be very old, were frequently seen on Green river, and for some time were a terror to hunters in that locality. One night these hogs followed a dog into the camp of two hunters, and they escaped with their lives by climbing a tree, while their supply of provisions was devoured, and their camp kit damaged by these brutes. During a deep snow, these two boars came into West Bureau timber, and with their large tusks they crippled many of the tame hogs, causing the settlers to believe that their hogs had been attacked by a panther. These wild hogs were afterwards hunted down and killed by Nicholas Smith; thus the country was rid of these brutes, which had been feared by the settlers as though they were tigers.

MIRAGE AND SOUNDS

In the early settlement of the country, mirage or optical illusions, some of which were so remarkable as to astonish the beholder, were of frequent occurrence. At sunrise, in a certain state of the atmosphere, objects at a distance appear many times their actual size. A house would look two hundred feet or more high, and a grove of timber as though it was suspended in the air. People were frequently surprised on getting up in the morning to see a grove of timber, or houses off on the prairie, where none were ever seen before. This phenomenon is said to be caused by refraction, and is seldom seen since the settlement of the country.

Before the country was settled, sounds could be heard at a great distance. The report of a gun or cow bell was frequently heard ten or twelve miles. Mr. Epperson's cow-bell could be plainly heard at Henry Thomas', a distance of seven miles. On the first of January, 1833, the firing of the rangers' guns in the Hall settlement, were heard along Main Bureau timber, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. In the summer of 1831, when Gen. Gains removed the Indians from Rock Island, the report of his cannon were heard on Bureau, at Dad Joe's and Boyd's Grove.

Was it owing to the stillness of the surroundings which caused these sounds to be heard at a remarkable distance, or has the settlement of the country produced a change in the atmosphere, impeding the transmission of sounds? This is a subject worthy of reflection.

MURDER OF REV. JOHN WILLIAMS

One of the many conspicuous land marks in the early settlement of the county, was Black Walnut Grove, which is situated in the town of Macon, near the southern limits of the county. This grove originally contained several hundred acres of good timber, and as it occupied high land, could be seen for miles away. Most all of this grove was military land, and for many years it belonged to a non-resident by the name of Hall. Asa Barney had the supervision of this grove, and sold it out to people who settled around it. The settlement commenced at Black Walnut Grove in the year 1837, and among the early settlers were Thomas Motheral, William Bates, James B. Akin, Lewis Holmes, Charles Lee, T. J. Horton, John and Curtis Wood.

More than half a century ago, Black Walnut Grove was the scene of a

fearful tragedy, probably the most brutal, with one exception, that ever occurred within the limits of Bureau county. This was the murder of the Rev. John Williams, by the Indians, in the fall of 1812. An account of this bloody affair was communicated to Peter Demott by an Indian who participated in the murder. The spot where the murder occurred was pointed out to Demott, and the manner in which it was accomplished explained. Mr. Williams was a Baptist minister, and was sent out by the Home Missionary Society, to preach to the Indians in the wilds of the west. He had spent three years preaching at the different Indian villages along the Mississippi river, making his home most of the time with a French trader, at Rock Island, named LeClere. He was now returning to his home at Marietta, Ohio, where kind friends awaited his arrival. Traveling on horseback and alone, unconscious of danger, he met his death at the hands of those savages whom he had been trying to convert.

A short time before this occurrence—in September 1812—volunteers under Gov. Edwards, had destroyed the village of Black Partridge, on the Illincis river, and some of his band driven from their homes, found refuge on Bureau; about twenty of these Indians, some of whom had lost friends by the destruction of their village, and were thirsting for revenge, met Williams as he was pursuing his way eastward. Instead of a friendly greeting, as Williams might have expected, the savages leveled their guns and fired at him, one of the shots taking effect in his side. Williams being mounted on a fleet horse, immediately put him at the top of his speed, throwing away his saddle bags and heavy baggage, so as to facilitate his speed, and for a time he left the Indian ponies far behind. The race was continued for several miles, the Indians whipping their ponies and yelling at the top of their voice. Near Black Walnut Grove, Williams' horse mired in a slough, threw the rider over his head, and before he could mount again, the Indians came up and took him prisoner.

Some of the early settlers at Black Walnut Grove will probably recollect a big walnut tree, that stood near the east end of the grove. To this tree the prisoner was taken, and around it the Indians formed themselves in a circle. Into this circle Williams was brought, with his hands tied behind him, divested of all his clothing, his scalp taken off, with the blood running down to his heels, and covering his naked body with gore. In this way Williams was compelled to run around the circle; as he ran the Indians would stick their muskrat spears into his flesh. For some time the Indians continued to torture their victim, until overcome by loss of blood, Williams fell to the ground, when one of the Indians, more human than the rest, struck him on the head with his tomahawk, and thus ended his sufferings.

CHAPTER IX

SETTLEMENT AT BOYD'S GROVE

It has already been stated that John Dixon located at Boyd's Grove, in the summer of 1828, and sold his claim, two years afterwards, to Charles S. Boyd, who lived on it for fourteen years. Many incidents, worthy of note, have occurred at or near this grove, the most thrilling of which was the freezing to death of two men in December, 1830. Three persons, named Cooper, McMillan, and a Dr. Jones, were hauling goods from Peoria to Galena, on sleds, drawn by oxen, when they were caught in a snow storm while on the prairie south of the grove. It had been snowing all day until it

became about three feet deep, and toward night it drifted so that their teams could not get through. About eight miles south of the grove, they left their teams, and started out on foot for Boyd's residence. Night came on, and in the darkness and drifting snow, they lost their way. Dr. Jones, overcome with cold and fatigue, gave out, and he was left by his comrades to perish on the prairie. Cooper and McMillan, despairing of finding the grove in the darkness, buried themselves up in a snow drift, where they remained until morning. At daylight, the storm having abated, they could see the grove about three miles distant, and started for it. Cooper's feet being badly frozen, he could not travel, and McMillan wrapped his up in his blanket and covered him with snow, and then started on his way. After proceeding a short distance, he looked back and saw Cooper trying to follow him, but he only went a few rods before he fell down and perished in the snow. Mr. McMillan badly frost bitten and almost exhausted, reached Boyd's house, to tell the sad story about the fate of his comrades. Mr. Boyd immediately started in search of Cooper, but his horse could not get through the snow drifts, so he was obliged to turn back, and the remains of Cooper were not found for some days afterwards. The remains of Dr. Jones were not found until the snow went off in the spring, having laid on the prairie about three months. Some of the cattle which belonged to the teams, wandered off toward Spoon river timber, and perished by cold and starvation.

On the night of January 18th, 1832, Mr. Boyd's house took fire and burned down, with all its contents, leaving the family almost destitute. The snow at the time was almost three feet deep, the thermometer below zero, and not a dwelling within ten miles. The family, in their night clothes, were compelled to take shelter in the smoke house, where they remained for several days. Mr. Boyd was left without pantaloons, but was relieved from his embarrassing situation next day by a traveler, who had an old pair in his saddle bags. Neighbors living twenty miles south, were notified by a traveler of the helpless condition of Boyd's family, and they came to their relief, supplying them with clothing, provisions, &c. Mr. Boyd constructed a tent in the thick timber of the grove, where himself and family remained during the winter. When spring opened his friends came from Peoria county, and assisted in building a house.

Shaubena, with his band of followers, was encamped in the grove at the time Boyd's house was burned, and he made with his own hands, and presented to Mr. Boyd, two wooden trays, which he still keeps as a memento of the past as well as in memory of the donor.

For ten years Mr. Boyd lived without neighbors—not a settler within ten miles of him—his dwelling being used, during the time, both for a hotel and post office.

Mr. Boyd is now living in Princeton, which has been his home for more than twenty-five years; although far advanced in life, he still retains much of the vigor of manhood.

In the spring of 1840, David Bryant and Mr. Clark settled south of Boyd's Grove, and Barney Hagan north of it. In 1841, John A. Griswold located on the farm which is now occupied by him, and consequently he is the oldest settler now living in the southern part of this county. Some time afterwards, Isaac Sutherland, R. Hayes, G. W. Griswold and J. W. Harris, became residents of this locality. Some years later, a settlement was made at a point of timber north of the grove, and among the early settlers, were Edwin Merrick, Col. A. E. May, and J. V. Thompson.

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF LA MOILLE AND PERKINS' GROVE

On the 19th of May, 1830, Daniel Dimmick made a claim a short distance south of La Moille, on what is now known as the Collins' farm, and from that time the head of Main Bureau timber took the name of Dimmick's Grove. In the fall of 1830, William Hall made a claim and built a cabin on the present site of La Moille, and occupied it about eighteen months. In April, 1832, Mr. Hall having sold his claim to Aaron Gunn, moved to Indian creek, twelve miles north of Ottawa, where himself and part of his family were killed by the Indians a few weeks afterwards. At the commencement of the Black Hawk war, Dimmick left his claim, and never returned to it again, and for two years Dimmick's Grove was without inhabitants; the cabins and fences went to decay, and the untilled land grew up in weeds. When Dimmick fled from the grove, he left two sows and pigs, which increased in a few years to quite a drove of wild hogs, that were hunted in the grove years afterwards, and from them some of the early settlers obtained their supply of pork.

In the spring of 1834, Leonard Roth, Greenberry Hall, and Dave Jones, made claims in the grove, and for a short time Timothy Perkins occupied the Dimmick cabin. In July of the same year, Jonathan T. Holbrook, Moses and Horace Bowen, settled in the grove. Mr. Holbrook and Moses Bowen bought Gunn's claim, and made farms. In the fall of 1834, Enos Holbrook, Joseph Knox and Heman Downing settled in the grove. In the spring of 1836, Tracy Reeve and Dr. John Kendall bought Moses Bowen's farm, and laid off La Moille. Mr. Bowen had previously made a survey of the town, but made no record of it when he sold to the above named parties. The town was originally called Greenfield, but was afterwards changed to its present name, on account of obtaining a post office.

Joseph Knox, on leaving Dimmick's Grove, located at a point of timber which was afterwards known as Knox's Grove. One night, while Mr. Knox and his sons were absent, two young Indians came to his house, probably without any evil intentions, but it frightened the women so they fled on foot for Dimmick's Grove, eight miles distant. Next morning these two young Indians, accompanied by their father, came to Dimmick's Grove to give an explanation of their visit to the house the night before. There were present, Leonard Roth, J. T. Holbrook, and Dave Jones. With the two former the explanation of the Indians was satisfactory, but with the latter it was different. Jones ordered one of the Indians to lay down his gun, and with a long stick he whipped him severely.

In 1834, Timothy Perkins and sons claimed all of Perkins' Grove, and sold out claims to those who came in afterwards. The first house that was built in the grove, was on a farm now owned by John Hetzler, and it was occupied by Solomon Perkins and Elijah Bevens. The second house was built near the present residence of A. G. Porter, and occupied by Timothy Perkins. Part of the roof of this house was composed of deer skins, and the door and windows were filled with the same material.

Joseph Screach, Stephen Perkins, and Mr. Hart settled on the west side of the grove in the spring of 1835. J. and A. R. Kendall, and J. and E. Fassett, were among the early settlers of Perkins' Grove. In 1842, a post office named Perkins' Grove was established here, but was discontinued some years afterwards.

SETTLEMENT IN THE EAST PART OF THE COUNTY

In the summer of 1828, Reason B. Hall built a cabin in the bend of the prairie, near the present residence of J. Wassom. This cabin was the second or perhaps the third one, built in this county, and for many years it was occupied in turns by different new comers. Mr. Hall being alone in a wild country, without neighbors, became dissatisfied with his location, and abandoned his cabin for a residence south of the river. He afterwards returned to his claim, and lived on it a short time, then moved to the lead mines. Edward Hall, a brother of Reason's, made a claim in this vicinity, built a cabin and occupied it a short time, when he, too, left the country.

In the fall of 1829, a black man, named Adams, built a cabin at the mouth of Negro creek, and from him the creek took its name. Adams was scared away by the Indians, abandoned his claim, and settled on the east side of the river.

In the summer of 1831, William Tompkins, Sampson and John Cole, made claims on the east side of Spring creek, and for some time they were the only permanent settlers in the east part of the county. In August, 1832, Henry Miller, with his family, settled on the farm now occupied by his son, Henry J. Miller. About the same time William Swan made a claim in this vicinity, and the next year James G. Swan made a claim where he now lives. In 1833, Robert Scott became a resident of the settlement, and about the same time Martin Tompkins and Alexander Holbrook made claims near the east line of the county, where H. W. Terry now lives. Other settlers came in soon after, among them were Reason and E. C. Hall, Mr. Wixom, Mr. Wilhite, Nathaniel Applegate, Dr. Whitehead, and C. W. Combs.

WEST BUREAU AND CENTER GROVE SETTLEMENT

It has already been stated that Henry Thomas settled on the west side of West Bureau timber, in the spring of 1828, and was therefore the first settler of Bureau county. In the spring of 1829, Ezekiel Thomas made a claim, built a cabin, and occupied it with his family, where he now lives, which makes him the oldest settler now living in this county. During the summer of 1829, Abram Stratton made a claim where he continues to live, but did not occupy it with his family until a year or two later. In 1830, John M. Gay built a cabin on the east side of the timber, on a farm now occupied by James Crownover, but sold it soon after to Abram Oblist, who lived here a short time, then sold it to J. Allen. John M. Gay had lived for two years previous to coming to Bureau, on Rock river (now Dixon), having charge of Ogee's ferry. Ogee, the proprietor of the ferry, having no education, and being drunk most of the time, the business was conducted by Mr. Gay. Soon after Gay went to Rock river, he was appointed post master, and opened an office; but there was no one living within twenty miles of him who could read or write, and when he left the place, the office was discontinued, as there was no one capable of taking charge of it.

In 1831, Thomas Washburn made a claim immediately west of the county farm, built a cabin, and broke a few acres of prairie, but abandoned it the next year. Sometime afterward, Benj. Lamb took possession of Washburn's claim, and in 1834 he sold it to James Triplett. In 1833, John, E. Chilson, and Thomas Finley, came to this neighborhood, and became permanent settlers. Mr. Finley built his first cabin on the creek bottom, where J. Dysinger now lives; but afterwards located further up the creek. Thomas Finley was a school teacher by profession, and with one exception, taught

the first school in this county. For many years Mr. Finley was a justice of the peace, and died three years ago in the poor house.

In the spring of 1834, Isaac Spangler, George Coleman, Edward and Aquilla Triplett, made claims on the east side of Center Grove. William Allen and C. C. Corss, north of it. In 1835, Lemuel and Rufus Carey, Solomon Sapp, Jacob and Adam Galer, became residents of Center Grove settlement. The same year George Bennett settled at the head of West Bureau timber, and the next year Rees Heaton settled in that locality.

In the summer of 1836, Milton Cain built a house near the present site of Pond Creek station, which was the first house built west of the timber, with the exception of that of Henry Thomas. A few years later, William Frankerbeger, Simon Lemon, Mr. Stubbs, N. Monroe and J. M. Yearnshaw, made farms on the west side of West Bureau timber.

PROVIDENCE COLONY

In the spring of 1836, a colony was organized at Providence, Rhode Island, for the purpose of making a settlement in the west. This colony consisted of seventy-two stock holders, who owned from one to sixteen shares each, and share was to draw eighty acres of land, which amounted in all to seventeen thousand acres. Com. Morris, Col. C. Oakley, Asa Barney, L. Scott, S. G. Wilson, Edward Bailey and Caleb Cushing, was appointed a committee to select and enter the lands for the colony. This committee, after exploring the country in different parts of the state, selected township 15, range 8, (now Indiantown), for their future home. The land in this township was then vacant, except a few tracts in the south east corner, and it was without inhabitants, with the exception of Martin Tompkins and Mr. Burt. All the vacant land in this township, and some in the adjoining one, was entered by the colony, and a portion of which was soon after made into farms. The colony committee, after entering the land, laid off a town, and in honor of Roger Williams, named it Providence. Two of the committee, Asa Barney, and Caleb Cushing, remained until fall for the purpose of erecting a building on their new town site; this building was a large frame structure, built out of the funds of the colony, and intended to be used for a hotel.

In the spring of 1837, about forty persons belonging to the colony, arrived at their future home, all of whom found quarters in the house built by the colony, until other dwellings could be erected. With this colony, came many of the enterprising citizens of this county, and they received a hearty welcome from the early settlers.

This colony, like all others, did not meet the expectations of its projectors, nevertheless, it added much to the wealth and population of the county. Among the members of this colony who settled here were Alfred Anthony, Hosea Barney, J. Shaw, James Harrington, James Pilkington, John Dexter, Elias Nickerson and Thomas Taylor.

CHAPTER X

BUREAU COUNTY ORGANIZED

During the fall and winter of 1836, the settlers on Bureau began to agitate the subject of dividing Putnam county, and forming a new one on the west side of the Illinois river. The great distance of part of the settlement from the county seat, and the river at some seasons of the year overflowing its banks, made it almost impossible to get to Hennepin to attend court or transact business, and it rendered the division a matter of absolute

necessity. A petition, signed by many citizens of Bureau, was forwarded to the legislature, and on the 28th of February, 1837, an act passed, setting off the county of Bureau, and fixing its boundaries as it now stands, except the towns of Milo and Wheatland, which were afterwards added on the formation of Stark and Marshall counties. The act of the legislature was not to take effect, however, unless a majority of the voters in the whole county favored it. In accordance with the act, an election was held on the first Monday of March, and it was the most exciting one ever held in the county. Previous to the day of election, a meeting was held in Princeton, and delegates appointed to visit each precinct in the county, to persuade people to vote for the division. Amariah Sherwin was appointed a delegate to Spoon river, (now Stark county), and after performing his duty, he left for parts unknown, to the disadvantage of his numerous creditors, and he has not yet returned to make his report. People on the east side of the river were equally active, and sent men to different localities, to electioneer against the division. Hennepin, at that time commanded nearly all the trade of the county, and it was well known that if a division took place, a town would spring up on the west side of the river, and much of the trade would be lost to Hennepin.

The election for or against division, was a very important one, and called forth a larger vote than the county was able to poll for some years afterwards. On the west side of the river, people voted almost "en masse" for the division, while on the east side, they voted against it. A few votes were cast in Indiantown precinct, against the division; and a few in the south part of the county, in Sandy precinct, for it. On the day of the election, great excitement prevailed, and every voter, and some that were not voters came forward to the polls. Many illegal votes were cast, but it was contended, that the end justified the means. The writer, although a minor, was brought forward, and almost compelled to vote, with many others who were yet in their teens. Hennepin had sent delegates to Princeton, to guard the polls by challenging voters, but all to no purpose; loud talk and much quarreling was the result, and they left in disgust. On their return to Hennepin, they reported that a number of travelers were stopped on the highway, and hired to vote; that every boy of sixteen, as well as many women dressed in men's clothes, had voted. There was about thirty majority for the division, and when the result was known, there was great rejoicing on the west side of the river; in Princeton by firing of guns, bonfires, and a torchlight procession with other tokens of joy. Although Bureau had won the victory fairly, (some however, contended unfairly), the matter was not yet decided, as the people on the east side of the river were determined to contest the election, on the grounds of illegality.

On the day appointed for the examination of the poll books at the clerk's office in Hennepin, many people from various parts of the county were in attendance. Thomas S. Elston, John H. Bryant and Cyrus Langworthy, were delegates from Princeton, and carried with them the poll book of the precinct. On their way to Hennepin, they went by Searl's settlement, and took with them as protestors, William Brown, Job and Timothy Searl, who were all large, athletic men, and their appearance alone was almost sufficient to intimidate all opposition. Oaks Turner, was at that time county clerk, and his office was crowded with excited people anxious to see the poll books opened. The returns of one precinct, which voted for division, could not be found, although it was proven to have been placed on the clerk's desk, and the returns of two other precincts, favoring division, was rejected on account of informality, which made a majority against division. Cyrus Lang-

worthy, acting as spokesman for the Princeton delegation, was not backward in telling them of their rascality; a regular quarrel was the result, and in all probability, he was only saved from violence by being a cripple, and backed by the four Searls, who appeared as giants among the crowd. That night there was great rejoicing at Hennepin, bonfires were lighted, powder put into the stumps, which made a loud report, and people shouted: "No division, Putnam county is still whole." A figure of a man with a broad brimmed hat, and a cane in his hand, representing Langworthy, was about to be burned in effigy, but through the interference of Mr. Durley and others, the burning was abandoned, and the old clothes saved for other purposes.

Notwithstanding the county authorities at Hennepin had decided no division, Bureau county claimed to be a county nevertheless, and went on to comply with the provisions of the act of the legislature. William Stadden, Peter Butler and Benjamin Mitchell, three commissioners who were appointed by the legislature to locate the county seat, met in May, and selected Princeton as the seat of justice. (There was but little controversy about the location of the county seat. Windsor and Providence were spoken of by a few persons interested in those paper towns, but they were not in fact competitors for it. Amariah Watson at that time owned a tract of land on Center prairie, immediately west of Dr. Woodruff's, which land was said to be in the geographical center of the county, and he proposed to give part of it, with other contributions, if the commissioners would locate the county seat there. But Princeton being then a place of about twenty houses, as well as a natural center of the county, the commissioners looked at no other place). On the first Monday in June following, an election was held to elect county officers, when Robert Masters, William Hoskins, and Arthur Bryant, were elected county commissioners, Cyrus Langworthy, sheriff, Thomas Mercer, clerk, John H. Bryant, recorder, Jacob Galer, coroner and Robert Stewart, surveyor.

Robert Masters and John H. Bryant, obtained a copy of the poll book of each precinct, showing the vote on division, and laid them before the governor, who decided that Bureau was a county, and ordered commissions issued for the officers elected. Judge Stone, of the fifth judicial district, ordered court to be held the following August, and he appointed Cyrus Bryant, clerk. Courts were held in the Hampshire colony church, until 1845, when a court house was built. A log jail twelve feet square, lined with heavy sheet iron, and a building intended for a jailor, but used for commissioners' court, was built on a lot now occupied by the residence of Benj. Newell, northwest of the court house. The whole revenue of the county, for the first year, 1838, including school, county, and state tax, only amounted to three hundred and thirty-two dollars, and this amount, small as it was, proved sufficient to meet all demands for the fiscal year.

BANDITTI

From 1837 to 1852, Northern Illinois was infested with thieves, counterfeiters, and cut throats, who were organized into a band, and became a terror of the settlement. The country at that time being thinly settled, gave these desperadoes a good opportunity of prosecuting the business of stealing horses, waylaying, robbing, and murdering travelers as they passed through unsettled groves. It was very common in those days to hear of people being missed, who were thought to have been murdered by these bandits. A man was murdered, and his body thrown into a bayou, near the Bureau valley mills, where it was afterwards found, and it was never known who he was,

or by whom he was murdered. Lee county was the head quarters for these outlaws; but they committed many depredations in Bureau, and here some of them made their temporary residences. Two of Col. Davenport's murderers, Fox and Birch, frequently visited Bureau; the former was tried in Princeton, under the name of John Sutton. This band of robbers became so numerous, some of whom occupied offices of trust, and by swearing each other clear, it was difficult to convict them, and this band of thieves and counterfeiters was not broken up until Driscolls were killed on Rock river.

Among these outlaws was a large, athletic man, in the prime of life, by the name of McBroom, who at one time was a constable at Hennepin. This McBroom passed some counterfeit money at a store in Princeton, and a warrant was put in the hands of Sheriff Langworthy for his arrest. McBroom suspected trouble, in great haste ordered his horse at the hotel, and was in the act of mounting, when the sheriff arrested him. McBroom presented a pistol already cocked at the sheriff's head, swearing at the time that he would blow his brains out if he laid hands on him. Sheriff Langworthy in an authoritative tone of voice, ordered Mr. Vaughan, the hotel keeper, to take the horse by the bits, and as McBroom turned his eyes in that direction, the sheriff caught hold of the pistol, McBroom, as quick as thought, pulled the trigger; but the hammer, striking the sheriff's thumb, prevented it from exploding. Then followed a desperate struggle; McBroom was dragged from his horse; both officer and prisoner was brought to the ground, when assistance came in time to secure the culprit. Irons were put on him, and he was taken to the Peoria jail, as there was none in Princeton at that time.

MURDER AT LOST GROVE

About the first of August, 1837, a murder of a most revolting character was committed at Lost Grove, and for many years this affair remained a mystery.

As the Rev. Rufus Lumry was traveling on the Indian trail, and when about one mile west of Lost Grove, he discovered a large number of buzzards eating a carcass. Curiosity caused him to ride out to see what they were eating, when he was horrified to find it was the remains of a man. The body was divested of clothing, the eyes picked out by the buzzards, and from appearances it had laid there about three days. There was no one living at that time near the grove, and the people on Bureau were notified of the murder, an inquest was held, and the remains buried on the prairie, near where they were found. From appearance, the murdered man had been attacked in the grove, shot from his horse, the ball breaking his left arm, and entering his side. From the grove he ran about one mile, in the direction of Bureau settlement, but was overtaken by the assassin, and his brains beat out with a club. The club, with hair and blood on it, was found close by; also a suit of much worn clothes, and a pocket knife, but these afforded no clue to this mysterious affair.

The Bible, which was found by the side of the murdered man, is now in the possession of Andrew Swanzy, a resident of Princeton. Its title page shows that it was printed in London, in the year 1824. On the fly leaf is written the name Frederick Bunn Ringstead, 1931. "The gift of his friend Mrs. Gardner." On the other page of the fly leaf is written a poem, on the presentation of the bible, which consisted of fourteen lines and signed by Frederick Bunn. A page in Chronicles, and one in Isaiah are stained with blood, which is still plain to be seen, although thirty-five years have passed

away since the murder was committed. It has never been ascertained who Frederick Bunn, the owner of the Bible was, or how his Bible became connected with this affair.

For many years this murder remained a mystery; no clue could be obtained to the murderer, or his victim, until a man named Green was convicted of murder in Iowa, and made a confession. The name of the murdered man was Dunlap, a resident of Knox county, Ohio, and he came to this country for the purpose of entering land. He had employed Green to conduct him through from Fox river to Princeton, as there was no direct road through the country at that time. When the travelers arrived at Lost Grove, traveling on the Fox and Sac trail, riding side by side, they discovered on the prairie, two large black wolves, and while Dunlap was looking at them, Green drew his pistol and shot him. At the report of the pistol, Dunlap's horse jumped and threw him. Although badly wounded, he ran near one mile, when he was overtaken by Green, and his brains beat out with a club, as previously stated. After committing the murder, Green took his victim's clothes, leaving his own in the grass near by; also his money which amounted to about five thousand dollars. Green dressed himself in Dunlap's clothes, mounted Dunlap's horse, and leading his own, continued his journey westward, stopping the first night in Princeton.

A sequel to this affair went the rounds of the newspapers, in the summer of 1851, which ran as follows: "On the night before Green was to have been executed, through the assistance of confederates, he escaped from jail, and the ends of justice were thwarted. Years afterward Green joined some California emigrants, and while on the plains, he murdered an Indian. The Indians, in retaliation, were about to take revenge on the whole party, but the matter was compromised by giving up the murderer, when the Indians took Green and flayed him alive. Before his death, Green confessed that he was the man convicted of murder in Iowa, and the one who had committed the murder at Lost Grove, in Bureau county. In the presence of the emigrants, the Indians took Green, stripped him of his clothing, tied him to a small willow tree, and commenced skinning him, which operation was completed before death came to his relief."

ROADS AT THE TIME OF EARLY SETTLEMENT

For a number of years after the settlement had been commenced, the roads through the county were scarcely anything else than Indian trails, never having been legally laid out or worked. With the exception of the Peoria and Galena road, there was not a post route through the county, and but few of the roads across the county were accessible for wagons. In the fall of 1833, the Peoria and Galena road, which ran west of Bureau, was changed so as to pass through Princeton and Tiskilwa. Mr. Argrove, who occupied the farm now belonging to Alexander Holbrook, was at that time overseer of highways, and he called out the people to work on this road. Settlers on the Princeton prairie, among whom were Maj. Chamberlain, Cyrus and John H. Bryant, with their hoes and spades, were engaged in digging on the bluff south of Tiskilwa, and a few days afterwards the stage horn for the first time was heard in Princeton, when it was supplied with a tri-weekly mail.

In the spring of 1837, a state road was located from Princeton to Prophetstown, on Rock river, crossing Green river at New Bedford, and passing near the northwest corner of the county, (now Yorktown).

During the summer of 1837, a road was laid direct from Princeton to

LaMoille, passing the whole way through unimproved land. This road ran diagonally across tracts of land, and as these lands were improved, the road was fenced out. As this road ran in the direction of Chicago, where people had commenced to haul their produce, a straight road was considered of great importance, and in order to accomplish this, Judge Ballou drew up a petition, which was signed by many citizens, and which passed the legislature, legalizing the Princeton and Chicago state road. Under this act the road was surveyed from Princeton to the county line, by the way of Dover and LaMoille, and permanently located. Notwithstanding the road ran almost the entire distance diagonally across farm land, the damage allowed by the commissioners on the whole route, being a distance of about twenty miles, did not exceed one hundred dollars. From the corporation of Princeton, the road angled for nearly one half mile across land which belonged to H. E. Phelps, and the damage allowed him was twenty five dollars. Mr. Phelps would not accept the damage offered, and appealed to court. At the trial, one witness swore that he was not entitled to damage, as the land where the road ran was so wet that it would not pay to fence it.

During the wild speculation of 1836, many paper towns were laid off, and many paper roads surveyed to connect them with important places. Richard Masters, of the town of Dover, had many roads surveyed and staked off, which ran in various directions through the county, without regard to section lines, and a large number of these passed by his own farm. These roads, with many others of their day, were never traveled except by the parties engaged in making the survey.

CHAPTER XI

JUSTICE COURT

It frequently occurred, in the early settlement of the county, that men were elected justices of the peace who had no legal qualifications, and were therefore incompetent to fill the office. Sometimes attorneys would impose upon these justices, by explaining to them law which did not exist, causing them to make erroneous decisions, and thereby thwart the ends of justice. As soon as a man was elected a justice of the peace, his neighbors would apply to him for legal advice, although they well knew that he possessed no knowledge of law, before his election. The county records show many funny things in the official acts of newly elected justices, one or two of which are worthy of note. In one case the acknowledgement of the grantee appears to a deed of conveyance instead of the grantor; in another case, a justice of the peace sold his neighbor a tract of land, and to save expense, took the acknowledgement of his own deed, in which he says that he examined his wife separate and apart from her husband, &c. A justice, who lived not far from Princeton, took an acknowledgement of a deed where the title was vested in the wife, and filled it out in the usual form, which read as follows: "Mr. B. having been examined by me separate and apart from his wife, acknowledged that he signed the within deed of conveyance without fear or compulsion from his wife." In these times of women's rights, this acknowledgement may not be out of place, but it appeared strange at the time it was executed.

Many years ago, a justice of the peace, and the attorney for the town of Princeton, kept their respective offices in the court house, and as they regarded themselves guardians of the public weal, they were always on the

lookout to see that no offender of the law should go unpunished, especially if it put money in their own pockets. On different occasions, when the justice was absent the attorney would do business for him, and "vice versa," always dividing the fees according to their respective offices. One warm afternoon, while the attorney was sitting at the window of his office, looking out for a client, he saw a man under the influence of liquor, riding his horse on the sidewalk, contrary to the ordinance therein provided. The attorney ran into the justice's office to obtain a warrant, but found him absent. On the table he found an old warrant containing the justices signature; from this he erased the original name and inserted "an unknown person." With the warrant in his hand, he looked for an officer to serve it, but finding none, he served it himself. All alone and without assistance he arrested and brought the offender of the law into court, and tried him. Acting as marshal, attorney, witness, and justice, he fined the culprit five dollars, which was paid without a murmur, when he was again set at liberty.

Many years ago, a man named James Gladden stole a horse from one Thomas Hill, who lived on Green river. The thief was followed to Iowa, caught and brought back in irons. The prisoner was taken before a newly elected justice in that vicinity, where a large crowd of angry people had collected, who threatened to lynch the culprit. Thomas Hope and Thomas Hills, who were acting as prosecuting attorneys, advised the excited people to abstain from violence, and let the law take its course. The prisoner was without counsel or friends, his hands and feet in irons, and apparently without any prospect of escaping immediate death, or a term of years in the penitentiary. Fortunately the prisoner, he had in his possession a good watch and some money. These facts coming to the knowledge of Mr. W., who was at once moved to action by pure philanthropy, came forward in defense of the oppressed, and requested the justice to suspend investigation until counsel could be procured for the defense. The justice, with the dignity of his position, said to the crowd of people around him, "Although the prisoner is guilty of horse-stealing, he should have a fair trial, and if his innocence can be shown, this court will not convict him, notwithstanding his guilt." Mr. W.'s request was granted, and he left in great haste for Princeton, where he procured the services of Judge Zearing. On the arrival of the learned counsel, both court and prosecuting attorneys appeared influenced by his presence, and the prisoner's spirits began to revive. The proof being conclusive against the prisoner the judge admitted his guilt, but appealed to the court for mercy, which appeal was made in the following language:

"May it please the court—my client, as you will observe, is a very unfortunate man; having no horse and being poor could not buy one on credit, and was therefore under the necessity of stealing. Had he therefore been rich, it would have been an easy matter to have bought a horse on time, and then ran off without paying for it. This, your honor, will observe, would be the same as stealing, but what law in this land of liberty would punish him for that offense. Before this court of justice and equal rights, I believe a poor man will fare the same as a rich one"—(the justice nodding assent). He continued, "If a rich man should commit an offense he could get security for a large amount, but this my client cannot do, and because a man is poor should he be oppressed, his rights disregarded, and confined in a loathsome prison for months or perhaps years, while a rich man gives security and retains his liberty? No, your honor, this cannot be, for it

would outrage justice and would be an open violation of the constitution of the United States, which expressly says, 'no man on account of poverty shall be deprived of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Therefore, your honor will decide that fifty dollar bonds will be sufficient to hold the prisoner for trial."

The attorneys for the prosecution were opposed to admitting the prisoner to bail, making long speeches against horse stealing generally, and the villainous conduct of Gladden in particular.

After hearing the arguments on both sides, the justice said that he would hold the prisoner in one hundred dollar bonds for his appearance in court, as the horse he stole was worth that amount. A bond was executed, being signed by his friend W., who was in possession of his watch and money, so as to indemnify him against loss. The irons were then taken off, the thief set at liberty, and he was never heard from afterwards.

Gen. Wallace, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Shiloh, was then state's attorney, and he made a motion to default the security, when Judge Zearing, attorney for the defense, called his attention to the wording of the bond, which bound the security (not the criminal) to appear at court, and he added, "the security is now in court, and ready to answer." The state's attorney threw down the bond, and called the next case on the docket.

Another remarkable case in the examination of a horse thief, came before a Green river justice in the early settlement of that region. Knowing that the proof of the prisoner's guilt would be conclusive, his attorney was under the necessity of introducing a new plan of defense. While the justice and prosecuting attorney were at dinner, he tore a leaf out of the statute which related to horse stealing. On resuming the examination, the attorney for the defense admitted the theft, but contended that there was no law in Illinois against horse stealing. Every one was surprised at this declaration, and the attorney for the prosecution said he would show the court what the law was. Taking up the statute he consulted the index, but on turning to the page indicated, could find neither page nor law. This was very perplexing to the attorney; he could not explain this mystery, and after looking the statute over again, and finding no law against horse stealing, he abandoned the case.

The justice, leaning back in his chair; manifesting the great dignity which belonged to his position, he addressed the bystanders about as follows: "Gentlemen, I am satisfied in my own mind that horse stealing is wrong, and a great evil in community, but as there appears to be no law in this state against it, I do not feel authorized to hold the prisoner for trial." So the justice ordered the irons taken off, and the thief set free.

POLITICIANS ON A RAMPAGE

In the summer of 1838, there was great excitement among the people of Putnam county in relation to its division and formation of new counties. After Bureau had been set off, Putnam county was left in such a shape that other divisions became necessary. A new county named Coffee, was created in the Spoon river country, at the same time that Bureau was formed, but its boundaries did not suit the people, consequently it was voted down, and Coffee county was heard of no more. The people on Spoon river demanded a county, and those living near Henry and Lacon one, both of which they proposed to take from Putnam. Meetings were active, old party issues were forgotten, and the all-absorbing topic of

forming new counties, was paramount to all other interests. Col. William H. Henderson, of Spoon river, A. Moon and B. M. Hayes, of Hennepin, and Andrew Burns, of Magnolia, were candidates for the legislature. Thomas S. Elston, of Princeton, was also nominated, but he refused to be a candidate. The only issue before the people was the formation of these new counties, and each of the candidates represented different views on the main issue. Henderson, however, was elected by a large majority over all his competitors.

On the day of election, Col. Henderson appeared in Princeton, for the purpose, as he said, of correcting some false reports in relation to his policy. Capt. Parker, of Spoon river, was also present, for the express purpose as he stated, of exposing some of Henderson's political chicanery. Parker said he did not care about electing either of the candidates, as he seldom voted to elect a man to office, but for many years he had felt it to be his duty to vote against all d—d rascals. A large crowd of excited people had collected on the street opposite where Jones' meat market now stands, some of whom took sides with Parker, and others with Henderson. Capt. Parker insisted on speaking first, but Henderson having previously notified the people that he would address them on this occasion, the majority decided he was entitled to the stand, and accordingly he mounted a store box and commenced his speech. Capt. Parker, being aware of Henderson's gifts of oratory, knowing that he would tell a smooth story, and thereby carry the voters with him, thought of destroying its effects by an opposition speech. He accordingly mounted an empty molasses barrel that stood near the speaker's stand, and commenced speaking in a loud key. Being much excited, and his brain frenzied by bad whiskey, he denounced Henderson as a rascal, calling him a Little Bull and Old Wiggins politician, who was in favor of selling the state for a mess of pottage. (Some years previous the legislature had borrowed one hundred thousand dollars from Old Wiggins, at St. Louis, for the purpose of redeeming the outstanding notes of the old state bank. This act was very unpopular, and people raised a hue and cry against it, saying that Old Wiggins had bought the state, and its inhabitants, for generations to come, would be slaves to him as such a large sum of money never could be paid. About the same time a bill passed the legislature for improving the stock of cattle, and prohibited, under a penalty, little bulls from running at large. This law was thought to favor the rich people, who could own big bulls, and would profit by the destruction of the small ones. The masses took sides with the little bulls, contending for equal rights even among brutes. These two acts were very unpopular, and for many years all that was necessary to defeat a candidate for office, was to make people believe that he was in favor of the Old Wiggins and Little Bull acts.) This accusation threw Henderson off his balance, and jumping down from the stand, he caught Parker by the leg, upset the molasses barrel, brought him sprawling to the ground. By the interference of bystanders, a fight was prevented, but Parker was compelled to defer his speech until Henderson was through.

CIVIL AUTHORITY SUPERSEDED BY AN ARMED FORCE

Many of the early settlers of this and adjoining counties, will recollect Bill Rogers, who acquired great notoriety throughout the west as a sporting character. Rogers was a tall, raw-boned, dark-complexioned man, fond of gambling, horseracing, fighting, &c., and was always the leading

spirit among his associates. Many years ago Rogers went to California, where he became equally noted, and at one time was sheriff at Sacramento.

In the fall of 1837, the government removed the Indians from Michigan to lands assigned them west of the Mississippi river. Rogers was employed in conducting a party of seven or eight hundred of these Indians to their new home. While encamped in La Salle county, parties greedy of gain, brought whiskey into camp to sell to the Indians. Rogers knocked in the head of a barrel, spilling the whiskey on the ground, and then whipped one of the dealers. For this offense a warrant was issued for the arrest of Rogers, but leaving the country before it was served, it was placed in the hands of Cyrus Langworthy, then sheriff of Bureau county, to serve. The sheriff at once proceeded to make the arrest, and coming up with Rogers in the valley of Bureau, a short distance above Tiskilwa, he notified him that he was prisoner, and must accompany him forthwith to Ottawa. At this announcement Rogers stretched his tall form up to its full height, while a self-possessing and determined smile lighted up his dark visage, as he politely informed the sheriff that he would not go and could not be taken. Said he, "Surrounded as I am by numerous friends, (referring to the Indians), I am prepared to resist the state, or even the United States authority." Rogers told the Indians that the sheriff was one of the whiskey dealers, had always been an enemy of the red man, and his object was to detain them, so he could steal their ponies. At this announcement, the Indians were much exasperated, and formed around Rogers in battle array, showing in their acts that they were determined to defend him. Sheriff Langworthy, not liking the looks of the rifles and tomahawks in the hands of several hundred Indians, beat a hasty retreat, while Rogers, with his Indian friends, pursued their way westward.

CHAPTER XII

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

For a number of years Bureau county was a stronghold of abolitionism, and many exciting incidents, in connection with runaway slaves, took place within its boundaries, a brief account of a few which may interest the reader. The first case of this kind occurred at the house of Elijah Smith, in December, 1835, and it created at the time great excitement in the neighborhood. (Those engaged in assisting slaves to escape, were regarded by many as wild fanatics, violators of law, and therefore could not be good citizens. Whether the acts of these men were justifiable or not, it must be admitted that they were persons of moral integrity, and did only what they believed to be their duty. Among those most actively engaged in this business, were Owen Lovejoy, John Walters, Deacon Caleb Cook, D. E. Norton, Eli Smith and J. T. Holbrook. Eli Smith owned an old sorrel horse, named John, and a Dearborn wagon, with which, for many years, slaves were carried on their way to freedom. This horse and wagon became noted along the line, and it was said that it furnished the design for a cut that headed the advertising bill of the underground railroad).

In the summer of 1835, two black girls, belonging to Maj. Dougherty, of St. Louis, escaped from bondage and found refuge at Mineral Point, Wisconsin. Some months after they arrived there, a professional slave catcher, named Harris, learning of their whereabouts, captured them, and was on his way to St. Louis, where he expected to receive the large re-

ward that was offered for their return to slavery. Harris was traveling on horseback, and leading by his side another horse, on which the two girls were mounted. On a cold December night, Harris, with his two captives, whose feet were badly frozen, arrived at Elijah Smith's house of entertainment, where he procured quarters for the night. It so happened that same night that James G. Ross, of Ox Bow prairie, being on his way to Galena, was staying over night at Smith's house. Mr. Ross, being an abolitionist, was soon engaged in a warm controversy with the slave catcher, each of whom accused the other of rascality. Smith's house of entertainment consisted of a double log cabin, of two apartments, the men occupying one, and the women, with the two black girls, the other. Eli Smith and wife, with another neighbor, were there spending the evening, and on hearing the girls tell their sad story, they became interested in their behalf, and a plan was adopted for their rescue. Mr. Ross being a party to this project, proposed to take the girls to his friends, east of the river, where they would be assisted on their way to Canada.

To avoid being suspicioned by Harris, Ross complained of sudden illness, and the women gave him warm teas, but getting worse, he went up stairs to bed. Each of the cabins of which Smith's residence was composed, had a flight of stairs that met at the top. Ross, instead of going to bed, walked down the other flight of stairs, brought out his horse, hitched it on to Eli Smith's sled, and with the girls started for Hennepin. On reaching the timber, near Joel Doolittle's residence, he found the snow so near gone that his horse could not draw his load, so he left the old sled by the wayside, placed the girls on his horse, and going on foot himself, he continued the journey.

Harris, believing that Ross was sick in bed, gave himself no further trouble about his chattles, but went on to tell what he would do if any one should attempt to steal his negroes. Before retiring for the night, Harris went into the other apartment to see if everything was right, and he was much surprised to find the girls gone. Assisted by Elijah Smith, carrying a lantern, the barn and haystacks were searched, but without effect. Harris was in a terrible rage, accused the family of being accessory to the escape of the girls, and taking out his revolver, he swore he would shoot all about the house if they were not forthcoming.

For three days Harris remained in the neighborhood searching for the runaways, but without success. The girls were assisted on their way towards Canada, and were never returned to slavery.

In 1840, Jonathan T. Holbrook, of La Moille, was indicted and tried in the circuit court of this county, for harboring a runaway slave. This being the first case of the kind tried in Bureau county, it caused much excitement among the people, and it established a precedent for similar cases, which were afterwards tried under the fugitive slave law.

A black man, named John, supposed to be a runaway slave, had been in the neighborhood of La Moille about one year, working for Mr. Holbrook and others. It being well known that Mr. Holbrook was an abolitionist, some of the friends of slavery thought it best to make an example of him, hence the indictment. J. D. Caton and T. L. Dickey, both of whom were subsequently circuit judge of this district, were employed in the defense of Mr. Holbrook. Thomas Ford, afterwards governor, was on the bench at that time, and his rulings were such as to displease the prosecu-

tion. Although the court and attorneys were opposed to abolitionism, they had no sympathy with the prosecution. The trial was a mere farce, and Mr. Holbrook was acquitted.

In the fall of 1838, a young man, with black hair, broad shoulders, and peculiar expressive blue eyes, was seen coming into Princeton on horseback. He was alone, a stranger, without means, being in search of a place to make his future home, and came here by mere chance. This man was Owen Lovejoy, subsequently of political celebrity. (On the morning of November 9, 1837, the writer landed from a steamboat on the wharf at Alton, and learned from the excited people what had transpired there the night before. The pebbles on the wharf were stained with the blood of Bishop, and on the floor of Godfrey and Gilman's warehouse, was seen standing in clotted pools, the life-blood of Elijah P. Lovejoy. The death of Lovejoy was heralded throughout the Union, and caused people everywhere to go wild with excitement, but at that time no one thought that a quarter of century would scarcely pass away before thousands of lives and millions of money would be sacrificed on account of slavery.) Soon after arriving here, Mr. Lovejoy was installed pastor of the Congregational church, and occupied that position for sixteen years. From that time, Princeton became a place of note, although containing but few inhabitants, and having but little commercial relation with other parts of the world, it was, nevertheless, the head center of abolitionism for the west. Newspapers of that day reported state conventions held here, and great speeches made in favor of immediate emancipation, so that Princeton was known in abolition circles throughout the Union. Even slaves at the south heard of it, and many of them came to see it, which caused Col. Barksdale in a speech in Congress, to denounce Princeton as one of the greatest negro stealing places in the west.

According to abolition papers of that day, an underground railroad was established, which extended from the slave states to Canada, passing through Princeton, and making it a place for changing cars. John Cross, a Wesleyan Methodist minister, who lived near La Moille, was announced general superintendent, and he was succeeded in office by Owen Lovejoy. Mr. Cross had hand bills and large posters circulated through the country advertising his business, and calling on abolitionists everywhere for assistance in carrying out his plans. His bills were not headed with a picture of a locomotive and a train of cars, but with a bobtail horse in a Dearborn wagon—the driver leaning forward and applying the whip, while the heads of two darkies were seen peering out from under the seat. Stations were established at proper distances, and agents in readiness to convey fugitives forward as soon as they arrived. It was almost an every day occurrence for slaves to pass through on this line, while their masters followed after by the ordinary means of conveyance, and were surprised to find how fast their chattels had traveled. Many exciting incidents occurred on this underground railroad, some of which are still fresh in the minds of the people.

In 1849, a young slave named John, ran away from his master in Missouri, located in Princeton, and became quite a favorite among the people. His master, hearing of his whereabouts, and accompanied by a friend, to prove property, came after him. The slave was mowing in an out lot in the north part of town, and did not observe the slave catchers until

they came upon him, each of whom presented a pistol to his head, which caused him to make no resistance. His hands were tied behind him, and his master holding one end of the rope, lead him like a dog through the streets of the town. News of the boy's capture flew like lightning, and people, much excited, were seen running hither and thither, marshaling their forces for the rescue. A warrant was issued, and the slave catchers arrested on the charge of kidnapping, and with the slave were taken to the court house for trial. The court room was filled with excited people, some of them sympathized with the slave, and others his master. While the trial was progressing, some one cut the rope that bound the slave, and during the confusion, he escaped from the court room, followed by the excited crowd, some to catch, and others to assist him in making his escape. A horse, with a woman's saddle on, was hitched in the street, on which they placed the slave, and ordered him to ride with all speed to the residence of Mr. Lovejoy, followed by the court and crowd of excited people. The house of Mr. Lovejoy was surrounded by the excited people, some to protect, and others to capture the slave. Behind the barn a man was seen to mount a horse, and a cry was raised, "There goes the negro!" The slave party put their horses at full speed in pursuit of the fugitive, who had taken across the prairie in the direction of Dover, but on coming up with him they were surprised to find instead of the negro, Mr. Waldo with a black veil over his face.

The slave party attempted to force an entrance into the house, but Mr. Lovejoy forbid them doing so without due process of law. A messenger was sent for a search warrant, and while they were waiting for his return, the boy in disguise, with a basket on his arm, went to the barn. Behind the barn a wagon was standing, into which the slave was placed and covered up with empty bags. This wagon was driven quietly away, and the slave escaped while the slave party stood guard around Mr. Lovejoy's house, waiting for a search warrant.

The Rev. John Cross, general agent and superintendent of the underground railroad, was charged by parties in Knox county with assisting a slave on his way to freedom. For this offense a warrant was issued for his arrest, and placed into the hands of the sheriff of this county, as Mr. Cross resided near La Moille at that time. The deputy sheriff arrested Cross, and proceeded with him on his way to Knoxville, where he was to be tried for the heinous offense of assisting a slave on his way to Canada. At Osceola, Stark county, the deputy, with his prisoner, stopped for the night, and as Cross had an engagement to preach there the next day, he asked permission of the officer to fill his appointment, but his request was not granted. The friends of Mr. Cross offered to guarantee his safe delivery after the service, but the officer was inexorable, and explained to them that the law made no provision for a criminal to stop while on his way to jail to deliver abolition lectures—telling them that he was an officer of the law, and should carry out its provisions at all hazards—that no abolition mob could intimidate him. To this the friends of Mr. Cross replied that he should stay and preach, intimating to the officer that he might get into trouble if he undertook forcible means to carry off his prisoner. The deputy, finding that he had fell into the hands of the Philistines, lost all his courage, became nervous, and finally consented that his prisoner might stay and preach, but he kept all the while at his elbow to prevent his escape. After the preaching was over, the officer

summoned a posse to assist him in taking the prisoner to Knoxville, but finding they were all friends of the prisoner, he dismissed them, as they would be likely to do him more harm than good. The officer then inquired of Mr. Cross how much he would ask to deliver himself up peaceably to the jailor at Knoxville; to which he replied that he would do it for ten dollars. The officer thought the price exorbitant, but offered him five, and they finally agreed on seven dollars. Things being now arranged, they proceeded on their journey, but the officer appeared uneasy, being fearful that the prisoner's friends had laid a trap to rescue him on the road. The officer frequently inquired of Mr. Cross if he thought, in case of a rescue, they would commit violence on him, to which Mr. Cross replied he could not tell what they would do, as his friends were very angry at his arrest, and therefore he would not be responsible for their acts. Fearful forebodings of evil had now taken possession of the officer's mind, and he turned pale, became nervous and excited. Mr. Cross assured him that he had nothing to do with the rescue, and in fact did not wish it, for in that case, he would lose the seven dollars, which he very much needed.

As the officer with his prisoner came near Spoon river timber, they saw two men in the road ahead of them, who were engaged in conversation, while two others were seen going towards them. Mr. Cross appeared surprised to see his friends about to rescue him, and said he would defeat their plans, as he could not think of losing the forthcoming seven dollars. He told the sheriff to lay down in the bottom of the buggy and he would cover him over with buffalo robes, so his friends, seeing him alone and not under arrest, would not stop him. This arrangement was agreed to by the sheriff, and he was nicely wrapped up in robes and horse blankets, so that no part of his person was visible. On coming up with the men in the road, who were there by chance, Cross spoke to them, at the same time whipping his horses, and went on at great speed. A little further on, where the road was very rough, he spoke to some imaginary person, again whipping his horses into a gallop. The old buggy rattled and creaked, as it bounded over stumps and through deep ruts, the sheriff's head coming in contact with the seat, then against the side of the box, while suppressed groans came forth from the official victim. Again and again Mr. Cross would speak as though meeting some one, and whipping his horses into a gallop as before, the buggy rattled and the sheriff groaned, but on he went, Jehu-like, for about two miles, over a rough timber road. At last Mr. Cross made a halt, uncovered the sheriff, telling him to get up, as they had now passed all danger. As he arose, looking cautiously around him to see that no enemy was near, he took out his two pistols to examine them, saying at the same time, "If they had attacked me, I would have made a powerful resistance."

That same day the prisoner was safely delivered over to the authorities at Knoxville, and was set at liberty without an examination.

CHAPTER XIII THE MAGICIAN

Many years ago, a tall, spare, light complexioned man, of peculiar appearance, by the name of Jacob Wade, came to this county, and for a number of years made his home near the village of Dover. Wade professed

to be a magician, and by his magic art made a good living out of those who became his dupes. He would travel around the neighborhood telling fortunes, looking up stolen property, and pointing out hidden treasures. If horses or cattle had strayed off or been stolen, he would look into his hat, and tell where they could be found. For a while Wade's fame extended far and near, and many people from a distance came to consult him on secret matters. Young men and maidens were in the habit of consulting Wade on their love affairs, and by him they would always receive balm to heal their wounded hearts.

Among Wade's dupes was a man named James Peters, who at that time owned the Bureau Valley mills, and report says that this magician swindled him out of a large sum of money. Wade made Peters believe that the peep stone, with which Joe Smith discovered the golden bible, was still in existence, belonging to a man in Western New York, and could be bought for two hundred dollars. Peters, believing this story, employed Wade to purchase this stone for him, advancing the purchase money and traveling expenses, besides giving him a fine yoke of cattle for his trouble. After a few weeks this wonderful peep stone was produced by Wade, but Peters could see nothing through it. Wade's magic power was again tested, and on looking through the stone he discovered a chest of diamonds secreted about ten feet under ground. Peters now believed his fortune was made, employed a number of Irish laborers, and commenced digging. Day after day the digging went on; Peters was sanguine that the prize would be obtained, urging on the work by paying extravagant wages, while Wade sat on a log near by, looking through the peep stone, and giving directions to the laborers. As they came nigh the prize, something would be said or done to break the charm, when it would be moved to another place. In this way many holes were dug in the creek bottom, north of the Bureau Valley mills—some of which are still to be seen. After spending much time and money searching for diamonds, Peters lost all faith in the magic peep stone, and threw it into the creek, sold his property, and left the country.

Two prominent citizens of Dover were captivated with Wade's magic power, and by him they were made to believe that a pot of gold was secreted in the bluff near the present site of Bureau Junction. These men left their business one bright morning, and went off in search of gold, without letting their families know of their whereabouts. With spades and shovels, and two empty salt sacks to hold the gold, and accompanied by Wade, they left for Leepertown in order to secure their fortune. The spot was pointed out by Wade, and the work commenced. Neither of the men were accustomed to manual labor, and they found digging in a hard gravelly knoll very different from measuring calico. With blistered hands, and the sweat running down their faces, they worked away in silence, while Wade sat by their side looking into his hat, by which means he watched the pot of gold. The day was now far advanced, the gold diggers tired and their faith wavering, but Wade told them if they doubted their success or used hard words, the charm would be broken and the gold removed. At last one of the gold diggers threw down his spade, at the same time exclaiming, "I'll be durned if I'll dig any more." Then said Wade as he sat looking into his hat, "By your incredulity the prize is lost, for that moment I saw the pot of gold move to another place."

It was long after dark when the gold diggers returned home, tired and disheartened, with their hands blistered, clothes soiled, and their salt sacks still empty.

Years have now passed away, and with many this incident is almost forgotten, but the parties themselves still dislike to talk about digging for gold.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE

During the year 1850, the writer kept a record of the variation of the thermometer, taken morning and evening of each day, with the following result:

MEAN TEMPERATURE FOR EACH MONTH

Month	Deg.	Days rain	In. rain	Days snow	Snow fall
January	25	1	½	4	9½
February	30	2	½	1	1
March	34	4	2	1	1½
April	40	8	2	1	1½
May	57	4	1½
June	71	8	¾
July	78	9	5½
August	70	10	8½
September	60	10	2½
October	51	5	3
November	44	5	3½	3	½
December	21	2	1	4	3½

Winter, 29 degrees; spring, 43; summer, 73; autumn, 51. Mean temperature for the year, 48 degrees. Greatest cold, January 4th, 12 degrees below zero; greatest heat, July 10th, 101. During the year there were sixty-eight rains, and thirteen days snow.

The winter of 1830-31 was intensely cold, with snow three feet deep, and drifted very much; the winter of 1832-33 was unusually mild; the winter of 1842-43 was very cold, and snow lay from November 17th until April 2nd; the summer of 1844 very wet, with great floods; 1845 was uncommon dry—no rain fell on the west side of Dover township from April 28th until Christmas day, when it rained hard, with heavy thunder and lightning.

On the 20th of December, 1836, occurred a very remarkable change in the weather, which will long be remembered by early settlers. For two days previous to this sudden change, southern wind prevailed, the sun shining warm like spring weather, and the snow which was deep at the time, had melted into slush. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the wind changed to the northwest, and blew almost a gale, and within a few hours the thermometer changed eighty degrees. Forest trees cracked like guns; sleds and wagons froze fast in their tracks. A man and his daughter who lived east of Hennepin, being out after their cattle, a short distance from the house, were frozen to death, and a number of people in different parts of the west perished that afternoon and evening. In a number of instances, cattle and hogs while standing by the side of a building to shield themselves were frozen fast in their tracks, and found dead next morning.

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS

The first religious service within the limits of Bureau county, was held at the house of John Hall, in August 1830. Six or eight were present, and Elijah Epperson preached to them. There was no established ministry of any denomination, until the summer of 1833, when William Royal, a Methodist missionary, made Bureau settlement one of his appointments, preaching once in four weeks, at the residence of Abram Stratton. His mission extended from Peoria to Ottawa, with twenty-two preaching places, some of which were more than thirty miles apart, and he passed around his circuit once in four weeks.

In the fall of 1833, the Rev. Lucien Farnham, a Congregational minister, located in Princeton, and received his support partly from the Home Missionary Society. In September, 1834, the first camp meeting for Bureau settlement was held in the grove west of Princeton, near the residence of Oscar Knox. The Methodists and Congregationalists united in holding this meeting, and it was agreed that proselytes should be at liberty to join which ever church they preferred. John St. Clair was at that time presiding elder; his district extended over all the north part of the state, including both Galena and Chicago. The elder, in his opening address to the congregation, said it was a Methodist meeting, and they would claim all the converts. The Congregational ministers, Mr. Farnham and Mr. Dickey, took exceptions to this, and from that time forward, sectional feeling existed among the settlers.

The first school house within the limits of this county was built in the winter of 1833-34, on a farm now owned by Mrs. R. Moseley. This building was fourteen feet square, and intended to accommodate all of the settlement on the Princeton prairie. On the division of the school district this school house was moved near Joel Doolittle's residence, and a new one built in the timber where George Brown now lives. The first school west of the Illinois river was taught by Elijah Smith, in a part of his own house, during the winter of 1833-34. The first school west of Main Bureau, and north of town sixteen, was taught by Miss Hattie Coulter, (now Mrs. Burnham), in the summer of 1836. This school was kept in a vacant cabin, where L. Holiday now lives, and consisted of eight or ten scholars.

SETTLEMENT OF PRINCETON PRAIRIE

It has already been stated that members of the Hampshire colony, as well as Roland Moseley and friends had settled on the Princeton prairie during the summer of 1831. Early in the spring of the same year, John Williams made a claim west of Princeton, on a farm now occupied by John Wagner. Mr. Williams built a small log cabin by the side of a spring, where he remained for a year or two, but his family was sick much of the time, and being obliged to flee from his home two years in succession, he became disgusted with the country, abandoned his claim and left it never to return.

In the spring of 1832, Joel Doolittle settled on a farm which still bears his name, and in the fall of the same year Cyrus and John H. Bryant came to the country. In 1833 James Hayes and Abram Jones made claims west of town, on farms now occupied by Aaron and Oscar Knox. The same year Arthur Bryant and L. Reeves came to the country, and settled where they now live. The land on which they located was claimed

by John B. Blake, but he was then east of the Illinois river engaged in teaching school for ten dollars per month, leaving his claim with Dr. N. Chamberlain, who sold it to the above named parties for twenty-five dollars. In the spring of 1833, Maj. N. Chamberlain made a claim south of town, on a farm now occupied by E. Douglas, and lived there for many years. In 1834, Aaron Mercer, Caleb Cook, Asher Doolittle, Elisha Wood and Mr. Tucker came here. The next year Col. A. Bryant, Solomon Burr, James and Alby Smith, Butler Denham, David Robinson and the large families of Coltons and Winships, became residents of Princeton prairie.

CHENOWETH PRAIRIE AND LONE TREE SETTLEMENT

The prairie lying between Senachwine and Main Bureau timber, was known in the early settlement of the county as Chenoweth prairie. The first claim was made in the fall of 1834 by Ferrill Dunn, on the farm now occupied by Alanson Benson. In the spring of 1835, Elder J. B. Chenoweth, Elisha Searl, H. Sheldon and P. Kirkpatrick, settled here. A few years afterward, Elial and Noah Long, Harrison Shepard, Mr. Perkins, Dr. Swanzy, O. Milling, A. Brown, S. E. Morris, V. Aldrich and S. B. Titcomb, became residents of this locality.

South of Chenoweth prairie, on high ground, some distance from timber, once stood a lone tree, which became a noted land mark in the early settlement of the country. This tree was a white oak, with large spreading top, and could be seen for miles away—a guide for travelers in the absence of roads. After having withstood the tempest, probably for centuries, at last yielded to its power. During a violent gale in June, 1866, it fell to the ground, and is no more, but its memory will live long among the people of that locality. In 1841, a settlement was commenced here, and for many years it was known as the Lone Tree settlement. John and T. Kirkpatrick were the first to settle in this locality, and the next year they built a saw mill on Crow Creek. In the spring of 1842, J. Larkins and Nelson Ballman made farms near the lone tree, and next year Alpheus Cook, J. Merritt and others, made farms north of it. Among the early settlers in the vicinity of the lone tree, were Henry, G. W. and Raleigh Rich, S. M. Clark, J. and S. Miller, and the large family of Andersons.

About two miles northwest of Lone Tree is the Locust Spring, another old land mark of former days. This spring was a great watering place for buffalo, and at the time of early settlement their trails were visible, extending in various directions across the prairie. leading to and from the water. Along the Senachwine, above and below the spring, the ground for ways was almost covered with buffalo bones, evidently showing where a large herd had perished.

CHAPTER XIV

SETTLEMENT OF GREEN RIVER

For many years after settlements had been made in the eastern and central portions of the county, the land on Green river remained vacant, unoccupied, without a house or a cultivated field, and was visited only by hunters and trappers. Originally the country was known as Winnebago swamps, but it took the name of Green River about the time the settlement commenced. In October, 1836, Henry Thomas entered land at the narrows (now New Bedford), and for a number of years it was the only entered

tract in that section of the country. In the spring of 1837, Cyrus Watson, the first settler on Green River, built a cabin on Thomas' land, believing it to be vacant. About this time a state road was laid from Princeton to Prophetstown, on Rock River, crossing Green River at this point, when Henry Thomas built a ferry boat, and for a number of years it was known as Thomas' Ferry.

Among the first settlers on Green River, were Francis and William Adams, Samuel D. Brady, Milton Cain, Daniel Davis, Lewis Burroughs, Dwight Bingham, Norman and Justis Hall, Peter McDonald, Mr. Heath, George W. Spratt, T. and N. Hall, Joseph Caswell, J. N. Kise, and Jacob Sells. The Yorktown settlement commenced in the year 1846, and among the first that settled there were W. and S. Dow, R. H. and S. W. Seldon, and the large family of McKinzies.

The Indian Boundary line passed immediately north of New Bedford, and north of which the land was not marked until 1844. The people who settled here were poor, without money to enter their lands, and for years it was held by claims or pre-emption right. There was an organized society formed on Green River, known as the "Settler's League," with a constitution and by-laws, the object of which was to prevent speculators and others from entering their lands. From this settler's league, originated the phrase "State of Green River."

George Spratt was the first justice of the peace elected on Green River, and the first suit before him was attended by almost every person in the settlement. Simon Kinney and John Ballou were at that time the only attorneys in the county, and they were employed in this case as opposing counsel. There was living in the settlement a half-breed, by the name of Green, with his two French sons-in-law, Battis and Shane, all of whom were hunters and trappers. Green was a party to this suit, and on account of color, objections were made to his family testifying at the trial. The question of color was argued by the counsel, and decided by the court, but the jury did not like the decision, and consequently reversed it.

Spratt's cabin contained only one room, and the jury, for deliberation, were taken into a cave, dug out of a sand knoll, and used for a root house. Although the question of color was settled by the justice, the jury regarded it their duty to decide the constitutionality of the black laws of Illinois. And here in this dark and loathsome root house, lighted only by a single candle, the first Green River jury decided that a man with a drop of negro or Indian blood in his veins, could not be believed under oath.

LOST GROVE SETTLEMENT

Lost Grove, is a small belt of timber in the town of Westfield, and contains from one to two hundred acres of land. Like many other groves in the county, it has a history; a part of which will be of interest to the reader. In the spring of 1831, Mason Dimmick, claimed Lost Grove, and commenced a cabin at its southeast end, where the village of Arlington, now stands. Dimmick did not complete his cabin, nor occupy it, and a few years afterwards he abandoned his claim. In 1834, O. H. Hugh, claimed the grove, completed the cabin which Dimmick had commenced, moved into it, broke and fenced in a small field. Hugh, being without neighbors, and as he thought, without any prospect of ever having any, became dissatisfied with his location, and offered to sell his claim for twenty-five

dollars. In the spring of 1835, Col. Austin Bryant, and Enoch Pratt, examined this claim for the purpose of buying it, but they thought the timber only sufficient for two farms, and they must necessarily be without meeting or schools. Mr. Hugh being unsuccessful in selling his claim, abandoned it and left the country; his cabin went to decay and for five years no person lived at Lost Grove.

For twelve years after the settlement had commenced on Bureau, Lost Grove, and the country around it, remained vacant and unoccupied, the haunts and roving ground for deer and wolves. In the fall of 1835, Lost Grove was claimed by two young men named Blodgett and Lindley. While they were disputing about their respective rights, Benj. Briggs, a non-resident, entered it, and in 1840 he sold it to Michael Kennedy, who made a large farm here soon after.

In the summer of 1840, David Roth having a contract of grading on the old Illinois Central railroad, built a house on government land, two miles east of the grove, and sold it next year to Martin Corley, who still occupies it. Others settled around the grove soon after, among whom were Daniel Cahill, Daniel Lyon, James Waugh, Peter Cassady, and others.

Previous to the year 1840 no settlement had been made in the western part of this county, and for many years after that period the country remained uninhabited and unoccupied, except a few families who lived at some of the principal groves. In the spring of 1834, Thornton Cummings made a claim on the north side of French Grove, and J. G. Reed at Coal Grove, near the present site of Sheffield. Next year Paul Riley, Caleb and Eli Moore, and James Laughrey, made claims at French Grove. A. Fay, at Menominee Grove and Benjamin Cole at Bulbona Grove. In the summer of 1836, John Thomas and Moses Stevens, with their large families, became residents of this locality, and at the same time Jesse and George Emmerson, Joseph Lyford, and others settled here. Soon after, Amos Whittemore, Franklin and Joseph Foster, John and C. P. Mason, S. Brainard and Peter Fifield became residents.

In 1836, William Studley settled at the south end of Barren Grove, and soon after William and George Norton, U. P. Batlerill, and James Tibbetts located near by. About the same time a settlement was made at Sugar Grove, and the north end of Barren Grove; among the early settlers were Curtiss Williams, Thomas Grattidge, John Clark, Dr. Hall, George Squires and E. D. Kemp.

The towns of Manlius and Gold were the last in the county to settle, and the land in them was principally vacant as late as 1850. Among the early settlers of these towns were Samuel Mathis, Sylvester Barber, Thomas Rinehart, Allen Lathrop, Charles McKune, James Martin, Dr. Moore, N. N. Hewitt, David Marple, George Detro, Jacob Waters and Joseph Johnston.

In the fall of 1834, J. G. Reed found a coal bank in Coal Grove, which was the first discovered within the limits of this county.

EARLY SETTLEMENT ON MAIN BUREAU

In the spring of 1830, John L. and Justus Ament made claims on the east side of Main Bureau timber; built cabins, and occupied them with their families. These were the first claims taken along Bureau timber, and

they are occupied at present by James G. Forristall, and Mathew Taylor. In the fall of 1830, Sylvester Brigham and James G. Forristall made claims south of Ament's, the former where James Hansel now lives, and the latter on a farm now occupied by James Coddington. In 1833, James Garvin and D. Ellis made claims on the east side of the timber, and Greenberry Hall, and Abram Musick on the west side. In 1834, Elias Isaac, Robert Masters, Obadiah Britt, Thornton Wilson, and Robert Gerton settled on the east side of the timber, and about the same time, Richard Masters, Marshall Mason, James Wilson and John Elliott made claims on the west side. In 1835, Israel and J. H. Huffaker, John Wise, Thomas Cole, Abner Boyle and others settled on the east side of the timber.

As early as the spring of 1836, a settlement was commenced on what was afterwards known as the Dover prairie, and the first house was built by George Clark on the farm now occupied by him. With the exception of a few houses in Princeton and vicinity, there was none built off from the timber, and from this time dates the settling of the prairies of Bureau county.

In the summer of 1836, Enos, Sidney and Oden Smith, and Alfred Clark entered land and made farms out on the prairie, near East Bureau creek. Soon afterwards others came in, among whom were Martin Zearing, S. Mohler, John Bellangee, Peetiah, and Nathan Rackley, Benj. Porter, George Wells and C. G. Reed.

For many years the settlement on the west side of the creek was confined to a string of farms along the margin of the timber, and land adjoining these farms belonged to non-residents. In 1840, Robert Limerick entered land and made a farm near where the village of Limerick now stands, and for a number of years he was the only resident on that prairie.

SETTLEMENT IN THE NORTH PART OF THE COUNTY

Although two cabins were built in the north part of the county at an early day, the settlement of that locality is of a recent date. The towns of Ohio and Walnut, which are among the best in the county, were mostly vacant in 1850, and from that time the settlement of them dates. It has already been stated that the Ament family settled at Red Oak Grove, in the spring of 1828; three years afterwards they sold their claim to James Magby, who occupied it a short time, when he abandoned it and left the country. In 1833, James Claypoll lived here, and in 1836 he sold his claim to Luther Denham, who occupied it for some years.

In the summer of 1836, a man named Martin claimed Walnut Grove, built a cabin; broke and fenced some prairie, but next year A. H. Janes and Greenberry Triplett jumped his claim and made farms here soon after, others settled around the grove, among whom were Truman Culver, Richard Brewer, Peter McKnitt, Thomas Sanders, Richard Lanford, E. Kelley, and the large family of Wolf.

In the spring of 1830, Dad Joe (Joseph Smith) located at Dad Joe Grove, and lived here for six years without neighbors. In 1836, T. S. Elston came in possession of this claim, and for many years it was occupied by different renters, who kept here a house of entertainment. In 1841, F. G. Buckan built a cabin on the north line of the county, and it was afterwards occupied by Mr. Abbot. In 1846, Wm. Cleveland built a cabin on high prairie, three miles south of Dad Joe Grove, but he abandoned it

the next year. A year or two afterward John and Andrew Ross settled on the prairie and soon afterwards others made farms in this vicinity, among whom were Squire Falvey, John Kasbeer, William Cowen, Stephen Wilson, Mr. Hunter, Daniel P. and Dwight Smith.

Princeton is located on the school section, and was laid off by Roland Moseley, John P. Blake and John Musgrove, acting as school trustees. Its survey bears the date, September, 1832, and the sale of lots took place at Hennepin in May following. The lots were sold on credit, with six months interest, payable in advance. But a small portion of the school section was sold, and the average proceeds of the sale was about two dollars and fifty cents an acre.

The first building erected on the site of Princeton was a log cabin, built by S. Courtwright, in the fall of 1833, immediately north of the Congregational church, and used by him as a blacksmith shop. The second building was a one story frame structure, twelve feet square, built by John M. Gay on the site of the "Templeton Store," and was afterwards occupied by William Wells as a dwelling. The third house was a log cabin built by F. Haskell, on a lot now occupied by the residence of Elijah Dee. On the 7th of June, 1834, Mr. Haskell opened a store in this cabin, which was the first store within the limits of this county, and the first article sold was a horse collar to Christopher Corss. In the fall of 1834, Stephen Triplett built on the east side of Main street a one story frame structure, sixteen by eighteen feet, with an earthen fire place and a stick chimney, on the front of which was a large sign of "Princeton Hotel." Afterwards Mr. Triplett built an addition on the front of his house, and for some years it was the principal hotel of the place. In the summer of 1835, Elijah Wiswall built a one story frame house on the corner now occupied by the "Converse Block," and for some years it was used for a dwelling.

In the fall of 1835, the Hampshire Colony Congregational Church was built on the public square, where the court house now stands. This was a two story frame structure, raised high above the ground on wooden blocks, and made an imposing appearance. This church, at the time it was built, attracted much attention from travelers, as it was far in advance of the settlement, and had no equal as a public building within a circle of fifty miles. Deacon Elisha Wood built this church under a contract for six hundred and fifty dollars, and for some time the inside remained unfinished, containing only a rough board pulpit and slab seats. This building is now standing on the south side of the public square, and occupied for a dwelling, it being the only original land mark of Princeton now remaining.

In the fall of 1837, the M. E. Church built a small frame building on First street, near the present residence of Mrs. C. L. Kelsey. In 1838, the Baptists built a small church and soon after the Protestant Methodists erected a brick church on Third street.

Among the mercantile firms of Princeton, were those of Daniel King, Justin H. Olds, D. G. Salisbury and B. L. Smith; the latter firm, with their two families, occupied a frame building on the site of the First National Bank. In the front part of this building were dry goods and groceries, post office, county clerk and recorder's office, county judge and office of a justice of the peace. (For further account of settlement, see "Sketches of Bureau County.")

CHAPTER XV

PROGRESS OF SETTLEMENT

During the year of 1828, there were only five families living within the limits of Bureau county, whose names are as follows: Henry Thomas, Reason B. Hall, John Dixon, Bulbona, and the Ament family. In 1830, there were nine families; in 1831, sixteen families; in 1832, thirty-one families, besides a number of single men, who had built cabins and were living in them. The names and location of these thirty-one families were as follows: Town of La Moille, Daniel Dimmick; Dover, John L. Ament; Princeton, Elijah Epperson, Dr. N. Chamberlain, Eli and Elijah Smith, John Musgrove, Roland Moseley, Mrs. E. Smith, Robert Clark and Joel Doolittle; Arispie, Michael Kitterman, Curtiss Williams and Dave Jones; Selby, John Hall, William Hoskins, John Clarke and Amos Leonard; Wyant, Abram Oblist, and Bulbona; Bureau, Henry and Ezekiel Thomas, Abram Stratton and John M. Gay; Ohio, Dad Joe; Walnut, James Magby; Milo, Charles S. Boyd; Leepertown, Timothy Perkins and Leonard Roth; Hall, William Tomkins and Sampson Cole.

As late as the spring of 1836, there was no one living in the towns of Fairfield, Manlius, Mineral, Neponset, Macon, Gold, Wheatland, Greenville or Westfield. There was but one family in Milo, one in Walnut, one in Ohio, four in Berlin, five in Bureau, five in Concord and six in Clarion.

The dwellings throughout the county were log cabins, mostly built in the edge of the timber by the side of a spring. There was but one meeting house; two or three log school houses; only two surveyed roads and not a stream bridged. At that time there were but five families living on the west side of Main Bureau timber, and two west of West Bureau, north of town sixteen. There was not a resident on Green River, nor in the west part of the county, except a few families at French, Bulbona and Coal Groves. A few houses were clustered around Princeton, and with the exception of these, not a dwelling could be seen on the prairies of this county. All the land then under cultivation was a small field here and there adjoining the timber, and the prairies throughout the county were in a state of nature, a part of which had not yet been surveyed. Most of the early settlers believed that they would always remain vacant, and unoccupied, being valuable only for grazing land, for horses and cattle. At a house raising two miles north of Princeton, in the summer of 1835, where many of the settlers were collected, one of their number, Elisha Wood, a Deacon of the Congregational church, expressed an opinion that the time would come, when all the prairie between Main and East Bureau would be brought under cultivation. This opinion appeared to those present so ridiculous, and it was so much criticized, that the deacon qualified his statement by saying such a thing was possible.

The traveler who crossed these prairies while in a state of nature, can scarcely realize the fact that they are now all under cultivation, fenced into fields, and dotted over with dwellings and barns. The wheat and corn fields of the present day occupy the place of wild prairie, covered with grass and wild flowers of forty years ago. In less than half of a century, it has been changed from a wild, uninhabited region, where the howl of wolves and yells of savages were heard, to a well improved and highly cultivated country, the homes of enterprising farmers, whose

products feed people in foreign countries. As it were by magic, fine villages have sprung up here and there on the prairie, with their tall spires glittering in the sun beams, and the musical peals of the church and school bells are heard throughout the country. The shrill whistle of engines are heard as they fly swiftly across the prairies, conveying commerce from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The rude log cabins, with their puncheon floor, clapboard door and stick chimney, have been superseded by fine dwellings containing the comforts and conveniences of civilization. The settlement of the country has exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine, as no one supposed that the prairies of Bureau county would be settled in so short a time.

In the summer of 1836, Deacon Alby Smith, who lived southeast of Princeton, on a farm now occupied by John Kinnan, was a candidate for the legislature. Some of the early settlers called Deacon Smith a visionary Yankee, and not a man of good judgement, because he had made a farm out on the prairie, while locations were still plenty adjoining timber. It was also alleged that the Deacon had expressed an opinion that the time would come when the prairies throughout the state would all be brought under cultivation, with railroads across them. People thought a man entertaining such wild, visionary views, was not fit to represent them in the legislature, consequently he was dropped and Thomas Atwater, of Hennepin was elected in his place.

During the summer of 1836, there was a great emigration to the western country, and settlements were commenced throughout the north part of the state. So soon as grass afforded feed for cattle, the white-topped wagons of emigrants were seen crossing the prairies, and with them were miners with ox teams, called suckers, who went north in the spring and south in the fall.

The great emigration to this county made it necessary for provisions to be brought up the river, to supply the demand. In 1838, there was a surplus of grain and pork, but it found a ready market among the new settlement of Rock River. About this time, people commenced hauling produce to Chicago, and returning with lumber or goods. From 1840 to 1852, large quantities of produce was shipped down the river to St. Louis and during part of that time wheat was only worth twenty-five cents per bushel, and pork, net, one dollar and fifty cents per cwt.

From 1837 to 1850, the settlement of this county was very slow, but at the latter period railroads were projected, when people came here from various parts of the world, and settled on the prairies. About this time the old plan of fencing with rails was abandoned, and board, wire and hedge fence introduced. In the first settlement of the country, wooden mouldboard plows were in use, afterwards the cast mouldboards, but in 1845 the steel plow took their place. In the summer of 1837, Flavel Thurston, of West Bureau, introduced the small breaking plow, and it is believed that he was the first man in the state to break prairie with a span of horses. (It was intended in this work to give a history of the agricultural and commercial resources of the county, of the settlement of towns and villages; but should another volume be required, these things can be added).

MISCELLANEOUS

POST OFFICE— In 1829, Henry Thomas obtained a grant for a post office, named Bureau, and for a number of years all the mail for the settlement west of the river came through it. In the winter of 1831-32, Elijah Smith was appointed postmaster for the settlement on Princeton prairie, and his office was changed to Princeton, and Dr. N. Chamberlain appointed postmaster. This office was supplied once a week with mail from Thomas' office, and was generally carried by William O. Chamberlain. When the streams were high, not fordable, the mail carrier would go on foot, crossing the Bureaus on trees which had been fallen for that purpose. The mail package consisted of a few letters and papers, which were carried in the coat pocket of the carrier.

Dr. Chamberlain, living one and one-half miles south of town, made it inconvenient for people to obtain their mail, and in the fall of 1834 John M. Gay having opened a store in town, was appointed postmaster.

FIRE ON THE PRAIRIE— Before the settlement of the country, annual fires swept over the prairies—the grand and yet terrific appearance of which will long be remembered by the early settlers. Sometimes fires would travel one hundred miles or more, regardless of intervening timber and streams. During the fall and winter, when the weather was dry, lights from these fires could be seen almost every night, frequently in various directions at the same time. The reflection on the horizon was such as to make these fires visible for fifty or sixty miles, and on a dark night they would supply the place of the moon.

In November, 1836, a fire started on Spoon river (Stark county), about 10 o'clock in the morning, and with a strong southwest wind, it traveled about ten miles per hour, passing between West Bureau and Green River, having a front of eight miles in width and its roaring could be heard for many miles distant. Before sundown, this fire had burned to the banks of Rock River, where Rockford now stands, passing over a country of about sixty miles in extent.

PHYSICIANS— For the first three years after the settlement had commenced on Bureau, there was no physician nearer than Peoria. In the summer of 1831, Dr. N. Chamberlain settled on Bureau, and for a number of years he was the only physician in the country. When the settlement was commenced on Rock River, Dr. Chamberlain extended his practice into that country, and visited patients in that region as late as 1837. At a later period, Dr. William O. Chamberlain and Dr. Swanzy were the principal physicians of this county. The former was known everywhere as Dr. Bill, and for twenty-five years he had an extensive practice in various parts of the country. The latter, Dr. Swanzy, stood high in his profession, and was frequently called as counsel in other sections of the country.

BLACKSMITHING— For a number of years after the settlement had commenced on Bureau, there was no blacksmith shop in the country, and people were obliged to go fifty or sixty miles distant in order to have work done. On different occasions, Dad Joe sent his plow irons to Peoria, sixty five miles distance, in a boat or the stage coach to get them sharpened. Burton Ayres, at the mouth of little Vermillion (now La Salle), carried on blacksmithing, and was patronized by some of the Bureau settlers. In the summer of 1833, John H. Bryant, in order to get the irons of

his breaking plow repaired, carried them on a horse before him to Laughlin's smith shop, six miles east of Hennepin. The first blacksmith shop within the limits of this county, was built in Princeton, by S. D. Courtwright, in the fall of 1833, and the next spring Abram Musick started one four miles north of Princeton.

In the summer of 1831, James G. Forristall, and George Hinsdale were under the necessity of having irons made for a breaking plow, and to obtain them, they made a trip to Peoria. At the mouth of Bureau creek they went on board of an Indian canoe, one occupying the bow, and the other, the stern, and in this way they paddled it down to Peoria. On arriving at Peoria they found the shop closed, and the blacksmith off on a visit. Again they boarded their craft and went down to Pekin, twelve miles further, where they succeeded in getting their work done, and returned the same way they came, after being nine days in making the trip. Each night while on the road they tied their canoe to a tree at the shore and slept in it. The whole distance traveled in going to and from the blacksmith shop was one hundred and sixty-five miles.

TOWNSHIP ORGANIZATION— Took effect in 1850 when the county commissioner's court was superseded by the board of supervisors. At that time the county was divided into nine precincts, which were named as follows: Princeton, Tiskilwa, Dover, La Moille, French Grove, Green River, Hall, Brush Creek, and Hazlewood.

During the late rebellion, Bureau county furnished 3,626 soldiers, and paid \$650,000 in bounties to the same. A few years previous, in 1860, the board of supervisors appropriated \$18,000 to remodel the court house. This appropriation was much criticized by the people, many believing this large debt was ruinous to the welfare of the county, but a few years afterwards, a half million dollars was appropriated for soldiers bounties and paid without a murmur.

The politics of this county originally was Whig; it is now Republican by a large majority.

The present population of the county is supposed to be about 35,000, about one-fourth of whom are foreigners.

MILLS OF BUREAU COUNTY— There has been built in this county, at different periods, forty-seven water mills—thirty-one of which were saw, and sixteen flouring. Of these mills, thirty were built on Main Bureau, four on West Bureau, two on East Bureau, one on Master's Fork of Main Bureau, one on Spring Creek, one on Crow creek, two on Coal creek, one on Green river, two on Brush creek, two on Negro Creek, and one ran by a spring at the head of Spring Lake. Of these mills, only fifteen are now running.

ILLINOIS AND MISSISSIPPI CANAL— In the spring of 1836, a project was agitated for constructing a canal, to connect the Illinois with the Mississippi river, and Dr. A. Langworthy employed R. R. Pearce, to make a survey of the route, as far as Green river. In the summer of 1860, another survey of this proposed canal was made, with a feeder to be taken out of Rock river, and intersect the canal near Devil's Grove. Again, in 1870, the general government in accordance with an act, of congress, made a survey of this route, for the purpose of making it a ship canal.

RAILROADS— In 1839 a survey of the old Illinois Central railroad was made through this county, and the work on it commenced. This road entered the county in section twenty-five, Westfield, and left it in section two, LaMoille, passing north of Lost Grove, and through the south end of Perkins' Grove, making a straight line through the county. After the grading was partly done through the county, the enterprise was abandoned.

In the year 1853, the Chicago and Rock Island railroad was built, and its length in this county is thirty-eight miles. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad was built in 1854, with a length in this county of forty-two miles. The Peoria and Bureau Valley railroad was built in 1855, and its length in this county is about five miles. The Rushville and Buda railroad was built in 1870, and seven miles of its length is in this county. The Mendota and Prophetstown railroad was commenced in 1856, completed in 1870, and it has a length in this county of twenty-seven miles. The Kankakee and Pacific railroad was built in 1871, and three miles of its length is in this county.

THE END

WHEN A REGIMENT MUTINIED

(The following story is taken from the History of Bureau County written by N. Matson which appears in the rare volume "Taxpayers of Bureau County." It deserves a place in this book as an interesting story and part of Mr. Matson's work as a historian.)

During the rebellion Bureau County furnished for the army 3,626 soldiers, and paid \$650,000 in bounties to the same.

At the first call for volunteers, in the Spring of 1861, a number of companies were formed in different parts of the county; two went from Princeton, one under the command of Capt. Farris, and the other commanded by Capt. Paddock; the latter, however, was not accepted.

On the 10th of August, 1861, Robert T. Winslow, of Princeton, a law-partner of M. T. Peters, received a commission from the Secretary of War to raise a regiment of infantry. Establishing himself on the fair-ground, he recruited about seven hundred men, and in a few days it was expected the regiment would be full, when they would leave for active service in the field. The county furnished money for recruiting purposes, and it was supposed that Bureau would furnish a full regiment for the war, but through the influence of designing men, these expectations were never realized. Emissaries from Missouri visited the camp and persuaded the volunteers to join Birge's brigade of sharpshooters, then recruiting at St. Louis. From some cause, Winslow became unpopular with the volunteers, and in order to get away from his command, they secretly agreed to go to St. Louis.

The principal trouble in the camp was caused by the following circumstance: James T. Stevens offered Colonel Winslow a horse for the position of sergeant-major in his regiment. The Colonel, having no horse of his own, set the example of selling position in service and civil departments. The sergeant-major possessed a fine military figure, set off with a new uniform, giving him a commanding appearance, but had a very unpleasant way of carrying out the arbitrary commands of the Colonel, and, like Judge Jeffrey in carrying out the will of his master, James II, led him to destruction. Everything had a good outside appearance in camp. The drill went on, and martial music was heard early and late. The Colonel's headquarters denoted business and activity, and fine dinners were served to his friends.

About daylight on a clear Sabbath morning, November 3, the people were awakened by loud cheering and martial music, as the regiment took their departure for St. Louis. When Colonel Winslow found the troops were about to leave, he tried to prevent it, but the leaders said they would go at all events, and, if he would accompany them, he would still be their commander. The Colonel accepted this proposition and ordered the gate opened, when the troops marched out on the public square fronting the American House. They called a halt, speeches were made, a vote taken, when Colonel Winslow (without a court martial) was discharged from service. At this turn of affairs, the Colonel flew into a terrible rage, galloping his horse back and forth, slashing the air with his sword, ordering the troops back to camp, and pointing out to them the consequences of disobeying orders. . . . The exciting parley having terminated, the troops commenced their march for Trenton, where a steamboat was waiting to convey them to St. Louis.

Colonel Winslow made an effort to apprise the authorities at Springfield that his regiment had run off, but no communication could be obtained by telegraph. Report said the wires were cut. N. Matson went to Springfield and laid the case before the Governor. On receiving the tidings, General Mathews made arrangements to intercept the fugitives at Alton. A railroad train with a battery and two companies of soldiers from Camp Butler, left at 3 o'clock in the morning for Alton. On arriving there, General Mathews brought his battery to the river bank, and had scarcely got it ready when the steamer with the troops aboard hove in sight, under a full head of steam, flags flying, and the band playing Washington's march. General Mathews ordered them to stop the boat, but no attention was paid to it, when a shot was fired across the bow, but the steamer continued on her course in defiance of the battery. Another shot was fired which penetrated the hull, and the captain, thinking his boat was about to sink, rang the bell and rounded to, when all on board were taken prisoner.

With the runaway regiment was Elder Berry, of Wyanet, who expected to be its chaplain—having been their religious adviser for some days. The Elder, feeling patriotic, had arranged his hat-brim so as to represent an old-fashioned cocked hat of Revolutionary times, on which he wore a large cockade. The Elder, having a fine figure capped with this remarkable hat, would promenade the cabin in good military style, but as soon as the cannon ball struck the boat, he pulled off his cockade tramping it under his feet, straightened down the brim of his hat, and putting on a sanctimonious face, caused him to look like a clergyman instead of a soldier.

The troops were placed in the Alton penitentiary for safe keeping, to await an order from the Governor. With the troops were a number of persons who had accompanied them by invitation. These men applied to General Mathews for their liberty—one of whom said that he was a civilian, did not belong to the regiment, had committed no crime, and thought it unjust to be locked up in a place which had been the common receptacle of thieves and cut-throats. The General told him that he was charged with grand larceny—of stealing a whole regiment—to which he replied the charge was false; the regiment had stolen him.

The troops were taken to Camp Butler and kept under guard for some time, but afterward went into service, forming a part of the 57th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. With this affair Colonel Winslow's military career ended. He had spent his time and money, and ruined his law business, without receiving any pay for his services.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
977.337M42R1937 C002
REMINISCENCES OF BUREAU COUNTY TISKILWA



3 0112 025390086